Feb. 11, 1961

# THE NEW YORKER

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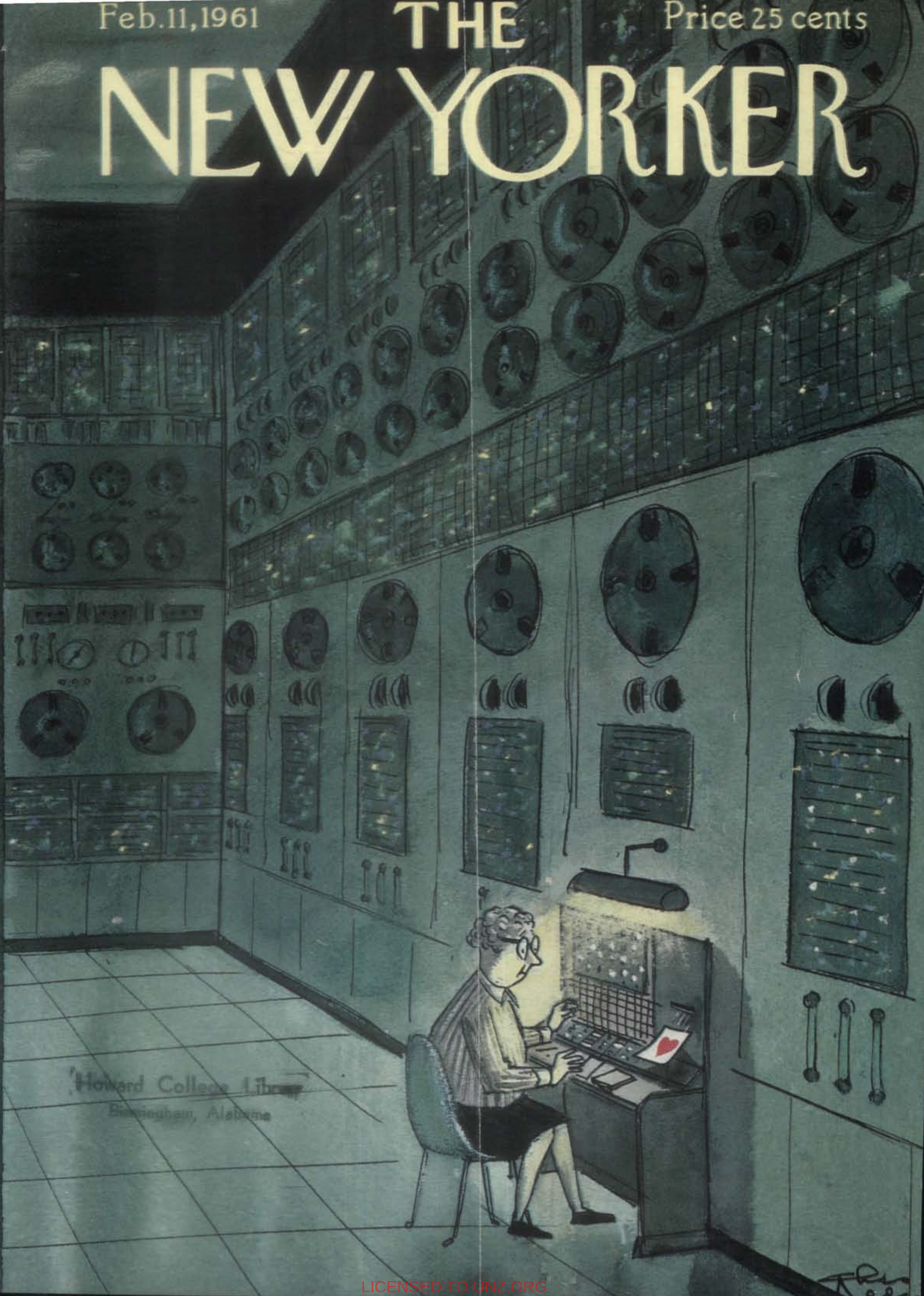

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Lincoln's Birthday, which will be observed on Monday, Feb. 13. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Advise and Consent**—All manner of conspiratorial doings in Washington. The point at issue is whether the President should appoint as Secretary of State a professor who, in his past, has leaned a trifle to the left. The melodrama, by Loring Mandel, who based his play on the novel by Allen Drury, is ideologically limp, but it does have some superficially exciting scenes. Ed Begley, Richard Kiley, Chester Morris, Henry Jones, and Kevin McCarthy portray some of the agitated legislators. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**All the Way Home**—Tad Mosel's moving adaptation of James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family." Colleen Dewhurst, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley all figure in it to good advantage. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

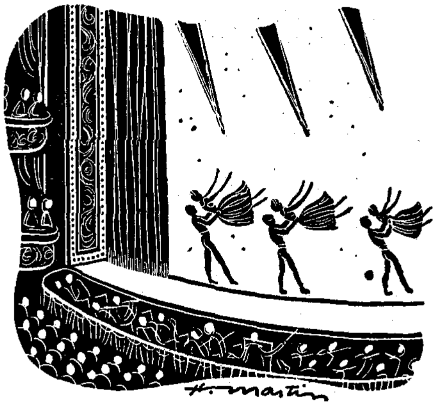
**Becket**—Jean Anouilh's lengthy and loosely woven dramatization of the twelfth-century struggle between the Primate of England and his Plantagenet king. Sir Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn represent Church and State, respectively, in the drama, but their styles of acting don't blend very well. Peter Glenville is responsible for the direction. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Critic's Choice**—A desultory comedy about a drama reviewer who finds himself emotionally hamstrung because his wife has written a lame-brained play that he must review if he is to preserve his integrity. Henry Fonda is the distraught critic, and Mildred Natwick, Virginia Gilmore, and Murray Hamilton assist him in trying to put a little ginger into the affair. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 12.)

**An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May**—A pair of hilarious mimes in a sequence of satiric skits that takes pot shots at everything from the Tennessee Williams school of playwriting to the Parent-Teacher Association. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 15, and Saturdays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 13, at 3.)

**Midgie Purvis**—Mary Chase's comedy about a stylish Middle Western lady of furiously eccentric disposition who wearies of her son's conservative attitudes and transforms herself from a blond bombshell into an approximation of Whistler's mother, easily mistaken for Charlie's aunt. There are a few good lines, but the play doesn't amount to much, even though Tallulah Bankhead has the principal role and Alice Pearce is on hand with her customary jocosity. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Period of Adjustment**—Tennessee Williams' views on how difficult it is for young people to adapt themselves to matrimony. Mr. Williams' advice isn't very original, and his play—half serious, half comic—isn't very original either, but there are solid performances by Barbara Baxley, James Daly, Robert Webber, and Rosemary Murphy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 18.)



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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**Rhinoceros**—Translated from the French of Eugene Ionesco by Derek Prouse, and directed by Joseph Anthony, this satire about people who would rather sink to the level of swamp animals than risk nonconformity in the modern world is savage and funny, and Zero Mostel, Eli Wallach, and all the others in the cast are to be highly commended. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**A Taste of Honey**—Shelagh Delaney, a North Country English girl who wrote this play when she was nineteen, has assembled an odd and frowzy lot of characters for her work—a prostitute and her paramour (Angela Lansbury and Nigel Davenport), her lovelorn daughter and *her* paramour (Joan Plowright and Billy Dee Williams), and a homosexual pal of the girl (Andrew Ray)—but they're intensely alive, and their dilemmas compel our attention. All the actors are excellent, but the highest honors must be reserved for Miss Plowright. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 15, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 13, at 3.)

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### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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**Under the Yum-Yum Tree**—A comedy by Lawrence Roman that would have us believe there is something funny about a young virgin who wants to live with her fiancé on a Platonic basis just to see if she'd like to have him around for keeps. Sandra Church plays the girl, Dean Jones the boy, and Gig Young a lecher with designs on the addled maiden. Mr. Young is pretty entertaining. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 15, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Monday, Feb. 13, at 2:40.)

**The Wall**—In this dramatization of the John Hersey novel, Millard Lampell is only fitfully successful in describing the awful plight of the Jews immured in the Warsaw ghetto during the Second World War. The play was directed by Morton DaCosta and has a cast that includes George C. Scott, Joseph Buloff, David Opatoshu, and Marian Seldes. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**the best man:** Gore Vidal's view of what might take place during the jockeying for position prior to a Presidential nominating convention. With Melvyn Douglas, Frank Lovejoy, and Lee Tracy. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 15, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 13, at 2:30.) . . . **the miracle worker:** Patty Duke plays Helen Keller as a child, learning to break out of the prison of deaf, sightless muteness, and Suzanne Pleshette is now the teacher who rescues her. The author is William Gibson. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the tenth man:** A play by Paddy Chayefsky dealing with a Jewish girl presumably possessed by an evil spirit. With Alan Manson, Jacob Ben-Ami, and Martin Wolfson. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **toys in the attic:** A spinster sister is sensually attracted to her brother, and that isn't all that's wrong with the New Orleans family created by Lillian Hellman. With Maureen Stapleton, Robert Loggia, and Irene Worth. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### MUSICALS

**Camelot**—Very large, very lovely, but not very stimulating, even though Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe, and Moss Hart, the "My Fair Lady" triumvirate, all had a hand in it. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet are prominent in King Arthur's court, which, as designed by Oliver Smith, is truly spectacular. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:25.)

**Do Re Mi**—Several underworldly types of the sort that provided Damon Runyon with his stock in trade go about trying to horn in on the jukebox business in this rather lethargic comedy, which has a book by Garson Kanin, music by Jule Styne, and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker do their best to keep things lively, but their efforts are of little avail. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Irma la Douce**—A musical farce originally created for French consumption by Alexandre Breffort and later put into English by Julian More, David Heneker, and Monty Norman. The book and lyrics leer along about a trollop and the company that keeps her, and the choreography displays more en-

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thusiasm than ingenuity. Elizabeth Seal plays the prostitute, and Keith Michell is cast as her particular boy friend. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Show Girl**—Carol Channing is often beguiling in this revue, and Jules Munshin and a male French quartet called Les Quat' Jeudis are helpful to the leading lady. However, the material is of a night-club variety and gets a little thin as time goes by. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St. W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 15, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 13, at 2:30.)

**Tenderloin**—Under the direction of George Abbott, this musical about the adventures of a minister investigating vice in the low haunts of Manhattan at the turn of the century is loud and active but, alas, not very funny. Mr. Abbott collaborated with Jerome Weidman on the book, Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock provided words and music, and Cecil Beaton created the sets and costumes. Maurice Evans has the role of the Gotham Dante, and Ron Husmann, Wynne Miller, Eileen Rodgers, and Lee Becker are among the others frisking about. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 15, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 13, at 2:30.)

**The Unsinkable Molly Brown**—There may be an occasional lag in this rhythmical description of the ascent of a poor girl from the backwoods of Colorado to the glittering social heights of France, but all in all it is most satisfactory entertainment. Tammy Grimes is lively and unpredictable as the lass, and the score, by Meredith Willson, is as chirky as a summer band concert. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Wildcat**—A host of primitives are let loose in the Southwestern oil fields to no particular purpose in this account of a rambunctious dame's attempt to come up with a bonanza as a petroleum promoter. The music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh, respectively, and the book, by N. Richard Nash, are pretty weak, and the direction and choreography, by Michael Kidd, are for the most part lethargic. Lucille Ball is the dame. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**bye bye birdie:** Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke in a musical that has to do with rock 'n' roll, adolescence, and springtime. Music by Charles Strouse, lyrics by Lee Adams, and book by Michael Stewart. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Feb. 15, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Feb. 13, at 2:30.)... **fiorello!:** The Little Flower transplanted to the stage and set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley is Fiorello, and Howard Da Silva is one of the Mayor's intimates. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **gypsy:** The story of how Gypsy Rose Lee got around to undressing in public, put to music by Jule Styne. Ethel Merman is the stripper's mother. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **the music man:** Meredith Willson wrote the book, the music, and the lyrics for this piece about an Iowa con man (Bert Parks) who falls in love with a librarian. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **my fair lady:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Lerner and Loewe. Michael Allinson and Margot Moser now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **the sound of music:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Mary Martin becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Theodore Bikel is their papa. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

## OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

**Once There Was a Russian**—Sam Spewack's comedy, with Walter Matthau, Françoise Rosay, and Julie Newmar. Directed by Gene Frankel and produced by Leonard Key, Morton Segal, and Kenneth Schwartz, in association with Mel Howard. Opens Saturday, Feb. 18. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

## OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

**The American Dream**—The target of this new play by Edward Albee is that vast, placid sediment known as the American middle class (middle-aged division), which he de*molishes with a comic agility that is not in* the least hobbled by the startling bitterness that underlies it. The production, under the direction of Alan Schneider, sustains Albee's quicker-than-the-eye mockery right up to last word. The evening is opened by the Valerie Bettis Dance Theatre in "Domino Furioso." (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

**The Balcony**—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genêt. The perverse fantasies of the customers are *presented as sardonic commentaries on a rot*ten society and whatnot, but the play is more gaudy than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

**Call Me by My Rightful Name**—A weedy play about the difficulties that two young symbols—one Negro and one white—have over a white girl, played with great lissomeness by Joan Hackett, who had to get her start somewhere. The author is Michael Shurtleff, who once read "The Waste Land" attentively. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

**Cicero**—A new play (about the Roman senator) by Upton Sinclair. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave. at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

**The Connection**—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

**Donogoo**—A 1930 Jules Romains experimental comedy, into which the author originally injected all sorts of cinematic devices. In this version, however, the devices have been smothered by jokes that revolve loudly around bald heads and South Sea-type bubbles. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. *13th St. CH 3-6800. Thursday and Friday at* 8:40; Saturday at 7:45 and 10:30; and Sunday at 3 and 8. Closes Sunday, Feb. 12.)

**Elsa Lanchester—Herself**—Miss Lanchester in a rigorous, monotonous rundown of a dozen or so ballads, songs, and patter numbers. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

**Epitaph for George Dillon**—The John Osborne-Anthony Creighton play that flickered bravely but briefly on Broadway two years ago. The hero is a largely unbelievable cad who would like to act and write great plays and who discovers, after a year or so of sponging off a lower-middle-class London family, that his dreams will never come true. The production is energetic but glancing. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

**The Fantasticks**—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

**Faust, Part I**—Goethe's drama, presented in the original German by the Deutsches Schauspielhaus, from Hamburg. A simultaneous translation will accompany each performance; receivers may be rented. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 19.)

**Hedda Gabler**—Anne Meacham concocts a Hedda Gabler who is at once cruel, knifelike, and hypnotically beautiful. Frederick Rolf, as Judge Brack, and Mark Lenard, as Eilert Lövborg, are equally effective. The hand of David Ross, who produced and directed, is everywhere evident. Highly recommended. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

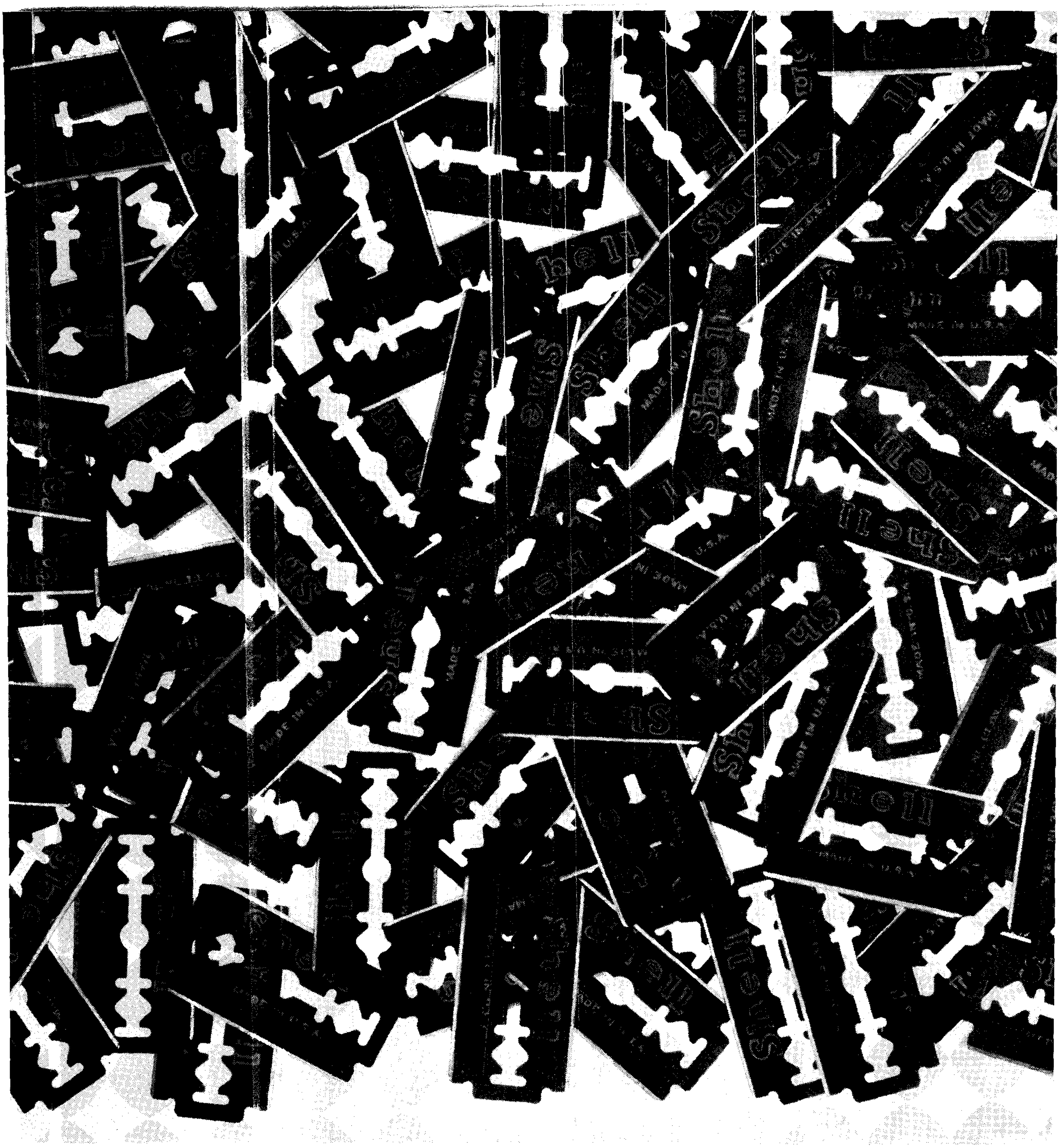
**In the Jungle of Cities**—The American première of this 1922 Brecht play, which deals with a mysterious struggle that takes place in Chicago between a prairie boy and an Oriental lumber dealer just before the First World War, *is given a superior production*—one that is possibly better than its materials deserve. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7.)

**King of the Dark Chamber**—A drama, with music and dance, by Rabindranath Tagore. The cast, directed by Krishna Shah, includes Bhaskar, Surya Kumari, Kuldip Singh, and Brock Peters. Opens Thursday, Feb. 9. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

**Krapp's Last Tape** and **The Zoo Story**—Two stimulating one-act plays, excellently performed. The first was written by Samuel Beckett and the second by Edward Albee. The entire enterprise employs only three actors—Herbert Berghof, Mark Richman, and William Daniels. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

**Leave It to Jane**—This musical antique, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, first saw light in 1917, and the intervening years have only added lustre to its appealing idiocy. Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray are in the talented cast. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

**Little Mary Sunshine**—A satire on old operettas



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that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. Eileen Brennan ticks off the heroine with consummate art. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

**The Moon in the Yellow River**—Roy Poole in a revival of a play, by Denis Johnston, originally presented here in 1932. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

**Montserrat**—A Lillian Hellman opus, based on a French play by Emmanuel Roblès, that deals with a traitorous Spanish officer who martyrs himself for Simón Bolívar in spite of the sadistic opposition of his superior. John Heldabrand tries heroically to squeeze himself into Montserrat's difficult boots, and Leonardo Cimino, as the sadist, is indelibly cruel. The set, as always at the Gate, is perfect. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 19.)

**The Mousetrap**—Agatha Christie in a retread of some very old material found in her files. There are a lonely English country mansion, uneasy guests, and a homicidal maniac who unwittingly reveals his identity about halfway through, thus casting all suspense to the winds. The play, for some very esoteric reason, has been going for eight years in London. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Moves on Wednesday, Feb. 15, to the Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Friday, Feb. 10, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sunday, Feb. 12, at 3.)

**The Octoroon**—A strong, if unintentional, attempt by the Phoenix repertory company to consign to oblivion (where it belongs) this 1859 Dion Boucicault melodrama about Uncle Tom down on the old plantation. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 5.)

**The Theatre of Chance**—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays at 8:30.)

**Three Modern Japanese Plays**—One-act plays, two of them adapted from ancient, highly poetic *no* plays, and the third from a contemporary short story. The ardor of the cast, however, is too much for its water-color materials. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

**The Threepenny Opera**—The pertinax opera, now older than "Oklahoma!" ("Nihil est quod non expugnet pertinax opera, et intenta ac diligens cura.") In the cast are Gerald Price and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

**Note**—Five characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

### DANCE PROGRAM

**Nala Najan**—With his company, in a program of dance, drama, and music of India. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**El Morocco**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079): Status quo and an occasional status seeker, along with all those fifth-generation New Yorkers. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's dance orchestra perform for anyone who gets tired of sociology.

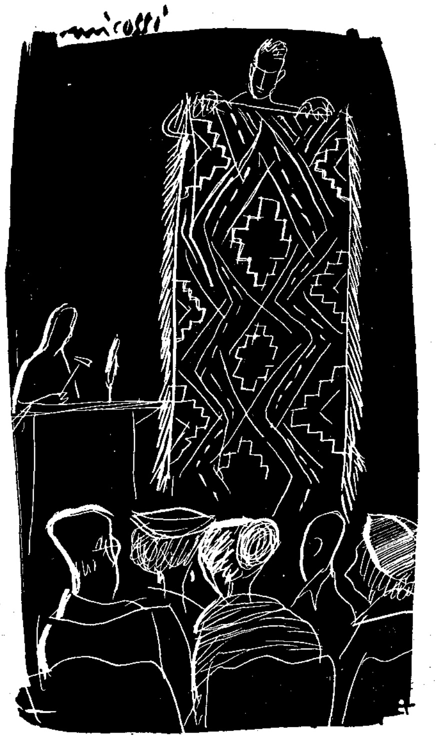
**Pierre**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Johann Strauss, who rarely gets even a one-night stand around town any more, is getting his due in the Cotillion Room, where "Rosalinda," a bit curtailed, is being sung at dinner every evening (and additionally at supper Fridays and Saturdays) by a robust set of voices led by Wilbur Evans and Jimmy Carroll. There's also dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, hums music at cocktails, dinner, and supper every evening in the Café Pierre, whose population runs to founding fathers and their dancing daughters.

**Plaza**, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The chargé d'affaires in the amiable Persian Room is Ted Straeter, bandsman and fashion plate. His musicians (part champagne, part gin-and-tonic) and Mark Monte's crew of Latin lovers do dance music the whole evening. At dinner and supper, Hildegarde plays drop-the-handkerchief and other parlor games; she also sings a few easily assimilable lyrics. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra (only for listeners) flows gently in the Palm Court from four to seven and in the Edwardian Room at dinnertime. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, pale and cool and beautiful and dignified, is where Irving Conn's and Nicholas D'Amico's orchestras dispense both dancing and listening music after eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

**Roosevelt**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—There's dancing most of the evening in the vasty Grill to Guy Lombardo's orchestra, whose brass instruments are all sob sisters under the skin. Closed Sundays.

**St. Regis**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, an affair of state, has dancing with every course to Milt Shaw's baby band and Walter Kay's trio. Twice during the evening, Marti Stevens, a girl who has just stepped from an Impressionist summer landscape, applies her calm good taste to a pride of songs. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**Savoy Hilton**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The moonlight sonatas of Gunnar Hansen's orchestra are exactly appropriate to the splendid Roman cityscape of the Columns; his dance music is exactly appropriate to the lifetime-in-New-York couples who take to the floor. Charles Holden's band does the rest of the work. From seven-thirty to eight-fifteen the music is solely for musing; thereafter it's for exercise. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The only murmuring in the stately rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at supper. No music Sundays.



**Sheraton-East**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—*Comme il faut*, never come as you are, is a primary consideration in the Embassy Club (Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band for dancing) and the Knight Box (Jani Sarkozi and his violin). Closed Sundays.

**Waldorf-Astoria**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Those who believe that old friends are best are in for a jolly dinner or supper in the massive Empire Room, mostly because of Adolph Green (a Machiavellian crossing of Captain Bligh with Captain Hook) and Betty Comden (poker-faced and sardonic), who are singing and prancing through a choice collection of the things they have written in their lifetime collaboration. There are additional injections of gaiety by Emil Coleman's mighty band and Theo Fanidi's smaller collection of crickets, both of which groups play for dancing throughout the night. The music begins at seven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The bosky dell called Peacock Alley has music for contemplation from six to eight-thirty, music for footwork until one, or even (on Saturdays) two. The small armies of Ray Bari and Michael Zarin do the instrumentation. The Sunday pattern is contemplation from six to eight, footwork until one, and the Baris do the whole job.

**Note**—The Rainbow Room, a spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan, is serving the drifting-and-dreaming music of a trio from cocktails through dinner, except Sundays. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone: CI 6-5800.

### SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Play hour for people who don't mind visiting the rest of the United States but wouldn't want to live there if, etc. Their reasons for this attitude are accompanied all evening by the room-temperature piano of Murray Grand, who'd never even visit the rest of the United States. At ten-thirty, he becomes the accompaniment for Jane Harvey, a singer who knows almost as many good songs as he does. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): One big happy family, encompassing approximately three generations, all of whom get along vivaciously with one another. Bob Printz, romance in his fingers, runs a piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins, landlord, and Wayne Sanders alternate thereafter until, following the theatre, they close ranks for sassafras four-hand music. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Underneath a spreading greenwood tree that is always in leaf, Cy Walter inserts many an unexpected maneuver into his pianoforte recitations, which occur with considerable frequency between cocktails and one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday driver. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Old-school Romans who have been rendering unto Caesar these many years. Some of them stand and wait upon table, some of them—Herman Honigsberg's plangent choir of violins and a crew of guitarists—circulate about the place with music that's more than a match for the tableside talk. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A hitherto unknown Florentine opera house, cheerfully family-circle. A large part of the sound track (from Thursday through Sunday) is Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. The rest of the week, the busy B. does without his sidekicks. Tuesday through Saturday evenings, Mr. Bruschi is also impresario of a toy opera company that worships at the shrines of Gilbert and Sullivan (through Saturday, Feb. 11) as well as of Puccini and Leoncavallo. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂ-**

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

**TEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The château country in a slightly prankish state of mind. Wandering from pillar to post of the dining hall, Norbert Faconi addresses his soulful violin from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar of this really eminent domain, Jules Kuti has a go at his piano, off and on, from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish punctilio that involves any amount of clicking of the heels. Along with this brand of ballet goes plenty of Andalusian tenor, baritone, and soprano. There is dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A bar in which people love to put their crowned heads together. Lest state secrets leak out, George Feyer conducts one-man extravaganzas on his piano at what appears to be risk of his life and limb. He begins at eight-thirty and goes through the supper hour. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The Appian way of life in an expansive, leisurely condition. No Vespas or Lambrettas to clutter the pavement—only a group of dulcet strolling musicians who are on their inexhaustible feet from six to two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Operetta Hungary, direct from the long ago and far away. The zimbalon is king of instruments here, and the voices of Tibor Rakossy (who must have been an operetta hero himself) and Janine Poret are added to the orchestration now and again. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LUAU 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A Captain Cook's tour of Polynesia, with a plausibly indigenous bill of fare, and musicians whanging away at what is certainly Polynesian music. George Taylor, an American tourist, is on hand every night but Sunday to make the piano in the bar sound Manhattan. Everybody else works every night of the year. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The *mise en scène* may persuade visitors that they've veered off course into the Alhambra. The kitchen, though, is still of the West. Conrad Monjoy cajoles the diners with pillow-talk piano during the evening, and Richard Wilson's violin chimes in now and again. The concert ends at twelve on weekdays, at one on Saturdays; no music Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Nighttime in the gardens of Granada, where piano and guitar speak softly but with burning desire, and Nila Amparo's fleet feet add emphasis to their remarks. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, an establishment in which everything is done on tiptoe, Steven Weltner composes calm, collected strophes at his piano between cocktail time and suppertime. His night off is Sunday. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): A considerable portion of the amusement is Alt Wien on the Susquehanna, but it's happy in its childish way, and the voices and music are at least distinguished by quantity. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The minute bar of the Hotel Stanhope is a perfect sounding board for guitarists. Gustavo Lopez is the musician currently proving the fact. Nine-thirty to one is his stint. No music Mondays.

## BIG AND BRASSY

**LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Girls who should be seen and are rarely heard are heaped in every cranny of the tremendous gallimaufry that twice an evening overflows the banks here. The most picturesque are the Radas Dancers, six Australians who use the stage as a mere launching pad. None of these estimable ladies are given away as door prizes, more's the pity. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Jimmy Durante, never a man to sit around and mope when his discontent gets too big for him, is bringing this temple down about his ears. He is intertwined with a set of pert ballerinas whose proud boast is that no experience is necessary. Dancing for the guests, too. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Frances Faye, in every sense of the phrase a howling success, is pulling the petals off one song after another and making this special form of strip tease inexplicably funny. Gene Baylos, a comedian who has seen a lot of water flow under Broadway, and Louis Jordan's Tympany Five, a group of musicians who come to you direct from Uncle Tom's Cabin, are also in attendance. Closed Sundays.

## SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Two songbirds of a feather, plus a bunch of the boys, in a busy, busy evening. The feathered ones are Martha Wright, picture of health and normal as blueberry pie, and Barbara Gilbert, whose humor is full of rue and wry. Three of the boys are the Clancy Brothers and Tom Makem, all unmistakably Irish in voice and in choice of song; the other one is Woody Allen, an author turned performer, and (in his desperate young way) a notably amusing one. Jimmy Lyons' glittery trio and Otis Clements's piano calk the minute hiatuses in between. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Saturdays, Alex Fogarty does lingering water-color piano from six to eight, and early in the morning there are occasional outpourings of piano and trio. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): "Dressed to the Nines," this season's annual revue devised by Julius Monk, is the perfect astringent curative for the badly swelled head of the world around us. The doctor's report (reading time: ninety minutes) provides some of the lightest bedtime literature on record, and the cast—Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, Bill Hinnant, Gerry Matthews, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl—could only with difficulty be improved upon. William Roy and Carl Norman are the up-and-coming two-piano orchestra. The starting times are nine-fifteen and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): One part hey and two parts nonny is the recipe of the joint piano, bass-fiddle, and persiflage compote set forth by Rose Murphy and Slam Stewart, who may be expected at around ten. Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston start testing the piano for sound at nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The décor involves two excellent specimens of the American wild flower—Isobel Robins, a snapdragon who can also do songs of sorrow to a turn, and Felicia Sanders, a pungent tuberose equipped with one of the best sopranos in the profession. Meanwhile, brimstone-and-fire philosophy issues from Milt Kamen, an international spy who has seen all, heard all, and suffered all. This revival of the spirit of the original Bon Soir is further enhanced by the brash music of Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, by the boulevardier ballads of Jimmie Daniels, prop., and by the intermission piano of Peter Daniels and Loumel Morgan. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): In the neighborly alcove off the bar, around ten, the flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the flamenco voice of Domingo Alvarado tell a thousand and one tales of the power and the glory of Spanish love life. In the refectory, which is to the rear, there's a thunderous Latin-American floor show that once in a while verges on *turista*. It is often surpassed by the miraculous footwork of the guests. Sundays, the sole activity in the whole shop is a matinée tea trot. . . . **KING ARTHUR ROOM,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Mabel Mercer, a destiny who has shaped not only the ends but the whole lives of many other intoners of ballads, is weaving sunlight and shadow together into a fabric that no one else can quite duplicate. Sam Hamilton and Don Evans take turns at the piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): "Stewed Prunes," a minute Greenwich Village revue into which more than the customary amount of care and feeding has gone, occupies the second floor of this establishment. Its two boys and one girl—Richard Libertini, MacIntyre Dixon, and Lynda Segal—go through it, largely in poignant and/or pointed pantomime, at nine and twelve weekdays (no show Tuesdays) and at five-thirty and nine on

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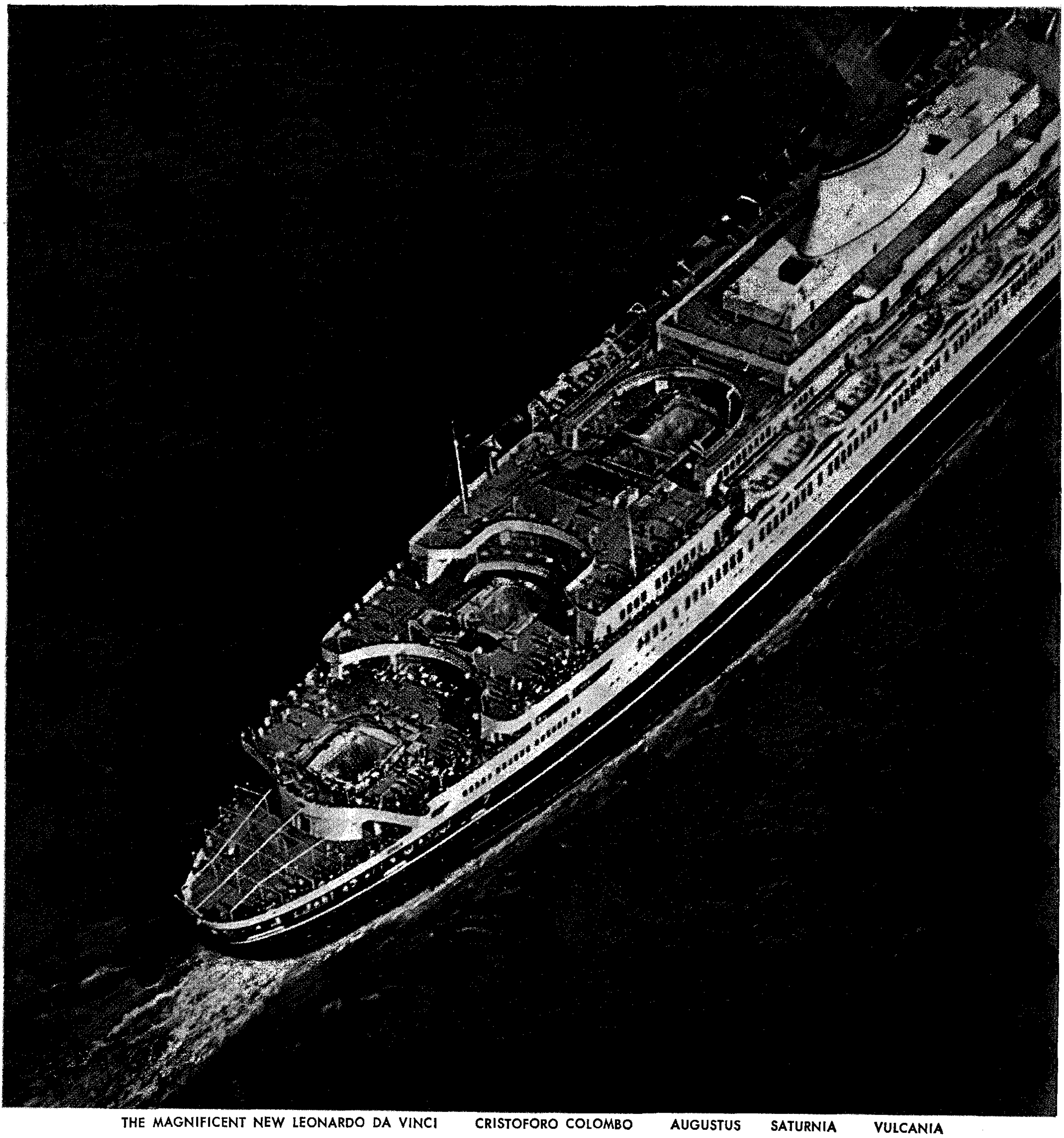

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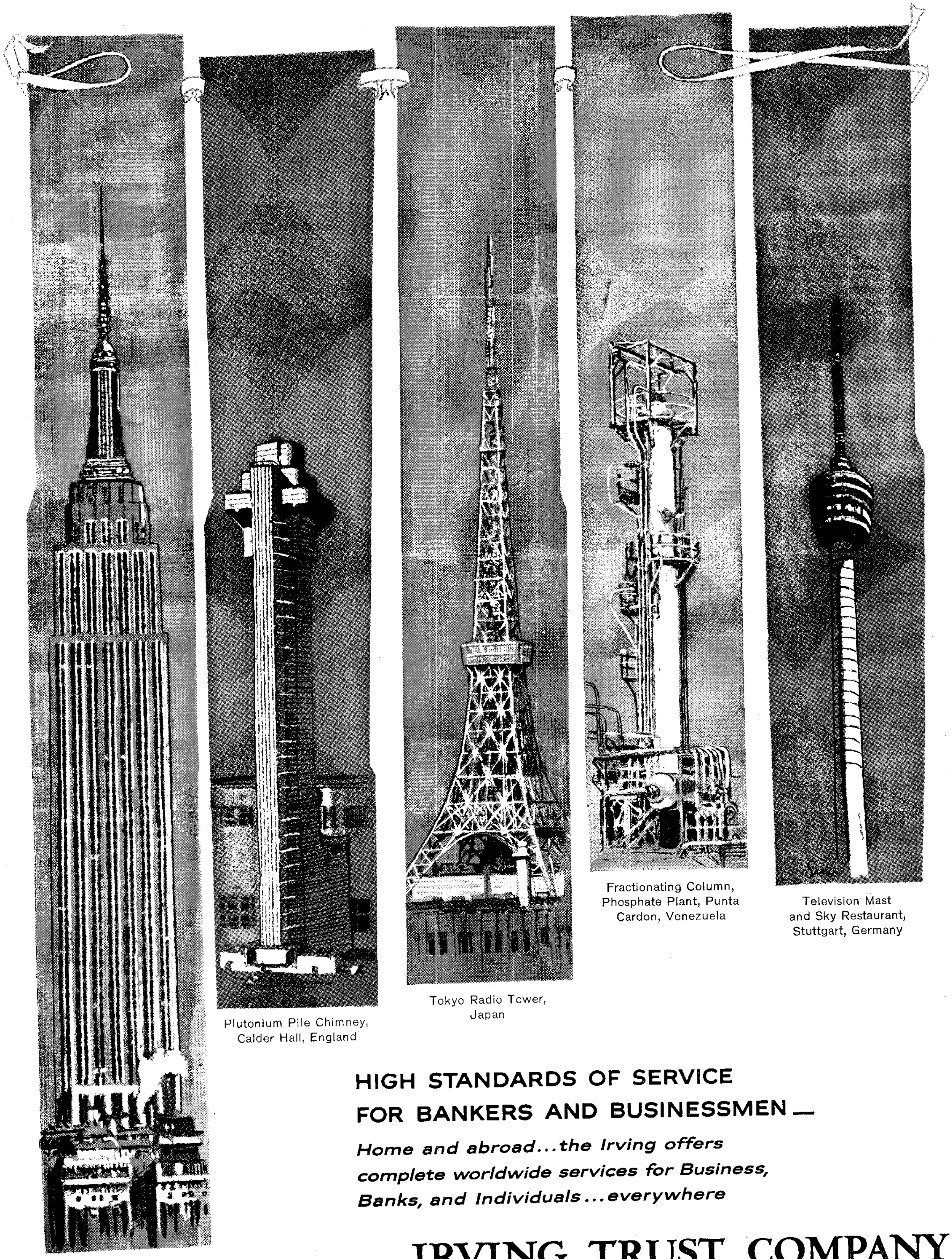

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): This hall of the mountain kings, recently rebuilt on more twentieth-century lines, contains a miniature revue, "O, Oysters!," whose bright ideas are so entangled in amateur semantics that many of them are no laughing matter. It goes on (and on, and on) at eight-thirty all week and also at eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays; closed Sundays.

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Bobby Hackett's horn, sometimes a cicada hailing a heat wave and sometimes a whippoorwill sweetening the dark hours, is surrounded by three tried-and-true assistants. Bob Corwin has fun on the piano whenever the band eases offstage, and Mr. Condon has fun visiting with the diners. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The first trip to our town of Oscar Brown, Jr., a boy singer not too young to have picked up tricks of the trade but nevertheless a *force majeur*. His gamut of folk music—oppression, aggression, soliloquy, philosophy, bitterness, and (inevitably) a twinge of triteness—is enormously enlarged because he writes a great many of the songs he sings. Jimmy Raney's new-deal quartet hums expertly in one corner. The Raneys wind up on Sunday, Feb. 12; on Tuesday, Feb. 14, Orson Bean returns to the scene of his first shaggy-dog show. There's an afternoon session every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): The principal boy is Mel Tormé, who understands the architecture of his ballads so well that all the captain's walks and flying buttresses he adds to them never diminish the essentials. A band run by Al Cohn is his background. The trio belonging to Dorothy Donegan, a girl given to beating her piano into submission, supplements this cast. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): One of the two plantations left on a once flourishing thoroughfare. An old Southern cottage industry, sometimes a trifle too artful-and-crafty, is still being carried on here by Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk, to say nothing of Don Frye, the intermission pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye in giving the varsity a little competition. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, nowadays a searcher for deeper meanings instead of being solely a phosphorescent pianist, is in charge of a well-regulated trio that sets to around ten inside the oval bar. No action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Empire City Six is clattering away at precisely the sort of bumpety-bump this house has always specialized in. There are jam sessions on Sunday afternoons at five, in addition to the evening session; the place is closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): There's nothing very secret about the weapons employed hereabouts, as even passersby quickly discover. The matinées are run by the trios of Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman; the soirées are run by the Bourbon Street Six (off Mondays), Cozy Cole's quintet (off Tuesdays) and Sol Yaged's quintet, which performs only on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays. The row begins at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, it begins at 1:30 P.M. Saturday nights, Cozy Cole's quintet moves upstairs, where it chimes in with Max Kaminsky's quintet. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The missionaries of progress in their farthest-south settlement. Herbie Mann's sextet, which is persuasive percussion oddly overlaid with flute, is explaining Caribbean and African trains of thought. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Buddy Rich, beating his way through the ensembles of his All-Stars as well as through his vehement drum solos, is clearly having the time of his life. On Thursday, Feb. 16, a new cast—i.e., a quintet in the hands of Dizzy Gillespie, whose happy little hunting horn is gone with many a wind, plus Illinois Jacquet's band, from the Midwest Corn Belt. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): The quintet of Gigi Gryce, the candy kid, is spreading new-style sweetness and light every evening but Monday. The scenery is extremely earth-bound. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (GR 7-9765): An establishment still unable to make up its mind about what it wants to be if it ever grows up. At the moment, it appears to be a dance palace, with Slide Hampton's eight-man band providing the wherewithal. Closed Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): An ancestral hall for ancestral music. Among the exhibits on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 10-11, should be Buster Bailey, Red Allen, Jr., Conrad Janis and his Tailgate Jazz Band, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Johnny Letman, and Panama Francis. . . . **PRELUDE,** 3219 Broadway, at 129th St. (MO 2-1833): Nanook of the North lived here. Now it's the headquarters for Red Garland's threesome. Nine-thirty is starting time. No music Mondays.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**HERMAN AXELROD**—Abstract paintings; through Feb. 25. (Bodley, 223 E. 60th St.)

**JASON BERGER**—Slashingly drawn Expressionist landscapes by a young Boston artist; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

**REMO BRINDISI**—Large, fluent oils, mystical in concept. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Padawer, 112 Fourth Ave., at 12th St.)

**KENNETH CALLAHAN**—A loan exhibition of paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Walker, 117 E. 57th St.)

**RAFFAELE CASTELLO**—Paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Trabia, 14 E. 95th St.)

**NICOLAS DE STAËL**—A loan exhibition of abstract paintings from his earlier years (1946-52); through March 4. (Hahn, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

**EDWIN DICKINSON**—A retrospective of his paintings; through March 11. (Graham, second and third floors, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**PETER DOWNSBROUGH**—Sculptures and drawings; through Thursday, Feb. 16. (Area, 80 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

**LYNNE DREXLER**—Abstractions; through Feb. 23. (Tanager, 90 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

**JOSÉ ECHAVE**—A Uruguayan artist depicting the people and landscapes of his country in paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Galería Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

**JIMMY ERNST**—Lacy, lively abstract landscapes, in his first showing in three years; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**WALTER FELDMAN**—Abstract paintings, mostly; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**ALICE FORMAN AND JON HENRY**—Abstract paintings; through Thursday, Feb. 16. (Camino, 89 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

**JOHN GRILLO**—Abstract canvases; through March 4. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

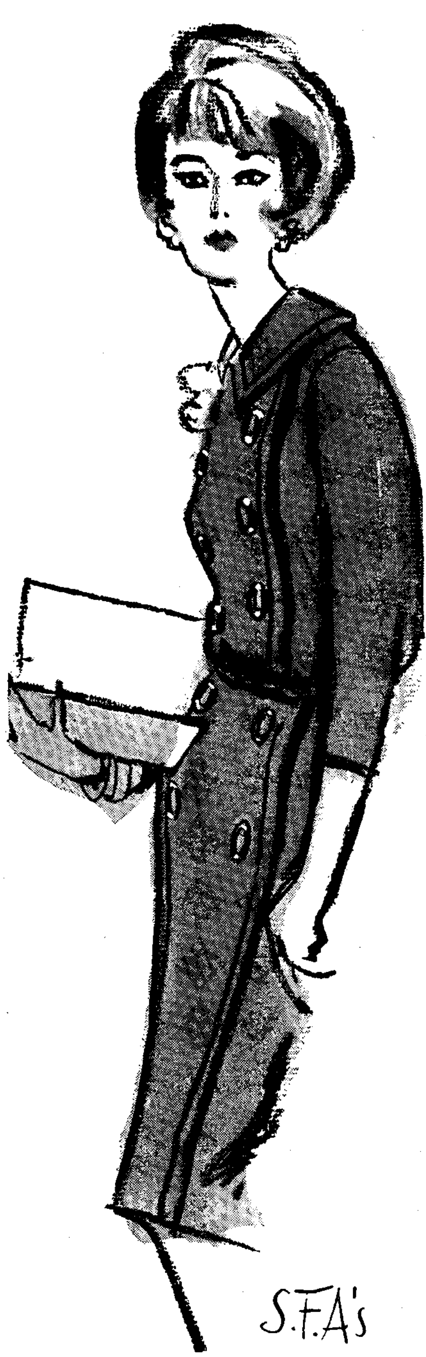
**O. LOUIS GUGLIELMI** (1906-56)—An exhibition called "The Complete Precisionist;" through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Weekdays, 10 to 10.)

**DAVID HARE**—New sculptures, cheerfully experimental in manner, together with a few paintings and drawings; through Tuesday, Feb. 14. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**DAVID HAYES**—Forged-metal sculptures; through Feb. 25. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JASPER JOHNS**—Drawings, sculptures, and lithographs by a member of the New York School; through Feb. 25. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**WASSILY KANDINSKY**—Abstract paintings (1905-40); through Saturday, Feb. 18. (New



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Gallery, 50 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Gustav Klimt, Egon Schiele, and B. F. Dolbin**—Water colors and drawings; through Feb. 28. (Este, 965-A Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

**Franz Kline**—Oils of barroom scenes with girls, plus portrait drawings, all done in the early forties; through Feb. 25. (Collector's Gallery, 49 W. 53rd St.)

**Karl Knaths**—Recent abstract oils; through March 4. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

**Robert Knipschild**—New landscapes, more abstract in tendency than formerly; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

**Fritz Koenig**—Thirty bronzes and a group of drawings by a young German sculptor; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Yasuo Kuniyoshi**—Paintings and drawings dating from 1921 to 1952, the year before his death; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

**Robert J. Lee**—Figure paintings and landscapes with figures; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Nessler, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

**Robert Mallary**—Wall sculptures and relief collages; through Feb. 25. (Stone, 18 E. 82nd St. Closed Mondays.)

**Gerhard Marcks**—Twenty-five bronze sculptures of figures and animals by the German artist; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Herman Maril**—Paintings of shoreside and other scenes; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Castellane, 19 E. 76th St.)

**Harry Mathes**—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Wednesday, Feb. 15. (Pietrantonio, 26 E. 84th St.)

**Matta**—Abstract Surrealist paintings; through Feb. 25. (Cordier & Warren, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

**Felix Pasilis**—Abstract oils; through March 4. (Green, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**William Pellicone**—Fire paintings, the name given to abstractions made of oil pigments on wood, burned with an open flame; through Thursday, Feb. 16. (Phoenix, 40 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

**Robert Philipp**—Genre paintings and still-lifes; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

**Alex Redein**—Seascapes, landscapes, interiors, and nudes; through Tuesday, Feb. 14. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Jerri Ricci**—Impressionistic water colors of landscapes, and dock and street scenes, in and about Rockport, Boston, and Gloucester; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

**Robert Richenburg**—Large abstract canvases; through Feb. 25. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

**Larry Rivers**—Six welded-steel sculptures and one cast in bronze; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Tetsuro Sawada**—Papers painted in sumi, water color, and gouache by a modern Japanese artist; through Feb. 25. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St.)

**Katherine Schmidt**—New paintings, super-realist in style, in her first exhibition in fifteen years; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

**Gérard Schneider**—Paintings by the contemporary French abstractionist; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

**Maurice Sievan**—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Feb. 28. (Landry, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

**Thomas Sills**—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

**Jack Smith**—Abstract still-lifes and figures by a young English painter; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

**Theodoros Stamos**—Non-objective oils; through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

**Teiji Takai**—Abstract Expressionist paintings;

through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

**James Thrall Soby Collection**—Paintings and sculptures (by Picasso, Miró, de Chirico, Marini, Calder, and others) from a collection that has been pledged to the Museum of Modern Art. For the benefit of the Museum's library. Through Feb. 25. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

**Sculptures**—Works by contemporary European artists, among them Eduardo Chillida, Elisabeth Frink, and Carel Visser; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

**Primitive Art**—A show called "Surrealism in the Primitive Arts," consisting of sculptures, paintings, and masks from the South Pacific islands and the American Northwest coast; through Feb. 28. (D'Arcy, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

**Americans; Group Shows**—At the **ARTISTS'**, 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Thyra Davidson, Robert Hallett, Adolph Rosenblatt, and six other painters; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Weekdays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **JAMES**, 70 E. 12th St.: Early and recent work by gallery regulars, including James Billmyer, Dorothy Eisner, and Miriam Raeburn; through Thursday, Feb. 16. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: A twenty-ninth anniversary exhibition of paintings and sculptures by such gallery members as Isabel Bishop, Edward Betts, and Raymond Puccinelli; through Feb. 25. . . . **VILLAGE ART CENTER**, 39 Grove St.: The Mid-Season Sculpture, Drawing, and Graphics Exhibition; through Feb. 23. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

**Americans and Europeans; Group Shows**—At the **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings from the sixteenth century to today, illustrating similarities and diversions in style; through Feb. 25. . . . **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Miriam Bergman, Theo Hios, Barbara Hepworth, and others; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Closed Mondays.)

**Europeans; Group Shows**—At the **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Painters and sculptors, including Gris, Mondrian, and Giacometti; through Saturday, Feb. 11. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A show, primarily of oils, entitled "Trends of the Twenties in the School of Paris" and consisting of works by Vivin, Picasso, Utrillo, and others; through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Closed Mondays.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Arts of Thailand," an exhibition of three hundred pieces dating as far back as the sixth century. Included are sculptures (ranging from life-sized Buddhas to small animals), paintings, illuminated manuscripts, ceramics, silks, jewelry, theatrical masks and puppets, and decorative objects in gold, silver, and crystal. Through Feb. 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings done since 1945, including eleven recent murals, by the Abstract Expressionist Mark Rothko; through March 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—Drawings of the past three hundred years, by Toulouse-Lautrec, van Gogh, Gabor Peterdi, Chaim Gross, and others, from the Museum's collection; through March 1. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Asia House**, 112 E. 64th St.—A loan exhibition of gold, jade, and bronze objects, as well as ceramics and pottery sculpture, from the Han dynasty (206 B.C.-221 A.D.); through March 26. (Mondays, except Feb. 13, through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 13, from 1 to 5.)

**China House**, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibition of calligraphy and painting by a hundred and twenty contemporary artists of Free China; starting Friday, Feb. 10. (Mondays, except Feb. 13, through Fridays, 9 to 5, and Friday evenings, 8 to 11.)

**Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About eighty paintings and drawings from the Arensberg and Gallatin Collections, on loan from the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Among the artists represented are Braque, Chagall, Duchamp, Gris, Léger, and Picasso. Through April 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Jewish Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A Civil War centennial exhibit of documents, books, and works of art relating to the war and Abraham Lincoln, and depicting the civic and military role of American Jews, both Northern and Southern; through Feb. 23. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Morgan Library**, 33 E. 36th St.—Portraits in manuscripts and drawings, from the ninth to the nineteenth centuries; through March 11. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

**Museum of the City of New York**, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A display of old-fashioned valentines, dating from 1790 to 1885; through Feb. 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 13, from 1 to 5.)

**Riverside Museum**, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—From the Museum's collections: Forty seventeenth- to nineteenth-century Tibetan tankas, or banner paintings, done by Buddhist lamas; Far Eastern art objects; and American paintings and sculptures by B. J. O. Nordfeldt, Hugo Robus, Adja Yunkers, and others; through Feb. 26. (Daily, except Monday, Feb. 13, from 1 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum**, 22 W. 54th St.—"The Precisionist View in American Art," an exhibition of paintings, mainly from the twenties, organized by the Walker Art Center, in Minneapolis. The artists include George Ault, Charles Demuth, and Charles Sheeler; through Feb. 28. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

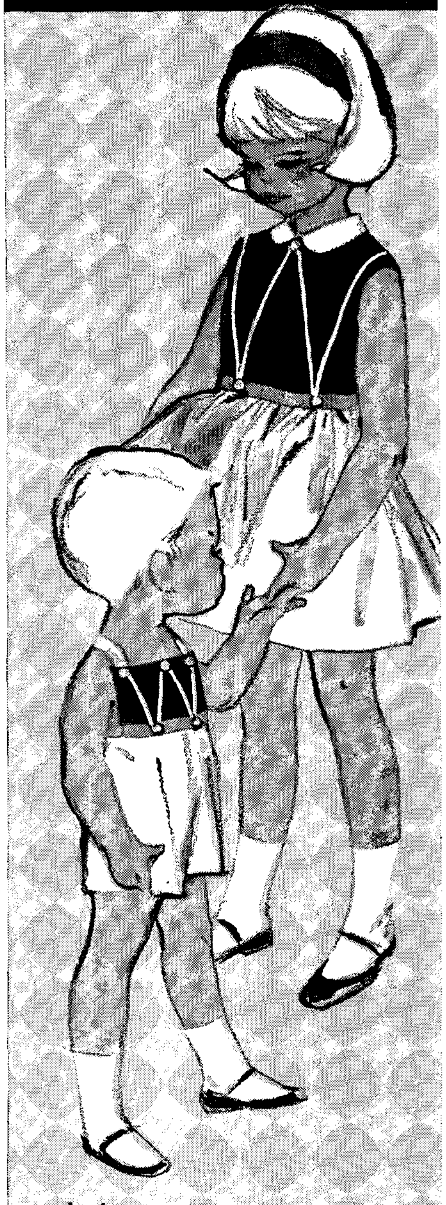
**Metropolitan Opera**—Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Heidi Krall, Eugenio Fernandi, Lorenzo Testi, and Jerome Hines. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 10, at 8: "Martha" (in English), with Victoria de los Angeles, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 11, at 2: "Alcestis" (in English), with Eileen Farrell, Nicolai Gedda, and Walter Cassel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8: "Tannhäuser," with Birgit Nilsson, Mignon Dunn, Hans Hopf, Eberhard Waechter, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 13, at 8: "Elektra," with Inge Borkh, Frances Yeend, Jean Madeira, Hermann Uhde, and Albert Da Costa. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 8: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Laurel Hurley, Eugenio Fernandi, Mario Sereni, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 8: "Martha" (in English), with Victoria de los Angeles, Rosalind Elias, Richard Tucker, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 16, at 7:45: "Tristan und Isolde," with Birgit Nilsson, Mignon Dunn, Ramon Vinay, Walter Cassel, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 17, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Mattiwilda Dobbs, Margaret Roggero, Robert Merrill, Dino Formichini, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 18, at 2: "Simon Boccanegra," with Renata Tebaldi, Anselmo Colzani, Richard Tucker, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Lucine Amara, Nell Rankin, Franco Corelli, and Mario Sereni.

### ORCHESTRAS

**New York Philharmonic**—At Carnegie Hall—Thomas Schippers directing on Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 10, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 12, at 3 (all with Lili Chookasian, contralto, and the Westminster Choir). . . . ¶ Aaron Copland, Vladimir Golschmann, and Lukas Foss will share in the conducting of a program of music by Leonard Bernstein on Monday, Feb. 13, at 8:30, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund. Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; Richard Tucker, tenor; and various theatre people, including Betty Comden and Adolph Green, Barbara Cook, and the American Ballet Theatre, will also participate. . . . ¶ Thomas Schippers conducting on Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 17, at 2:15; and Sunday, Feb. 19, at 3 (all with Leon Fleisher, piano).

**Cleveland Orchestra**—George Szell conducting the second of two concerts, with Dimitri Bashkirov, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

**Philadelphia Orchestra**—Eugene Ormandy con-



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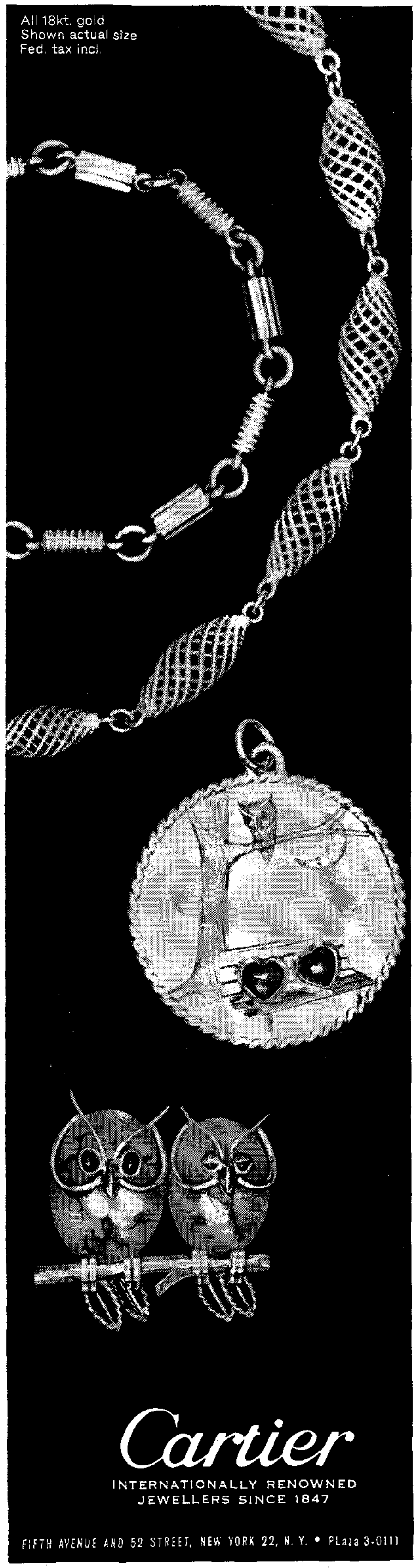

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ducting, with Zino Francescatti, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

**Boston Symphony**—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 8:30, and Saturday, Feb. 18, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.)

**Ars Nova Orchestra**—Robert Mandell conducting, with Vivian Rivkin, piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

**Contemporary Baroque Ensemble**—Daniel Antoun directing and playing the viola, with Alison Antoun, viola, and the Columbia University Chorus. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2831.)

**Brooklyn Philharmonia**—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

**American Symphony of New York**—Enrico Leide conducting. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

**Clarion Orchestra**—Newell Jenkins conducting the final concert of the season, with Elinor Ross, soprano, and a chorus. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 8:40.)

**Music Forgotten and Remembered**—Frederic Waldman conducting a chamber orchestra, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

### RECITALS

**Noel Lee and Paul Makanowitzky**—In a program of sonatas for piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

**Jorge Bolet**—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

**Nancy Cirillo**—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

**Marjorie Mitchell**—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 5:30.)

**New York Chamber Soloists**—With Adele Addison, soprano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

**Richard Dyer-Bennet**—Tenor and guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

**Victoria de los Angeles**—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

**Michael Tree and Heida Hermanns**—Violin and piano, with Bjoern Andreasson and Leon Rudin, violins; Eugene Becker, viola; and Martin Ormandy, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

**Zita Carno**—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8:30.)

**Martina Arroyo**—Soprano. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 17, at 5:45.)

**New York Pro Musica**—A program of Renaissance and early baroque music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 17, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

**Annie Fischer**—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

**Zino Francescatti**—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

**Andres Segovia**—Guitar. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8:40.)

**Note**—Janos Starker will give a cello recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 19, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 13, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

### MISCELLANY

**WNYC American Music Festival**—Among the events of interest will be programs by: The National Association for American Composers and Conductors Festival Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Emerson Buckley and Herman Neuman, with Claudette Sorel, piano, and Jeannine Crader, soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 2:30.) . . . ¶ The United States Army Band and Chorus, directed by Colonel Hugh Curry and Herman Neuman, with Alexander D. Richardson, organ. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 16, at 5:30.) Free tickets can be had by writing WNYC, New York 7, and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

**Operas-in-Brief**—"Tosca," the fifth in this season's series of abbreviated operas presented by the Amato Opera Company. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 5:30.)

**Jazz Concert**—Dizzy Gillespie's quintet. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

**Professional Basketball**—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Feb. 10, at 9: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 12, at 2:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 7: Philadelphia vs. St. Louis and Knicks vs. Syracuse. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 18, at 2: Knicks vs. Los Angeles.

**Boxing**—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 11: Federico Thompson vs. Charlie Scott, welterweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 18: Gene (Ace) Armstrong vs. Dick Tiger, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

**Dog Show**—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 13-14.)

**Hockey**—Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 2.)

**Indoor Polo**—Two games (plus a spot of Rugby) every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8.)

**Racing**—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Wednesday, March 29.

**Tennis**—U.S.L.T.A. Men's Indoor Championships, singles and doubles—Thursday, Feb. 9, at 7; Friday, Feb. 10, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 11, at 1; Sunday, Feb. 12 (semifinals), at 2; and Monday, Feb. 13 (finals), at 1:30. . . . ¶ Seniors, Thursday and Friday, Feb. 9-10, at 1; Saturday, Feb. 11, at 9 A.M.; Sunday, Feb. 12 (semifinals), at 2; and Monday, Feb. 13 (finals), at 12. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. BU 8-0200.)

**Track Meet**—New York Athletic Club. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

## FOR CHILDREN

**Concert**—Thomas Scherman conducting the Little Orchestra Society in a program of French music, with Lynn Harrell, sixteen-year-old cellist, and members of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet School. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

**Stage Shows**—By the **Peggy Bridge Marionettes:** "Emperor's Nightingale," plus Leroy the Magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays and Monday, Feb. 13, at 3. For tickets, call AC 2-3831.) . . . **Children's Fine Arts Guild:** "Ching-ling and the Magic Peach." (Royal Playhouse, 62 E. 4th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **Martinique Theatre:** "Aladdin." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 13, at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **Merri-Mimes:** "Cinderella." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **Merry Wanderers Children's Theatre:** "Hiawatha." (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Saturdays at 12:30, 2, and 3:30.) . . . **Musical Theatre for Children:** "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at

Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1.) . . . **PENNYWHISTLE PLAYERS:** "Witches Are for Wearing." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. Saturdays at 12:30, 2, and 3:30. For tickets, call WA 9-7407.) . . . **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) . . . ¶ "Adventures of Brer Rabbit," Saturday, Feb. 11. "Pinocchio," Saturday, Feb. 18. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Afternoons at 3.) . . . **THEATRE EAST:** "Circus Lion." (211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30; Sundays at 2 and 3:30; and Monday, Feb. 13, at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Monday, Feb. 13, at 11 and 2.)

**JUNIOR MUSEUM,** Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**HAYDEN PLANETARIUM,** Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Astronomy in the News;" through Feb. 27. (Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 13, at 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

**MOVIES**—Feature pictures or cartoons. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

**NOTE**—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Monday, Feb. 13, from 10 to 12.

## OTHER EVENTS

**UNITED NATIONS**—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

**POETRY READINGS**—Robert Lowell reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Monday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

**FLOWER SHOW**—If the Winter Garden Show comes, can spring be far behind? Presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Feb. 15, from 12:30 to 4.)

**AUCTIONS**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 10-11, at 1:45: American and English furniture, blue Staffordshire historical ware, jasper and black basalt ware, paintings and drawings, Audubon prints, and Oriental rugs; owned by Philip Peckerman and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 16, at 1:45: Modern paintings and drawings by such artists as Jean Dufy, Matisse, Diego Rivera, and Rouault; from the collection of Stanley N. Barbee and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 11.

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY**—Feb. 9, at 3 and 5:30: "The Long, Hot Summer" (1958), with Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward. . . . ¶ Feb. 10, at 3: "A Time to Love and a Time to Die" (1958), with John Gavin and Lilo Pulver. . . . ¶ Feb. 11, at 3 and 5:30: "Touch of Evil" (1958), with Charlton Heston and Janet Leigh. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 12, showings at 3 and 5:30: The first program in a series called "The Western Film"—"The Great Train Robbery" (1903), "Shootin' Mad" (1919), "Hiawatha" (1909), "The Red Girl and the Child" (1910), and "The Last of the Line" (1914). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

**BALLAD OF A SOLDIER**—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Director Grigori Chukhrai tells his story about a young soldier's short leave by concentrating on the faces of two young lovers, played by *Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko*, and by viewing the carnage through their guileless and tragically youthful gaze. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

**BEN-HUR**—This version of the old war horse offers Charlton Heston as the rich, spiritual, and muscular Mediterranean athlete. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 13, at 2. Reserved seats only.)

**BREATHLESS**—A brilliant, nervous, consistently exciting New Wave film from France, written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard. Photographed in Paris, it tells the story of a young car thief and his American mistress, and manages, without obviousness or moralizing, to comprehend the very modern nihilism that drives them to their doom. Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg are the young lovers in what must be called a contemporary masterpiece. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

**DON QUIXOTE**—Cervantes's picaresque classic in a faithful, sometimes dull, but largely rewarding translation into Russian, of all things. Director Grigory Kozintsev's extraordinary eye for color, and a brilliant, sensitive performance by Nikolai Cherkasov, who plays the Mad Knight, outweigh the oversimplicities of the plot and the misfortune of an awkward job of dubbing. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Feb. 9.)

**EXODUS**—The new heavyweight champion, weighing in at three hours and forty-five minutes, shows an unfortunate preference for dialectics over fighting. Otto Preminger has lavished so much time and caution on this film version of the best-seller that the battle for Israel often resembles a high-school debate on the subject of tolerance. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb are the chief filibusters. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

**GENERAL DELLA ROVERE**—Roberto Rossellini here makes his so-called "comeback" with a picture noble in intent and noble in execution. A melodrama laid in Italy during the Second World War, it depicts the transformation of a cowardly bootlicker into a true hero. Vittorio De Sica is superb in the starring role and Hannes Messemer plays to perfection an honorable, pitiless Nazi superman. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

**I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK**—Peter Sellers as a shop steward in an English plant that is at sixes and sevens because of a lunatic management and a working crew that is just as balmy. A very droll British film, in which Margaret Rutherford, Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas, Liz Frazer, and Richard Attenborough also figure admirably. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Feb. 15, tentative.)

**IT HAPPENED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT**—A murderer of little girls is at large in the peaceful Swiss countryside, and a resourceful police inspector dedicates his life to tracking him down. Heinz Ruhmann is splendid as the inspector, and Gert Frobe, as the killer, will make your flesh creep. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Feb. 14, tentative.)

**THE LOVE GAME**—In this delightful sketch of love-in-idleness, a pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. The scene is mostly a tiny antiques shop on the Left Bank, and the sight of the young couple quarrelling, dancing, and making love among the bric-a-brac may well drive you straight to Paris. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Feb. 15.)

**THE MISFITS**—The presence and performances of Marilyn Monroe and the late Clark Gable (who are exactly right for their parts) and some fine work by Montgomery Clift, Eli Wallach, and Thelma Ritter do not, alas, make up for a startlingly sentimental and obvious script by Arthur Miller. John Huston directed this present-day Western about cowboys and divorcées. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

**THE REST IS SILENCE**—"Hamlet," transposed into modern dress and modern German prose by Helmut Kautner, who not only produced and directed it but wrote the script. Although the picture is sometimes static and fey, Hardy Kruger and Ingrid Andree, as Hamlet and Ophelia, turn in interpretations of these well-spaded roles that are about as striking as any that come to mind. The setting is contemporary Germany. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Feb. 15.)

**THE SUNDOWNERS**—A cheerful if somewhat simple-minded account of the joys and despairs of a family of sheep drovers in the Australian outback. Juniors will probably like the crunchy sweetness of the story more than their parents, but all hands will enjoy the wildlife that hops about in the handsome scenery. Fred Zinnemann is responsible for this Technicolor road show, and Robert Mitchum, Deborah Kerr, Peter Ustinov, and Michael Anderson, Jr., are the principal tourists. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; Feb. 9.)

**TUNES OF GLORY**—Sir Alec Guinness wins the actor's Victoria Cross for his daring and endlessly subtle performance as an alcoholic colonel who destroys his enemy and himself in a frightening struggle for the command of a peacetime Highland regiment. John Mills is almost as fine as Sir Alec, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson also flash their tartans. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

**TWO-WAY STRETCH**—A short, happy romp behind the pleasant walls of a progressive British prison. Peter Sellers, Wilfrid Hyde White, David Lodge, and Bernard Cribbins are all perfectly smashing in this farce that pokes lively fun at penology and at the usual dreary run of crime movies. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

### REVIVALS

**THE BLUE ANGEL** (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer, and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Feb. 15, tentative.)

**CHAPLIN COMEDIES**—"Dough and Dynamite," "Caught in a Cabaret," "His Trysting Place," and "His Prehistoric Past," all one-reelers from the days of the silents. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Feb. 15.)

**THE GRAPES OF WRATH** (1940)—John Ford's reworking of the Steinbeck novel, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 9.)

**IKIRU** (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 10.)

**M** (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Feb. 15.)

**MISTER ROBERTS** (1955)—Life on a Navy cargo ship, based on the Heggen and Logan play. Henry Fonda, James Cagney, Jack Lemmon, and William Powell are among the diverting tars. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Feb. 13-14.)

**THE RACK** (1956)—The trial of an American Army captain who collaborated with the enemy during the Korean War. With Paul Newman. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; through Feb. 11.)

**THE THIRD MAN** (1950)—A melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Valli. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Feb. 15, tentative.)

**TO LIVE IN PEACE** (1947)—Aldo Fabrizi as an Italian peasant who befriends a couple of G.I.s, one of them colored, during the war. Made in Italy. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY**—See listing under "Other Events," page 15.

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## THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

**ASTOR**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Feb. 9: "The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.
From Feb. 10: "The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.

**CAPITOL**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
**THE MISFITS.**

**CRITERION**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 13, at 2. Extra performances Saturdays and Monday, Feb. 13, at 9:30 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

**DEMILLE**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 13, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**FORUM**, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Wackiest Ship in the Army," Jack Lemmon, Ricky Nelson.

**MUSIC HALL**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Where the Boys Are," Dolores Hart, George Hamilton.

**PALACE**, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Feb. 9: "Can-Can," Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.
From Feb. 10: "101 Dalmatians," a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

**PARAMOUNT**, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Feb. 9: "The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason.
From Feb. 10: "The Millionairess," Sophia Loren, Peter Sellers.

**RIVOLI**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 13, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**STATE**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
**BEN-HUR.**

**VICTORIA**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Young One," Zachary Scott, Bernie Hamilton.

**WARNER**, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
**EXODUS.**

**WORLD**, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
**TO LIVE IN PEACE** (in Italian), revival; and "One Summer of Happiness," revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.

# NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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| 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | | | |

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

## EAST SIDE

**ART**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 15 (tentative): **I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK.**

**ACADEMY OF MUSIC**, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Feb. 9: "St. Ignatius."
Feb. 10-14: "White Warrior," Steve Reeves; and "The Crowded Sky," Dana Andrews, Rhonda Fleming.
From Feb. 15: "The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason; and "Ma Barker's Killer Brood," Lurene Tuttle.

**GRAMERCY**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 14 (tentative): **IT HAPPENED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT**; and "The Big Chief" (in French), revival, Fernandel, Gino Cervi.
From Feb. 15 (tentative): "Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson.

**MURRAY HILL**, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
**BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian).

**TRANS-LUX 52ND ST.**, Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Wackiest Ship in the Army," Jack Lemmon, Ricky Nelson.

**SUTTON**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The League of Gentlemen," Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick.

**R.K.O. 58TH ST.**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Feb. 11: "The 3 Worlds of Gulliver," Kerwin Mathews, Jo Morrow; and "Stop! Look! and Laugh!," the Three Stooges.
Feb. 12-14: "White Warrior," Steve Reeves; and "The Crowded Sky," Dana Andrews, Rhonda Fleming.
From Feb. 15: "The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason.

**FINE ARTS**, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
**BREATHLESS** (in French).

**PLAZA**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

**BARONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler.

**BEEKMAN**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Feb. 9: "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.
From Feb. 10: "The Facts of Life," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.

**68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Feb. 9: **DON QUIXOTE.**
From Feb. 10: "The Millionairess," Sophia Loren, Peter Sellers.

**72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 14 (tentative): "North to Alaska," John Wayne, Stewart Granger.
From Feb. 15 (tentative): "Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson.

**TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Left, Right and Centre," Ian Carmichael, Alastair Sim.

**R.K.O. 86TH ST.**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Feb. 9: "A Summer Place," revival, Richard Egan, Dorothy McGuire; and "The Bramble Bush," revival, Richard Burton, Barbara Rush.
Feb. 10-14: "White Warrior," Steve Reeves; and "The Crowded Sky," Dana Andrews, Rhonda Fleming.
From Feb. 15: "The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason; and "Between Time and Eternity," Lilli Palmer.

**ORPHEUM**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Feb. 14: "The 3 Worlds of Gulliver," Kerwin Mathews, Jo Morrow; and "Stop! Look! and Laugh!," the Three Stooges.
From Feb. 15: "CinderFella," Jerry Lewis, Anna Maria Alberghetti; and "Foxhole in Cairo," James Robertson Justice.

## WEST SIDE

**BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Feb. 15: **M** (in German), revival; and **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent).

**WAVERLY**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Feb. 12: "The World of Suzie Wong," William Holden, Nancy Kwan.
Feb. 13-14: **MISTER ROBERTS**, revival; and "The Goddess," revival, Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.
From Feb. 15: "Oscar Wilde," Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson; and "Swan Lake," revival, performed by the Bolshoi Ballet.

**8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 15 (tentative): **THE THIRD MAN**, revival; and **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival.

**5TH AVE. CINEMA**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Feb. 9: "Home Is the Hero," Arthur Kennedy and the Abbey Theatre players.
From Feb. 10: "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

**SHERIDAN**, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Feb. 14: "The 3 Worlds of Gulliver," Kerwin Mathews, Jo Morrow; and "Stop! Look! and Laugh!," the Three Stooges.
From Feb. 15: "CinderFella," Jerry Lewis, Anna Maria Alberghetti; and "Foxhole in Cairo," James Robertson Justice.

**GREENWICH**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Feb. 14: **IT HAPPENED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT**; and "The Big Chief" (in French), revival, Fernandel, Gino Cervi.
From Feb. 15: **THE LOVE GAME** (in French); and **THE REST IS SILENCE** (in German).

**GUILD**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
**TWO-WAY STRETCH.**

**55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
**DON QUIXOTE.**

**TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Hand in Hand," John Gregson, Sybil Thorndike.

**LITTLE CARNEGIE**, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
**TUNES OF GLORY.**

**PARIS**, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
**GENERAL DELLA ROVERE** (in Italian).

**LOEW'S 83RD ST.**, B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Feb. 11: **THE RACK**, revival; and "Some Came Running," revival, Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.
Feb. 12-14: "Never So Few," revival, Frank Sinatra, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Ten Thousand Bedrooms," revival, Dean Martin, Anna Maria Alberghetti.
From Feb. 15: "CinderFella," Jerry Lewis, Anna Maria Alberghetti; and "Foxhole in Cairo," James Robertson Justice.

**NEW YORKER**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Feb. 15: "An Eye for an Eye" (in French), Curt Jurgens, Fulco Lulli.

**SYMPHONY**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 11: "Bells Are Ringing," Judy Holliday, Dean Martin; and "Please Don't Eat the Daisies," revival, Doris Day, David Niven.
Feb. 12-14: "The Magnificent Seven," Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach; and "The Bellboy," Jerry Lewis.
From Feb. 15: "The Journey," revival, Deborah Kerr, Yul Brynner; and "The Earth Cries Out," revival, Peter Trent.

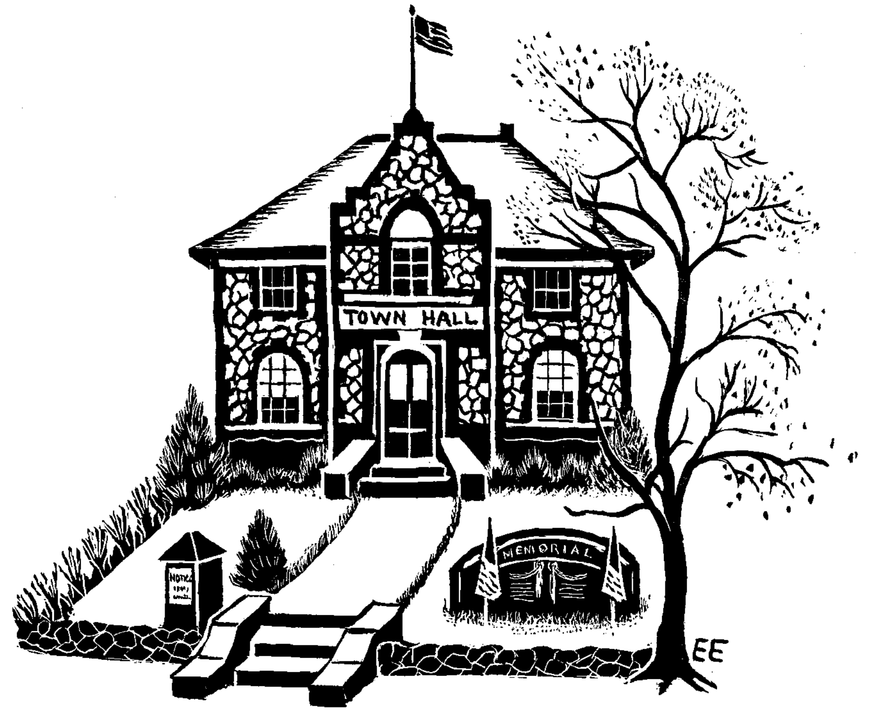
**THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 9: **THE GRAPES OF WRATH**, revival; and "Tobacco Road," revival, Charley Grapewin.
From Feb. 10: **IKIRU** (in Japanese), revival; and "Mademoiselle Gobette" (in Italian), revival, Silvana Pampanini.

**RIVERSIDE**, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Feb. 9: **THE SUNDOWNERS**; and "Caltiki, the Immortal Monster," John Merivale.
Feb. 10-14: "White Warrior," Steve Reeves; and "The Crowded Sky," Dana Andrews, Rhonda Fleming.
From Feb. 15: "The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason; and "Between Time and Eternity," Lilli Palmer.

**MIDTOWN**, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Feb. 14: **IT HAPPENED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT**; and "The Big Chief" (in French), revival, Fernandel, Gino Cervi.
From Feb. 15: **THE LOVE GAME** (in French); and "The Young Have No Time" (in Danish), revival, Ghita Norby.

**OLYMPIA**, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Feb. 11: "Some Came Running," revival, Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin; and "The Tunnel of Love," revival, Doris Day, Richard Widmark.
Feb. 12-14: "Never So Few," revival, Frank Sinatra, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Ten Thousand Bedrooms," revival, Dean Martin, Anna Maria Alberghetti.
From Feb. 15: "CinderFella," Jerry Lewis, Anna Maria Alberghetti; and "Foxhole in Cairo," James Robertson Justice.

**NEMO**, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Feb. 9: "A Summer Place," revival, Richard Egan, Dorothy McGuire; and "The Bramble Bush," revival, Richard Burton, Barbara Rush.
Feb. 10-14: "White Warrior," Steve Reeves; and "The Crowded Sky," Dana Andrews, Rhonda Fleming.
From Feb. 15: "The Marriage-Go-Round," Susan Hayward, James Mason; and "Between Time and Eternity," Lilli Palmer.



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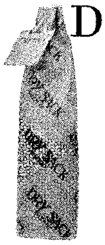

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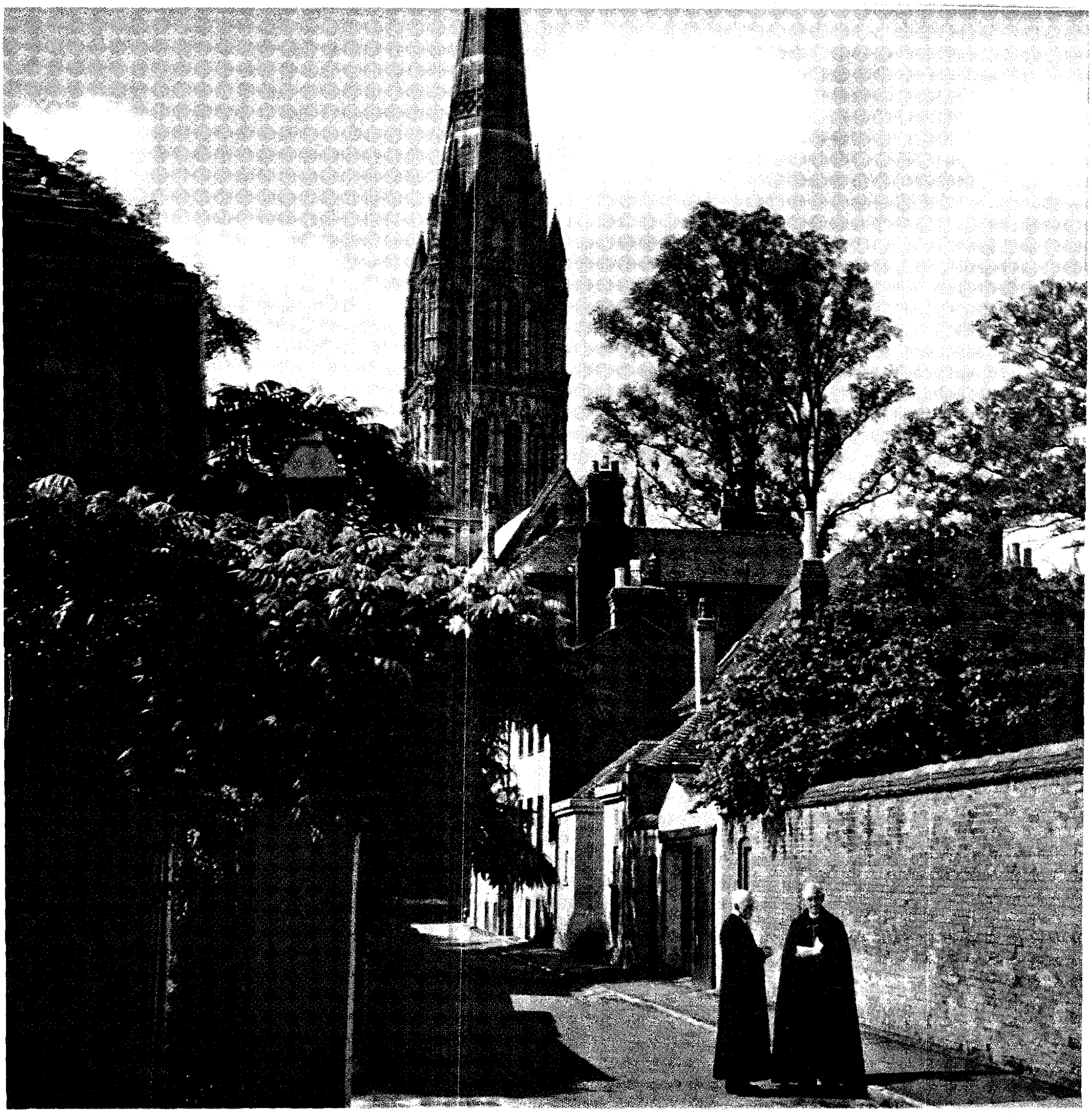

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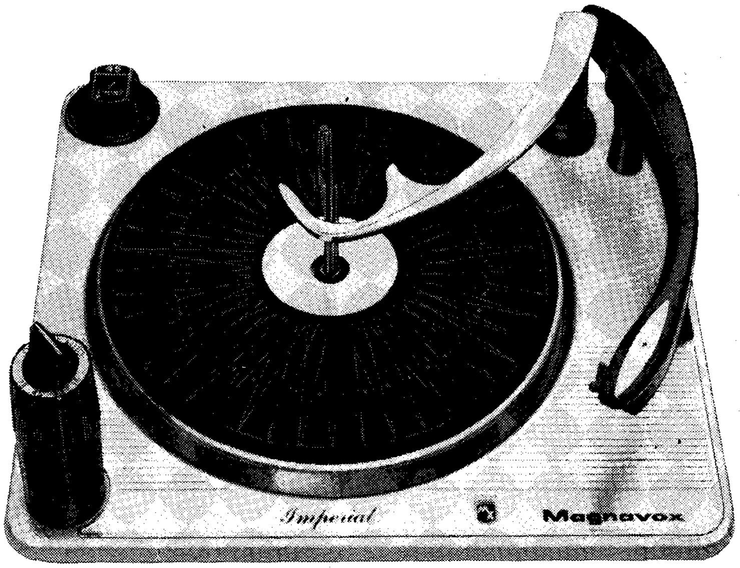

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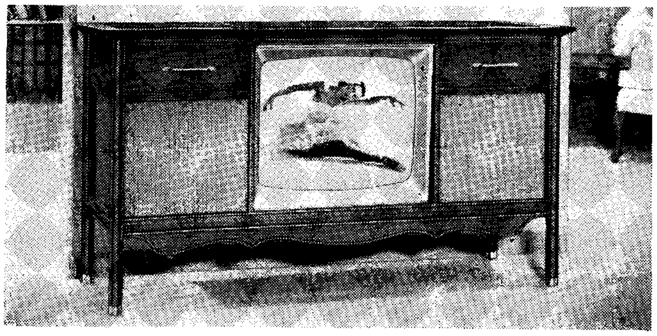

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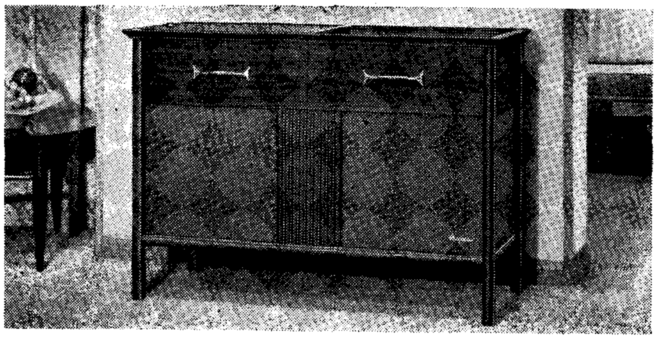

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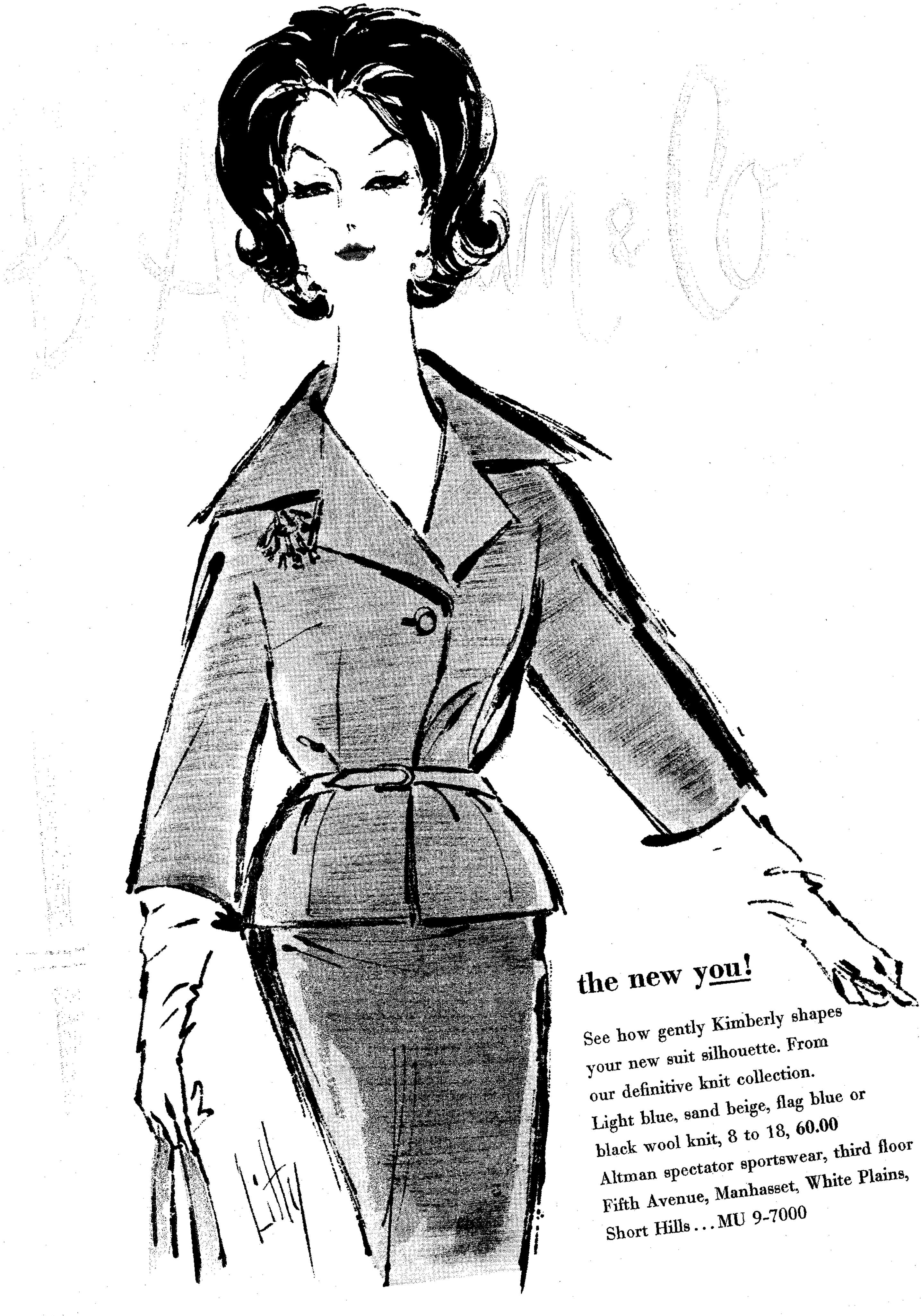

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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

THERE was a time, during the prime of the late Senator Joseph McCarthy, when a large section of the press held that to say a man had a right to a fair hearing was equivalent to approving of whatever he was accused of—Communism or subversion or consorting with Harvard professors. We hold no brief for "featherbedding," a catchword with an aura of having been invented by a company public-relations man, or for "labor-sweating," a practice ascribed to management by the public-relations men for unions. But we cannot agree with the newspapers here (all of them) that in the strike of railway-towboat workers that spread to dry land last month "featherbedding was the issue," any more than we would agree that murder—i.e., its desirability—was "the issue" in a murder trial. The issue, as the newspapers almost surreptitiously stated in the news columns, was the towboat unions' refusal to let management decide, on its own hook, what *constituted* featherbedding—whether or not it would be a good idea to cut the present standard crew of five. To yield would have been like agreeing to let management decide which it would prefer—a twelve-hour day or an eight-hour day, for the same money. We are not experts on towboat management, but when we looked out through our window and the falling snow toward the swatch of North River we can sometimes see between the Paramount Building and the Hotel Dixie—we couldn't see that far then, of course—we remembered the last time we had been out there in like conditions, some years ago, and it didn't make us think of a bed, even a foam-rubber one. We are beginning to worry, for the newspapers' sake, about their custom of ruling, in every strike, that labor is wrongheaded, as if they were a panel of arbitrators appointed by a Higher Power. A fortune cookie is not worth buying when the strip of paper inside always carries the same legend. This time, the newspapers were all outraged because "664 maritime workers" could tie up the town by their stubbornness in a dispute with eleven railroads and terminal companies. The corollary, that eleven railroad presidents were being equally stubborn, with as good (or bad) reason, was left for the reader to figure out for himself, and in most cases, we imagine, he did.

In the task, both delicate and rugged, of handling oil and freight barges in a river as wide as a lake and as thronged as Fifth Avenue, plagued by submerged floating matter, and often nearly blanked out by fog or snow, the number of men aboard a tug is of more than cheeseparing interest. It may mean the difference between a routine day on the river and catastrophe. Automation is seldom what it is cracked up to be, afloat or ashore. In the building where we work, machinery has replaced the fallible human beings who once operated the controls of the elevators, and is eighty-eight times as fallible. Bus service has been miserable since they took the conductors off. We are all for co-pilots on airplanes, waiter captains as well as waiters (and lots of busboys), grocers' delivery boys (down with go-carts and supermarkets), barbershop shaves, and bookmakers instead of pari-mutuel machines. In brief, plenty of manpower. Let the railroads beware of eliminating anybody at all; they run badly enough already.

## *Prettiest Show*

YOU never can tell what oddments of information you'll pick up in an arsenal. It took a visit to the Seventh Regiment Armory, at Park Avenue and Sixty-seventh Street, for us to learn that Early Chinese furniture—that is, sixteenth-century and seventeenth-century—is as rare as the dickens, is characterized by a pure, uncarved style that influenced both contemporary and Queen Anne furniture, and in many instances utilizes woods that are now extinct. We were inspecting not the troops but the seventh annual Winter Antiques Show, given for the benefit of the East Side House Settlement, and our Chinese-furniture frame of reference expanded—nay, came into being—as we talked with Mr. Robert H. Ellsworth, of Ellsworth & Goldie, dealers in antiques, before whose booth we had paused in admiration.

"This is generally called Ming furniture, though some of it belongs to a later period," Mr. Ellsworth said of a group of spare, handsome chairs, tables, and chests. "Try out this 'drunken lord's chair,' the only one I've ever found. Throw your legs over the sides and relax." He indicated something that looked like the skeleton of a BarcaLounger.

We tried it out, and it felt surprisingly comfortable. "To rest up in after you get drunk?" we asked.

"To get drunk *in*," Mr. Ellsworth said, pointing out a movable section, below the seat, that was intended to hold a bottle or two.

"How much?" we asked, with visions of improving our parlor.

"Eleven hundred and fifty dollars," he said. "I was in Hong Kong a year ago, and there wasn't any decent Chinese furniture there. I got some of my pieces from the collection of George N. Kates, who used to be on the staff of the Brooklyn Museum. Most of the furniture comes from the Peking area, in the north of China, but its wood is mainly from Southeast Asia. The finest collection of it in this country is in the Philadelphia Museum of Art." He showed us a seventeenth-century picnic box, and said that the Chinese loved to go out in the garden and eat. "The rich ones, that is," he added. "The poor had to work all their lives."

We decided we weren't rich enough to sit in a Ming chair, and went on, passing booth after booth of Sheraton, Chippendale, French Regency, Louis XV and XVI, eighteenth-century Venetian, nineteenth-century Swedish, and some rather peculiar objects, including a combination doorbell and shop sign in the form of a naked Father Time, and a miniature horse-drawn hearse complete with coffin (occupied). What was our pleasure, as we were about to leave, upon being hailed by a friend of yesteryear—Mr. Joseph D. Ryle, a man we hadn't seen since wartime Washington, when he was working for General Hap Arnold, commander-in-chief of the Army Air Forces!

"You interested in antiques or settlement houses?" we asked.

"Both," he said. "I'm a vice-president of the East Side House Settlement and chairman of the show, and I collect balloon prints. This is our seventieth anniversary. We hope to raise seventy thousand dollars through the show—we got fifty-eight thousand last year—but the weather hasn't done us any good. Even so, we had a real gala last night, at twenty dollars a head, with twelve hundred heads. We run a day nursery on the East River and a camp in Connecticut, and we're expanding into the south Bronx. How do *you* feel this morning?"

This question was directed at Miss Florene Maine, whose Early American booth proclaimed her to be from Ridgefield, Connecticut. "Not bad, considering," she said. "I sold some things last night, but I don't know what they were."

"Everything has to be vetted 1840 or earlier," Mr. Ryle told us, moving on.

"I don't think the crowds were quite as chic last night as the year before," Mrs. Greer, of Middleburg, Virginia, said to him as she bustled about her booth. "Still, it's the prettiest show yet. I've never seen the quality higher."

"A committee passes on all the exhibitors," Mr. Ryle said to us. "We don't want anything sloppy."

A young man in an antique windbreaker greeted Mr. Ryle, who said, "How's the hearse?"

We asked whether he was referring to the miniature hearse.

"No, no," Mr. Ryle replied. "He's in the delivery business, and he delivers in a hearse. I suppose he makes better time that way."

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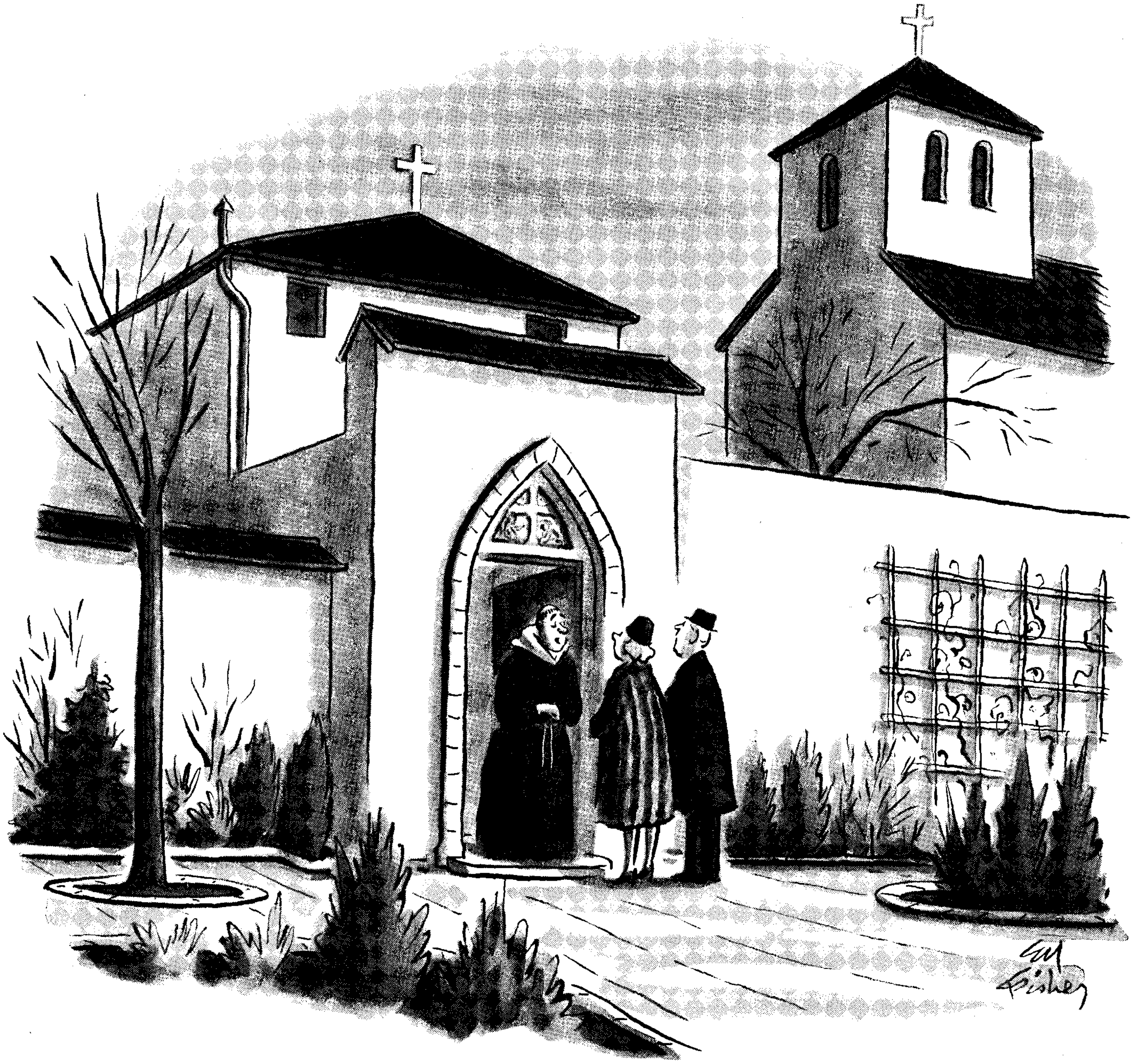
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE (DEAR OLD SOUTHLAND DIVISION): A recent attraction at the Crescent Art Theatre, in Louisville, Kentucky, was the film "Never on Sunday," which the local newspapers advertised as "for adults only." Hanging over the theatre's box office was a sign that read, "Children Under Five Not Admitted."

### *Stressed*

IN announcing plans for a new Madison Square Garden (or, rather, a *new* new Madison Square Garden, the present, new-but-about-to-be-old Garden having taken the place of the original Garden, down on its eponymous square), the architectural firm of Charles Luckman Associates, which was given the job of designing it, mentioned that it would be constructed largely of pre-stressed concrete. When we read this announcement, we realized that we'd been coming on the term "pre-stressed" more and more frequently of late but that we knew nothing about it except that it had to do with buildings, not mental health. Ignorance makes us edgy, so the next step was a bit of boning up on concrete construction, and we're now ready to dine out for the rest of the winter on our knowledge of the subject. Ordinary concrete, we plan to say over the soup, has been with us for a long time; the Romans invented a pretty good version of the stuff, and in its present manifestation—a scientifically proportioned mixture of gravel or broken stone, sand, water, and portland cement (itself a mixture of burned limestone and clay)—it has been in common use since 1830.

Concrete is cheap and plentiful, and can withstand a remarkable amount of compressive stress; that is, an awful lot of force can push against it and it won't crumble. Its drawback as a building material has always been its inability to withstand a similar amount of tensile stress, which is to say that not much of a pulling, or stretching, force is required to make it crack. You can picture the difference between compressive stress and tensile stress by imagining a bridge made of a single concrete slab. Weight placed on the bridge would cause the slab to bend slightly downward, compressing its upper side and stretching its underside. A slab of ordinary concrete would have to be very thick in order not to fracture under even a comparatively negligible load; a slab of reinforced concrete, or concrete in which steel rods have been embedded, would be much stronger and therefore could be made much thinner; but thinnest and strongest of all would be a slab in which the concrete had been subjected *in advance* to a compressive force great enough to balance the tensile stress that the bridge would encounter under the heaviest load it was designed to bear. This is precisely what the process called pre-stressing consists of, and it can be carried out in a number of ways. The commonest is to put either a network (for a slab) or a core (for a beam) of steel wires in the wooden form into which concrete is to be poured. Jacks are used to give the steel a tension of more than a hundred and fifty thousand pounds per square inch, the degree of tension depending, of course, on the amount of stress the concrete is expected to withstand. The concrete having been poured, and having hardened properly, the jacks are released. The compressive stress is now permanently built into the concrete. Pre-stressed concrete girders up to three hundred and ninety feet long have been fabricated in this fashion. Circular tanks for the storage of water, oil, and so on are also commonly made of pre-stressed concrete; some of them have a circumference of six hundred feet, and their domed roofs, though nearly two hundred feet in diameter, need to be but two inches thick.

The results to be gained with pre-stressed concrete can also be gained by casting holes in a structural piece—say, a concrete girder—and later inserting steel rods through the holes. Again with the help of jacks, the rods are stretched to give the piece the specified compression, and then they are tied off by means of clamps attached to the ends, which protrude from the girder. This process is used when, for fairly complicated engineering reasons, the prefabrication of a large section of concrete isn't practical. The advantage pre-stressed concrete has over reinforced concrete is that it sometimes uses only a fifth as much steel and a third as much concrete, and is therefore lighter; also, it can be made to take a variety of aesthetically agreeable



*"No, I'm sorry, we don't carry liqueurs, but we do have a very nice hearth-baked pumpernickel."*

• •

shapes. Pre-stressed concrete has long been popular in Europe, where its most famous champion has been Eugène Freyssinet, a French engineer. In this country, we've been using pre-stressed concrete in a small way for some thirty years, but it has caught on nationally only in the past ten or twelve.

The new new Madison Square Garden will be built at an undisclosed location on the West Side. A spokesman for Charles Luckman Associates has said that the main arena will seat twenty-five thousand spectators, will be without a single pillar to obstruct the view, and will have as its roof a seven-hundred-foot-long oval concrete compression ring spanned by steel cables embedded in a membrane of concrete, and somewhat resembling a gigantic warped and handleless tennis racket. Imagine sitting under a warped tennis racket seven hundred feet long! We can hardly wait to see it go up, and won't believe it until we do.

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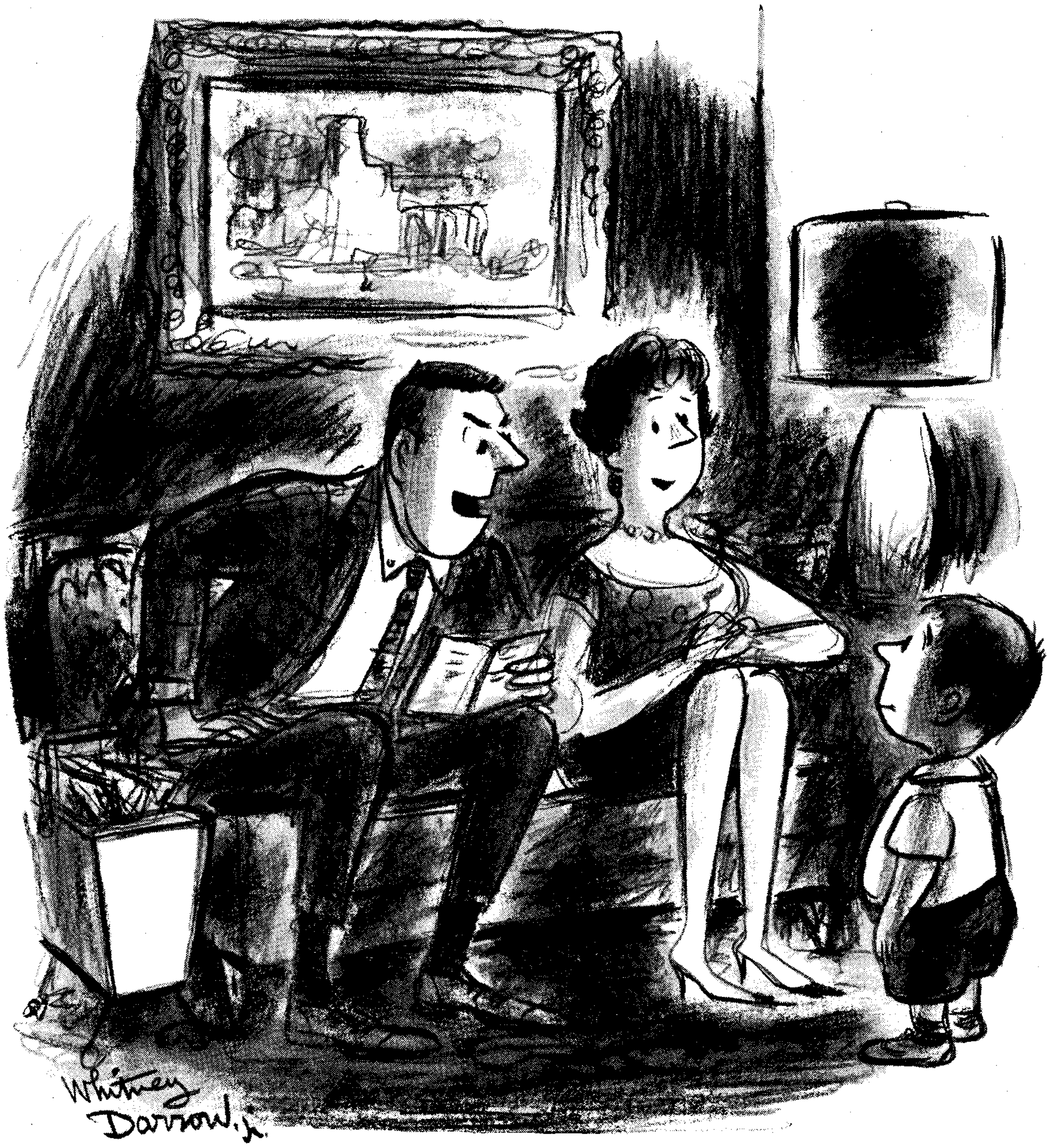
SIGN posted in the laundry room of Helen Hadley Hall, the dormitory for women graduate students at Yale: "This clothesline is reserved exclusively for wearers of the sari."

## *Mme. Rosay*

THE other day, we were drawn to a chilly loft known as Schumer's warehouse, over a garage on West Fifty-third Street, by the news that the celebrated French actress Françoise Rosay was there, rehearsing the part of Catherine—or Katushka—the Great in a play called "Once There Was a Russian," by Sam Spewack. The play tells about Catherine's troubles with a variety of males, including Potemkin (Walter Matthau) and John Paul Jones (Albert Salmi), and lays heavy emphasis—or so we gathered from Mr. Spewack during our brief visit—on the doings of Potemkin mistresses named First Mistress Surachka (Julie Newmar) and Second Mistress Verutchka (Carol Grace). Well, into a hotbed of mixed accents we went.

"This is a very deep play," we were told by Miss Grace, who in private life is Mrs. Matthau, and who is a beautiful, not very tall blonde. She was wearing a black sweater and black toreador pants. "I'm the second mistress of Potemkin, and I'm supposed to copy the first mistress of Potemkin in everything—wear


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

*"Do you* enjoy *being an under-achiever?"*

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whatever she wears, and so on." She batted her eyes at Julie Newmar, another beautiful blonde, but *very* tall, who was setting the pace with black toreador pants and a black sweater. "I can't copy her feet," Miss Grace went on. "She says she has very beautiful feet, and she keeps them in open sandals, but my feet are too cold. This is a play, the way I see it, about the second mistress of Potemkin."

Onstage, Potemkin was saying, in sonorous Slavic accents, "You shall, of course, want me, Your Majesty, to accompany you?" and Katushka was replying, "I shall, of course, want nothing of the sort!" She spoke with the authority of an empress, and we marvelled at the sight of her—white-haired, womanly, beautiful, and chic in a French suit of checked wool, with a Légion d'Honneur ribbon in her lapel. We believed in her. We were in old Russia.

Behind us, there was a kind of scuffle, and we were brought back to the Kennedy administration by Julie Newmar, who, with statuesque dignity, was doing an exercise in which she touched her hands to her beautiful sandalled feet.

"My biggest scene is coming up in the next act," Miss Grace said, at our side. "I have two big, important scenes. In the first big, important scene, I have three lines, but my really big, important scene is eleven lines, if you count 'But—' and 'Very well' and 'Who?' and 'We're not?' as separate lines."

Onstage, Matthau and Rosay were replaced by Salmi and Newmar, rehearsing a scene in which Newmar cried out, with what seemed to be anguish, "I wonder what it would be like to be noble and pure! . . . I shall become a nun, a Presbyterian nun!"

"Mme. Rosay," Matthau said, bringing the French actress over and introducing her to us. "I called her Mademoiselle at first, and she nearly took my head off."

"When you are sixty-nine, you should be called Madame," Mme. Rosay said, shaking hands with us. "Because you are an actress, it is no reason to be Miss all your life. I have three sons and two grandsons. This morning, a taximan called me Miss. He said '*Oui, oui*, Miss.' I love your taximen. I said to him, 'Madame!' Then he told me all about his life and his divorce from a very hard woman."

"*C'est la vie*," said Matthau.

"I had one other line, where I said 'Damn it,' and they cut it," Miss Grace said to us.

"Your wife is a very fine actress," Mme. Rosay said to Matthau.

"She takes it home with her," Matthau said. "All day and all night around the house playing Verutchka."

"We're not?" Miss Grace said.

"We're not what?" her husband asked.

"That's one of my lines," Miss Grace said. " 'We're not?' My children, Aram and Lucy, love Verutchka. My biggest scene of all, if you consider that the whole plot hinges on it, is when I say, '*I* am Verutchka.' "

"Today is Lucy's birthday," Matthau said. "She's fifteen. I wrote her a poem. Would you like to hear it, Your Majesty?"

Mme. Rosay said yes, and, to the contrapuntal accompaniment of Julie Newmar in the background, he began, "Dear Lucy," and then recited:

"Fifteen years old? Today you say?
Oh dear! Dismay, which way
To turn? Red lipstick or red balloons?
Serious study or silly tunes?
Lollipops or cigarettes?
Eternal love or 'No regrets'?"

He closed with "Happy Birthday, Lucy, from Walter," and added, "I wrote that poem between scenes."

"*Très charmant*," Mme. Rosay remarked.

"You are beautiful, Your Majesty," Matthau said to her. "Katushka was ugly, but you are beautiful. I have seen paintings of Katushka, and I tell you she was ugly."

"All those portrait painters did their best for her, *naturellement*," Mme. Rosay said, and shrugged.

"Lunch," Mr. Spewack announced to Mme. Rosay. "There's not too much more we have to do with you. You're solid."

"*Mais non!*" Mme. Rosay said. "The wig I am to wear I have not seen. The shoes I have not tried. The costume I do not know. It is better to go and be ready."

"First eat," Spewack said.

"As I have no service in the hotel, I take Metrecal, a wonderful invention," Mme. Rosay said. "I must go before lunch to the Librairie Française and arrange to receive *Le Figaro*, *France-Soir*, *Le Figaro Littéraire*, and *Paris-Match*, *Noir et Blanc*, and the other papers with pictures, so that I can see what's going on."

We walked outside with her, followed by Matthau and Miss Grace. Mme. Rosay shrugged again. "In Paris, we do not rehearse in a place like this," she said. "We rehearse in the theatre we are to play in. It is my first time in a play in New York. I find it interesting, but you are never at home when you are not at home. In every country you act in, you have always to prove that you are a real pro. When you arrive, they look at you. When they see you work, they decide. In our *métier*, you must remember you have to begin all over again every time. When I hear the people say 'She is a pro,' then I know it is all right. To yourself, you are a pro when you have your own personality and don't copy anybody. In France now, we have too many Bardots. We have the big Bardots and the small Bardots, the fat Bardots and the thin Bardots, and they all do this"—Mme. Rosay gave us a fine imitation of the Bardot pout—"but there is only one Bardot. She has something of her own. She was born and made Bardot. My father was a count, and an officer in the Army. He was separated from my mother when I was a small child. She was an actress. I was always away from home, always in schools—French schools, German schools, or schools in England, where I learned to speak English. I always wanted to sing. But my mother wanted me to work, so I started at sixteen. I had my first job in 1907, for thirty-five francs a week, in a small theatre in the Ninth Arrondissement, near the Place Pigalle, where I was born. My husband was the movie director Jacques Feyder, who died thirteen years ago. I played in many movies before talkies. When my sons were born, I gave up acting, but I was always in a crowd scene in my husband's movies as a good-luck piece. I came to America for the first time during the twenties, when my husband was invited to Hollywood to direct Greta Garbo in 'The Kiss.' My husband and I were in Hollywood when the talkies arrived. And *voilà!* I began acting again in Hollywood, when Al Lewin, a producer, suggested that I play a part in a movie based on the Molnár play 'Olympia.' When we went back to Paris, my husband directed me in 'Carnival in Flanders' and other movies. All three of my sons work in the cinema. Marc Frédérix, who keeps my husband's real name, is an art director; Paul Feyder, who took my husband's working name, is a first assistant director; and Bernard Farrel, who wanted to have a name of his own, is an assistant director, too, and a TV director as well. When I am with my children, I listen; with my grandchildren, I talk—*un peu*." Mme. Rosay turned around to Matthau. "Where is Jean Arthur now?" she asked. "Since I arrived in America this time, I have asked so many people, 'Where is Jean Arthur?' But no one can tell me."

"On television, Your Majesty," Matthau said. "In old movies."

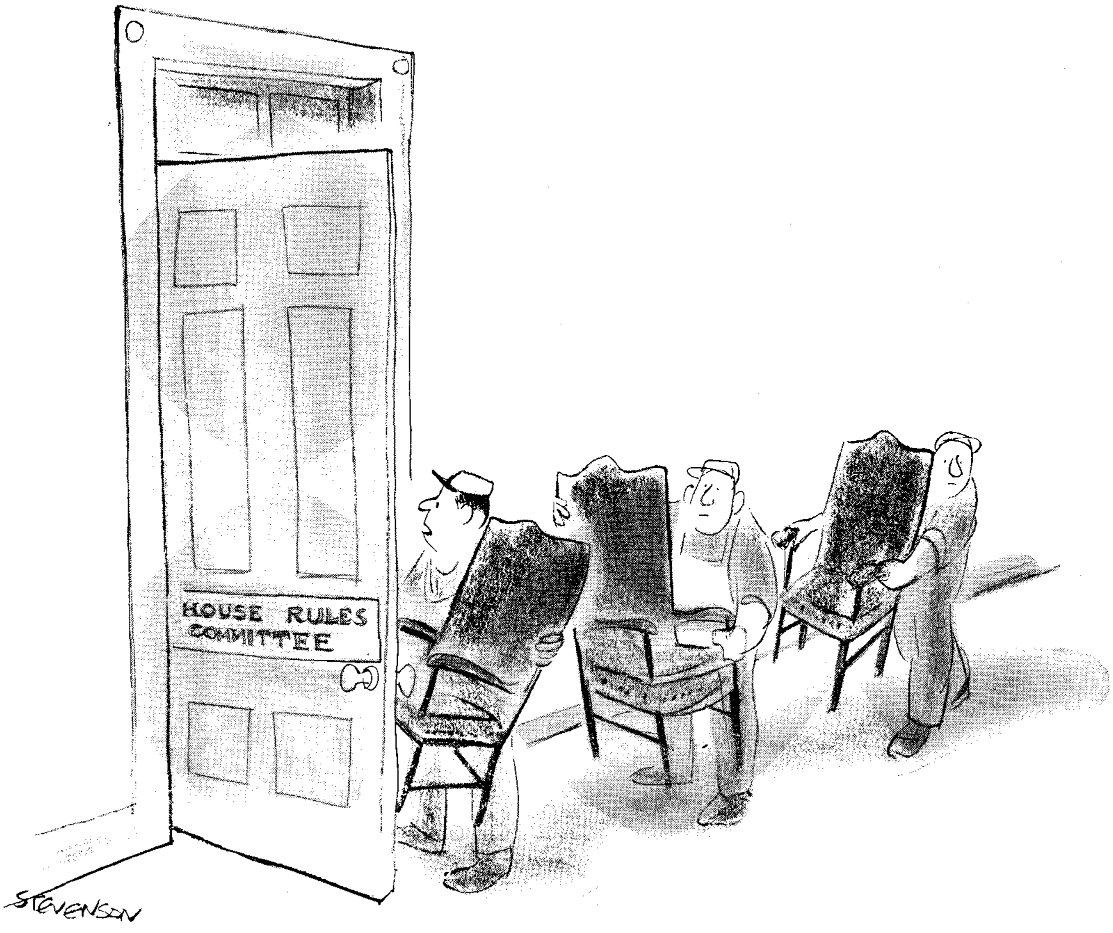
Mme. Rosay shrugged. "*Très charmante*, Jean Arthur," she said. "She is a pro."

"Don't you think 'Damn it' is a good line, Mme. Rosay?" Miss Grace asked. "I've been trying to get it back. The whole characterization of Verutchka hinges on that line."

"But of course," Mme. Rosay replied, and added, to Matthau, "Your wife—*aussi* a pro."

## *Concern*

A HARD-WORKING young accountant we know lost his wallet in the Public Library the other day. In the wallet were money, driver's license, credit cards, other precious credentials, and a copy of his special diet. A week later, everything but the money was mailed back to him, along with the following note: "I need the money more than you, so am keeping it. Here is your diet. Hope you feel better. Please take care of yourself."



# THE CELLAR DOMAIN

NOT just anyone and everyone got their hair cut and their faces shaved at Peter Durant's shop. Peter had a system to discourage new customers who in his opinion had not earned the right to join his clientele. Peter had, of course, the first chair, but he kept his eye on the other six chairs in his shop and on the order in which his customers arrived and should be attended to. A barber would finish with a customer, and Peter, almost without missing a snip at his own customer's hair, would call out: "You're next, Judge. Bobby, take Judge Buckhouse." Customers and barbers alike accepted Peter's decisions without argument, and an unwelcome newcomer would sometimes find that he had been passed over in favor of five or six men who had not been in the shop when he arrived. Once in a while there would be one who would say: "I think I was next." "Can't help that," Peter would say, and that settled it. If the customer didn't like it, he was free to go elsewhere, which was exactly what Peter Durant intended. A young businessman, a young lawyer or doctor making a first appearance at Durant's, would know better than to risk a scene in the presence of Peter's established customers, who were the county's most prominent professional and financial men and some others who had received Peter's approval. In those long-gone days it was an important occasion when Peter Durant would say to a customer: "I'm ordering you a mug. Do you want your name on it or just your initials?" No one had ever declined the honor of a mug at Peter Durant's or hesitated to pay the two dollars for the mug and its gilt lettering. It was a diploma, the acceptance of a man's racing colors, membership in a club like the Philadelphia Union League, a rating in Bradstreet's, a paragraph in *Who's Who*, a commission on the governor's military staff. It was all these things, because there were men in the country who had achieved one or another of these things but had not been invited to pay two dollars for a mug at Peter Durant's.

Although the shop was in the cellar of the hotel, it was not a convenience for hotel guests. Travelling salesmen were accommodated at Durant's only in the less busy hours of midafternoon, and even though some of his barbers might be shaving themselves, or sitting on the customers' bench and reading the Philadelphia *North American* or the *Illustrated London News*, Peter sometimes would take a quick look at a stranger and say: "Be an hour's wait."

"What about those men?" the stranger would say, nodding toward the idle barbers.

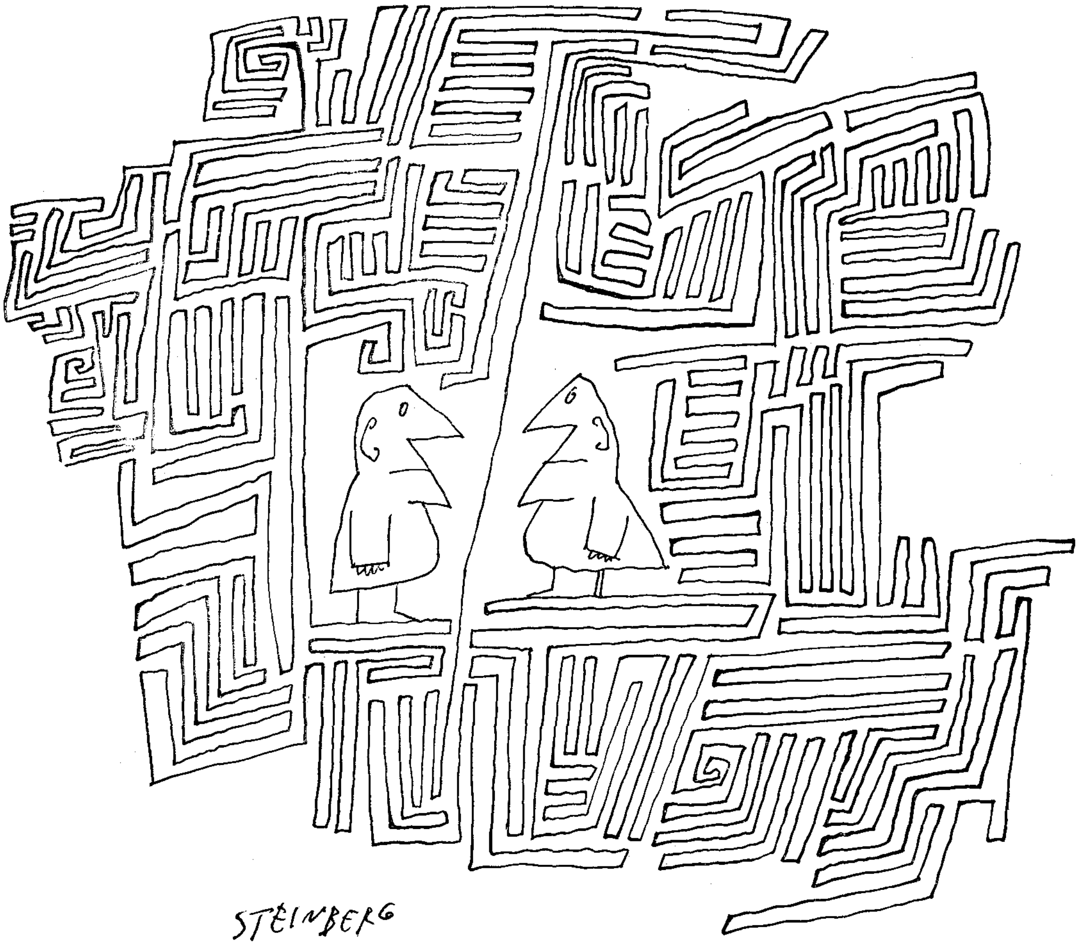
"That's my business. Better go down the street. You got a good barber down towards the railroad station."

The stranger would glare at Peter, but depart, and Peter would say: "That's the kind of a son of a bitch would ask for a manicure."

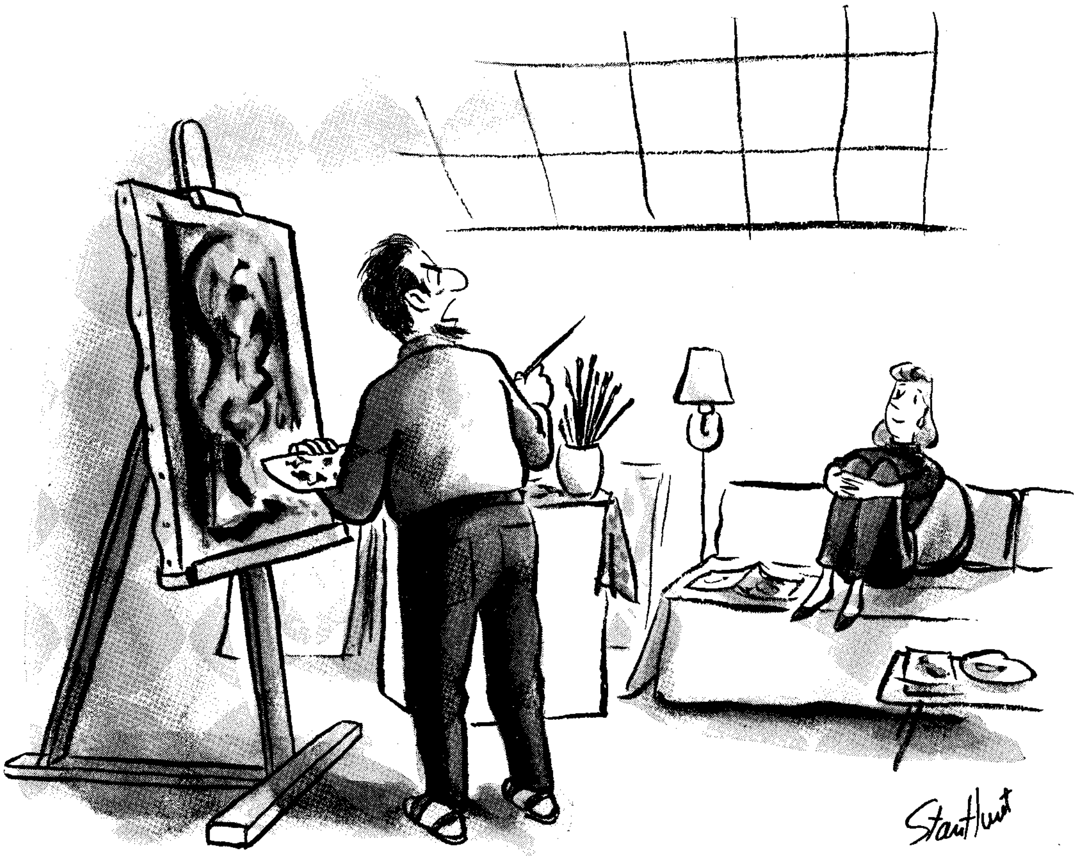
Peter's barbers would laugh. They liked Peter; he paid them well, he did their thinking for them, and he backed them up in any dispute with a customer. There were only two rules they had to obey. A barber was not supposed to work if he had liquor on his breath—if he wanted to go on a drunk he could take the day off—and the other rule was that no barber, no customer for that matter, was permitted to address him as Pete. He was not deceived by the obsequious newcomer who called him Mr. Durant; but no judge, no doctor, no clergyman, no bank cashier, no retired millionaire got an answer when he said "Pete" instead of "Peter." But then they never made that mistake; they knew better. Casual use of the diminutive had kept some men from getting a mug.

The shop sold nothing but shaves, haircuts, and facial and scalp massages. No tonics, no combs or brushes, no cigars or cigarettes, and only one special service: some men who shaved themselves would bring their razors to Peter for honing. A great deal of betting went on among the customers, especially during political campaigns, but Peter Durant participated only to the extent that bets made in his shop were recorded in a notebook he kept in his cash register. Both parties to a bet would see what he wrote in the notebook, sign their initials, and Peter would say: "Now nobody has to ask me do I remember who bet what." But Peter thus became the repository of valuable information that he kept confidential, and inevitably his customers' trust in his discretion got him in on some good things. He went on shaving men whom he could buy and sell, even though they might not know it.

Generally Peter Durant discouraged the favorite-barber custom, and among the newer customers it was not permitted. "One's as good as another in this shop," he would



say. "Harry's as good a barber as me, and Elmer's as good as Harry." But Peter had his own favorite customers, and he would linger over a haircut, or speed it up, so that one of his favorites would get in his chair. Peter's chair, the first, was nearest the street windows, and certain customers would stand on the sidewalk and look down into the shop until they had attracted his attention. If he nodded, they knew he would fit them into the order so that he would cut their hair; if he shook his head and made a face, they knew it to mean that they would have to take another barber. The other barbers, who were not fools, made every coöperative effort to see that Peter's favorites got to his chair, but it was a different matter altogether for them to understand why Peter Durant preferred some customers to others. They could understand why Edwin E. Patterson was entitled to the first chair, but most of the barbers could not understand why Andy Keever got in the shop at all.



*"Please stop saying 'Bravo' every time I put on a dash of vermilion."*

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Ned Patterson was in town a lot because he had business at the courthouse; not a large amount of business, and obviously not highly profitable, what there was. He usually got off the trolley car from Swedish Haven at the corner across the street from the barbershop on mornings when he was to be in court. On court days he liked to be shaved by Peter Durant, and it did not escape the notice of the barbers that Peter often trimmed Ned's hair—"neatened it up," he called it—without charging him for a regular cut. "Now I guess you look all right," Peter would say. "Thank you, Peter. Thank you very much," Ned would say, and lay down the same quarter and nickel—twenty cents for the shave, and ten-cent tip—and be off to the courthouse. At this time, shortly after the First World War, Ned Patterson was in his sixties—a good ten years older than Peter Durant—but nearly everyone still called him Ned. On court days he wore a black suit, black necktie and shoes, and starched collar and cuffs and shirt bosom. Walter, the bootblack-porter at Durant's shop, could not have improved on the shine Ned had already given his shoes. Ned Patterson seldom encountered other lawyers in the shop; he was there too early in the day. But Judge Buckhouse sometimes arrived for a shave as Ned was leaving, and Ned would say: "Good morning to you, sir." "Good morning, Ned. If you're not in too much of a hurry I can give you a lift." "Very kind of you, Judge, but I've got a man waiting." He was fifteen years older than Judge Buckhouse, and the last two blocks to the courthouse were a steep climb, but he never accepted the Judge's offer. Always, when the offers were made, Ned would explain that he had a man waiting, presumably a client, but Buckhouse knew that Ned Patterson sometimes came to the courthouse, wandered up and down the corridors, listened to trials, mingled with colleagues in the lawyers' room, and represented no client. Just by being there at every session of every term, Ned sometimes would be appointed by the court to defend a case and receive a fee that he would not get by staying in Swedish Haven. Sometimes a colleague would put something his way—a dreary job of searching in the prothonotary's records—that would be worth twenty-five dollars. Ned Patterson rarely went home empty-handed at the end of a term of court, but the juicy receiverships went to other lawyers, more aggressive or younger or more learned in the law. "In a jury trial," a lawyer once said, "it ought to be worth a few dollars to have Ned sitting with you at counsel table. That white hair and smooth skin, and that undertaker outfit he wears. He's the next thing to having a bishop on your side. But I don't know how often it would work. The jury might start wondering why God didn't examine the witnesses, or why He didn't make the closing address. Some juries would begin to think that maybe Ned didn't—quite—go along with you, and they'd smell a rat. As for letting him examine a witness, you'd be taking a chance of ruining your case then and there. I like old Ned, but to tell you the truth he doesn't even copy things right. He knows his law, and loves it, and in some respects he'd have made a good judge. But not for the county. He'd never send anybody to prison." And so, in his late middle sixties, Edwin E. Patterson, Esq., attorney at law, sole surviving member of the firm of Patterson & Patterson, was still waiting for the success that had seemed to come so easily to his father many years ago, the success without which Ned could not have continued his own unprofitable practice of law. For the truth was that Ned and his wife subsisted on the small income from his father's estate, and his professional fees provided him with the luxury of being a lawyer. He was a gentleman-at-law, an amateur of the law, who went to the courthouse as some men, old friends in

Philadelphia, went to the opera. Some of *them* could not sing a note, but they loved Verdi. In much the same way, on court days, Ned Patterson would come to town, humming, as it were, the rule in Shelley's case.

In a sense, then, Ned Patterson's visits to Peter Durant's barbershop were time spent in the dressing room, before the performances at the courthouse in which he might or might not take active part. The quiet dignity he maintained while covered with lather was genuine enough, lifelong and natural, but Peter Durant had no way of knowing that Ned at such times was especially content because he was already enjoying the promise of the day's later developments. "Never seen that man when he wasn't at peace with the world," Peter Durant would say. "Shaving him's a good way to start the day." The more remarkable, then, that Peter Durant's other favorite customer should be Andy Keever.

Andy Keever's membership in the Durant clientele was offensive to more than one of the regulars. He knew everyone by name, and as he made an entrance in the shop he would walk past the waiting customers on the bench, speaking to each—"Mr. Hofman . . . Dr. English . . . Mr. Chapin . . ."—and shedding his outer clothing, removing collar and tie, and apparently not noticing that there would be a closing of ranks so that the men of substance would not have to make a place for him. He would stand at the far end of the shop, hanging his clothing on the rack, and call to the owner: "Hey, Peter, you coming to the Hose Company picnic?"

"Oh, sure," Peter Durant would say, smiling because everyone knew that he never went to Hose Company picnics. "I'll be there with bells on."

"Never mind the bells, we'll bring them."

Andy would stand at the clothes rack, surveying the room and waiting for the exactly right moment, and then he would move quietly forward until he reached Elmer Bitzer's chair, without being seen by Elmer. He would nudge Bitzer and simultaneously whistle through his teeth, a loud, piercing whistle, and Bitzer would jump. Everybody would laugh, but the hardest laugher was Peter Durant, who would drop his hands to his sides and bend over, weak with giggles. "That fellow, he kills me," he would say to the customer in the chair. "I can't help it, he makes me laugh." Even Bitzer, the perennial victim, would grin.

Andy Keever would find a place on the bench, look about him, stand up and say: "Any reverends here?"

"No," one of the barbers would say.

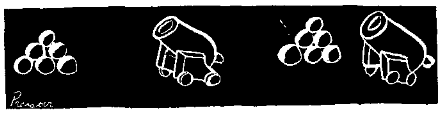
"Who's under the hot towel? Not a reverend, sure?"

"Mr. Miller."

"Then I got a good one for you. Hey, Peter, I got a good one for you. There was this railroader come home and found his wife in bed with a Chinaman. You know, a Chinaman . . ."

Andy Keever never laughed at his own stories. When he finished one he would look around at all the men, and if one of the men had not been listening, was reading a newspaper, Andy would make a face at him and raise his voice and tell a dirtier story. Sometimes he would have French postcards and phallic toys that he would hold out to a barber, and then as the barber reached out his hand, Andy would quickly pull away. "Naugh-tee, naugh-tee. You're too eager," he would say. "I'm saving this for Walter. Hey, Walter, I bought you something in Philly."

Andy Keever was new in town, had come there after being mustered out of the Army early in 1919. One of the breweries, resigned to what was about to happen, was making the change from beer to ice cream, and Andy Keever was put in charge of a crew that canvassed candy stores and poolrooms



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# A DEATH

With one weak word upon the pillow
The beached hull of his life is stranded
And, striking rock, stove in;
And we see from the sorry mast a one
White bird with mourning tips
Fling up into the sky over the sea
And beat for deep water, dwindling into the sun.

So now begins the doing and the undoing.
For now I forget this death; I walk in the park
Among the feet and crocuses
And the red withes whipping February
And the mallards' armada breasting the cold venture.
Little stirring. My striding shadow is stilted
In a pale low beam slanting from over Belgravia.
He would not have approved of such civilized behavior.

He would have cursed the cause and driven his fist
Deep into Abraham's bosom and wept and ranted
A full two days had it been I
Whose foot upon that further shore was planted.
I lack generosity, or at least the high
First clamor of feeling—though later slow
Pressures of mounting sorrow grow past bearing
And deep in the well I feel my fibres tearing.

Not now—but mercifully stunned,
Drift from the pleasure ground, and over
The ring-road carefully inspect
The lit aquaria of the gay boutiques:
Fond hats with feathers, emerald glasses,
Pert Meissen milkmaids, redingotes for Pekes
In improbable tartans. So the morning passes,
As I often passed it but never so with him.
These were not tastes for which he found the time.

The fact about death, the fact about death
Is the subtraction of all those tomorrows,
The things I shall think and think to tell him of
Then catch my breath in silence. Sorrows
Are like old scars that grieve in every thunder—
And yet I bear it and go on steady feet
For all the black axe centered in my back.
I am split asunder,
And yet I am hungry and hurry to my hot meat.

—Hilary Corke

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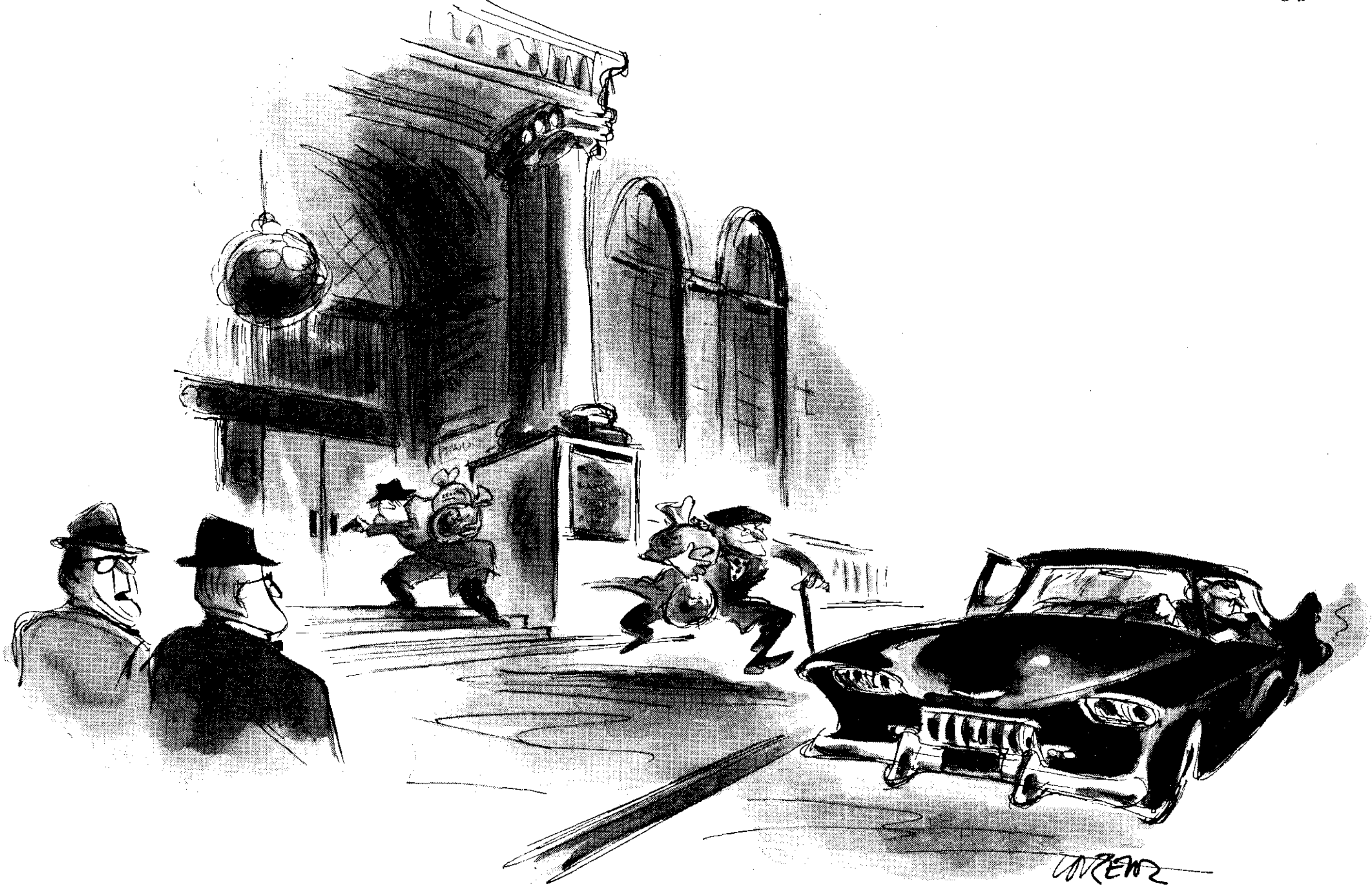

*"I guess it's no kidding about the great strides they're making in geriatrics."*

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and the like, signing up customers for the new product. Andy Keever was a live wire, a hard worker, and in a few short months it was understood that the brewery family were so pleased with him that it was only a question of time before he would be made general manager of the ice-cream plant. He was a charter member of the Legion post, a sports fan, a founder of the Lions Club, a forward on one of the businessmen's basketball teams at the Y.M.C.A., and, within a year, one of the leaders of the small group who got things done. They were virtually a standing committee of Rotarians, Merchants Association members, and Masons who ran the drives and campaigns that represented community activity, and Andy Keever was the first new face in that group in five years. Some of these men were patrons of Peter Durant's shop, which was the only place where they would frequently encounter those other men, men who were known as the Lantenengo Street crowd, the Gibbsville Club crowd, the plutocrats, and "our would-be aristocrats." As individuals, in man-to-man relations, the members of the two leading groups got along nicely, but as group members they kept to themselves, recognizably different in clothes and manners. At Peter Durant's shop, there never was any doubt as to the proprietor's preference, and after waiting in vain to be sold a mug, some of the Rotarians would take their business elsewhere, invariably complaining of the service at Peter Durant's and omitting mention of the fact that a Ned Patterson got more cordial treatment than a director of the Building & Loan Society.

"I think Mr. Keever goes a bit too far," said one of Peter Durant's favorites one day.

"Fresh as paint, but he puts me in stitches," said Peter. "I don't know what there is about that fellow."

"Well, if *you* can put up with him," said the customer. "But I wouldn't like to be in Elmer Bitzer's chair, with Elmer holding a razor at my throat."

"Oh, you take notice sometime. Keever don't do that to Elmer when Elmer's shaving. Keever has more sense than that."

"Good. Glad to hear that, anyway."

"Oh, sure. That's something I never *would* put up with. In this business you learn to have an awful lot of respect for a razor."

"I should think so," said the customer.

"When I was learning the barber trade, if I nicked a customer my old man would fine me a week's pay, even if it wasn't my fault."

The customer closed his eyes—the signal to end conversation that was always respected by Peter Durant. There were other men who in other conversations revealed a distaste for the presence of Andy Keever, and Peter thought about the matter, but Keever's jokes and little pranks went on, and Keever remained a customer. Peter began to feel that criticism of Keever was by way of being criticism of himself, and he had had little experience of that. He ran his shop to suit himself, a first-class shop with first-class barbers, where the best men in the county sat with their collars and ties off, and one man—Peter Durant—was the only boss.

"You don't know a fellow named Andy Keever, do you, Ned?"

"Andy Keever. Keever? That's a new name on me," said Ned Patterson. "What does he do?"

"He's up there at the new ice-cream plant. They got him in charge of the salesmen," said Peter Durant. "He's a customer, but never this early in the morning. Ha' past ten or eleven he usually comes in."

"Don't know him, but why do you ask?"

"Well, he rubs some people the

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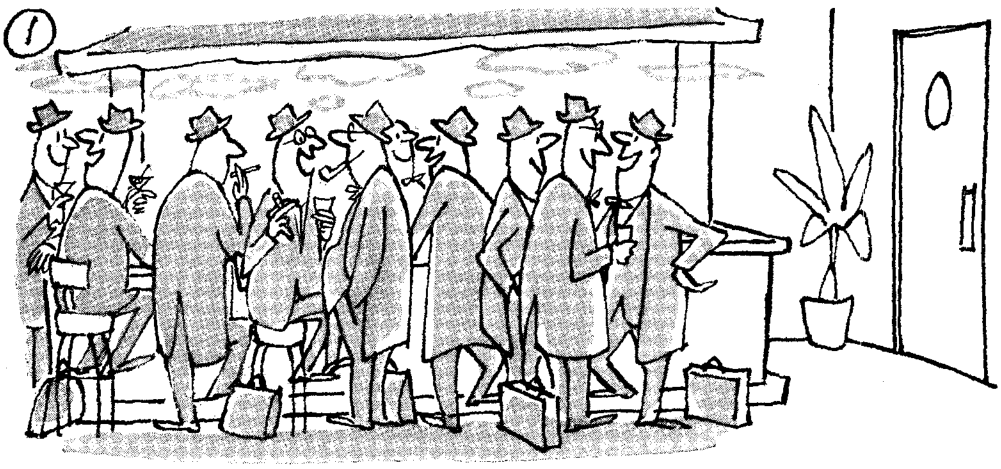

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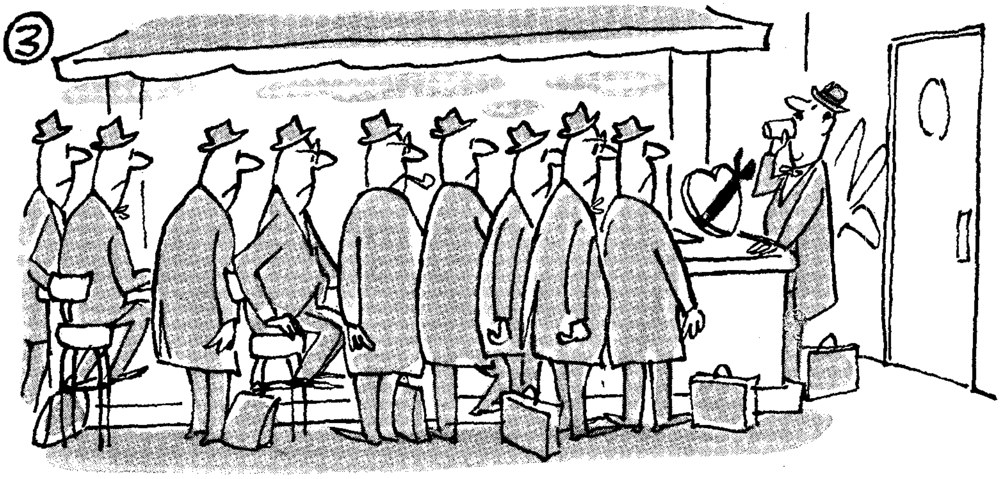

wrong way. Other customers, and I kind of wondered did you ever hear them say anything."

"No, but you've always been able to get rid of men like him. True, you have to serve him, legally, but you have your methods."

"I don't want to get rid of him."

"Then by all means don't. I've seen men in this shop that despise each other, but they behave themselves here. You have a gentlemen's institution here, Peter, and you've made it that and kept it that."

"Keever isn't what you'd call a gentleman."

"Well, I didn't mean that they're all the cream of the crop, but they behave like gentlemen."

"Not Keever."

"*Not* Keever? Then I don't see what your problem is, Peter. Very few places that men gather together and conduct themselves as well as they do here, but this is one of them. If this Keever man—what sort of thing does he do that annoys the other patrons?"

"Oh, jokes, and stuff like that."

"Well, if you mean dirty jokes, I've never heard you tell one, or enjoy one. I don't mind them myself, if they're really funny and well told. Abraham Lincoln. Mark Twain. John Kendrick Bangs. Arthur Twining Hadley. An off-color story didn't bother them, and I certainly wouldn't condemn your man Keever on *that* evidence. Unless, of course, you're referring to the reverend clergy. I know you have two ministers and I believe Monsignor What's-His-Name comes in here."

"He don't tell them in front of them."

"Then what's troubling you, Peter?"

"I don't know whose side I'm on, that's my trouble. Andy Keever makes me laugh till I'm weak, but a lot of my best customers—you can tell by the way they look at him. But on the other hand, is it my shop or does it belong to the customers?"

"I begin to see your problem, yes," said Ned Patterson.

"*You* see my problem."

"I do. One: does the proprietor claim the right to select his customers? Two: having selected his customers, have they in turn any inherent rights? Three: do those inherent rights include that of rejecting a new customer?"

"I follow you."

"I'm trying to see it as a lawyer might when he prepares a case for a judge's opinion. But now I have to follow a different procedure. The question really comes down to a matter that isn't governed by set rules. In other words, it becomes a matter of personal preference, Peter. Taste, on the one hand, and business expediency. Do you want this man around, and do you want him around enough to jeopardize your business? From what you've told me, and from what I know of your clientele, you may be running a real risk."

"That's what I've been thinking about."

"And now that you've told me as much as you have, you've suddenly shed some light on something else."

"What's that, Ned?"

"Well, you and I've been friends for a long time."

"Close on to thirty years," said Peter Durant.

"When court's in session I make it a habit to have my lunch at the club."

"The Gibbsville Club."

"Yes. Otherwise I never go near the place, and I hardly ever know what's going on up there, although I've been a member since my twenty-fifth birthday. But I *have* heard some talk—let me see, during the present term and during the May term—of putting in a barber chair. Putting in a chair and hiring a barber. I paid very little attention, but it's just possible, Peter, that some of your customers may be deciding to act."

"Oh, they are, eh?"

"It's a possibility. It's a probability. Most of the men at the club are customers of yours, and it may be more than a coincidence that there's been this talk of hiring a barber."

"You didn't hear who they were thinking of hiring, did you?"

"No, but there I'd draw the line at confiding in you. You understand that, of course."

"You wouldn't tell me if it was one of my men they were hiring?"

"No, I wouldn't. I don't mind passing this information on to you, since it may help you to decide your problem. But it would be quite another matter, Peter, to reveal any names. Either names of customers or the name of the

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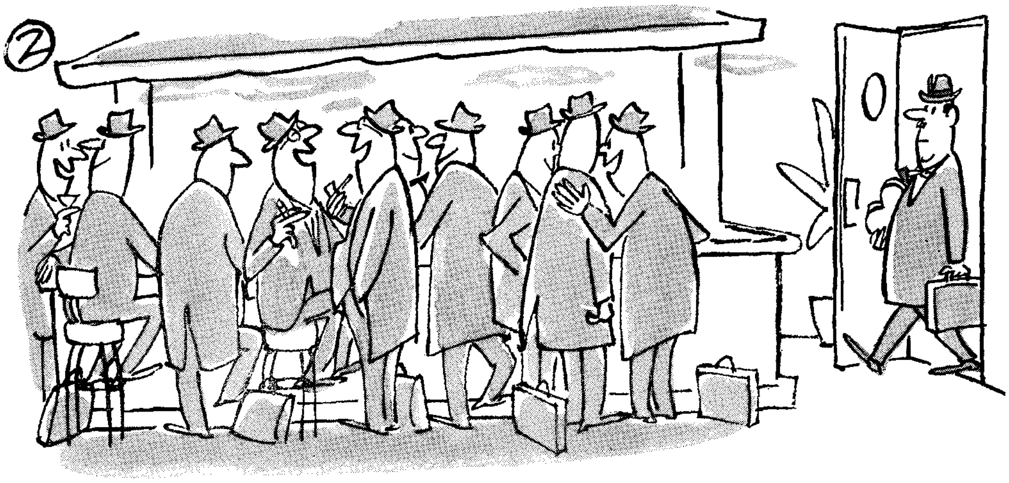

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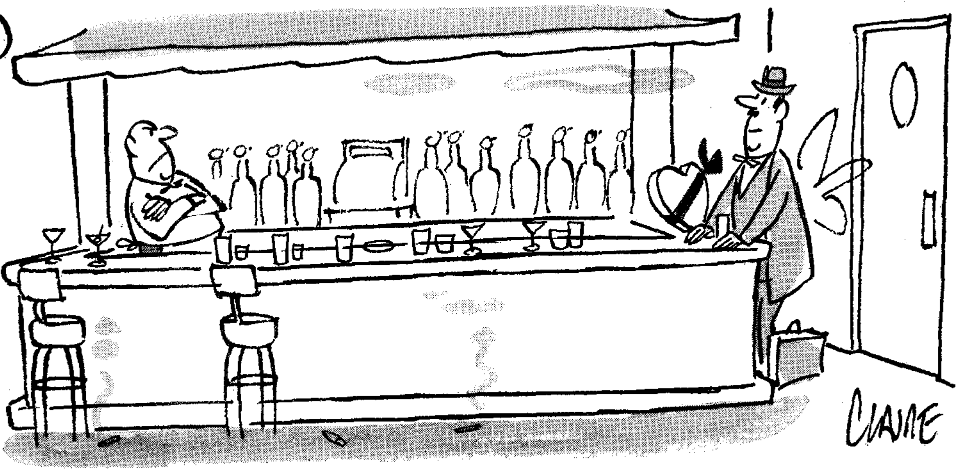


barber, if I knew it. So, this conversation may only have added to your dilemma, but you've been warned."

"Well, I wouldn't expect you to name names, Ned. Just to tell me if it was one of my men."

"No, I wouldn't tell you that, either. Out of six men that you've had with you for a long time, you wouldn't have much trouble narrowing it down."

"You bet I wouldn't," said Peter Durant. "And I got a pretty good idea already."

"A word of caution. Better think about Mr. Keever and how much you like to have him as a customer. Don't spend your time wondering if one of your men has been offered another job. I don't think *I'd* like Mr. Keever, but I'm just throwing that in, free gratis."

TWO days later Peter Durant fired Bobby Little, the second-chair barber who had been in the shop for more than twenty years. Bobby denied having had business conversations with Gibbsville Club men, but Peter Durant called him a liar. The firing took place in the evening, after the last customer had gone and the shades were drawn. "You think I'm stupid, you think I don't know what's going on behind my back?" said Peter to Bobby and to the other five barbers.

"You're gonna find out you were wrong, Peter," said Bobby Little. "But don't ask me to come back. I don't work for no man calls me a liar." He went to his post, wrapped his razors and scissors in the black leather case that he used on visits to sick customers, and held out his hand. "Give me me time."

"I'm giving you two weeks' pay."

"Give me me time, up till tonight. I don't want no favors from you. Two weeks' pay after twenty-one years. Calling me a liar. Pay me up till tonight and that's all. But believe me, Peter Durant, you got some things to learn."

Peter Durant handed Bobby three five-dollar bills and Bobby turned to the others. "Good night, fellows." The others said good night to him and stared at the curtained door after he left.

"I hope you're sure, Peter," said Harry Slazenger. "As far as I'm concerned, Bobby never said nothin' to me about no Gibbsville Club offer."

"That's a bright one," said Peter Durant. "Why the hell would he want to tell you? He'd be afraid you'd tell me."

"Well, then he'd of been wrong, because I wouldn't of told you," said Harry Slazenger.

"No? Maybe you're in it, too. Maybe they're gonna have *two* chairs up there."

"I don't know. This is the first I heard about it that they were gonna have *one*, but if you don't believe me, Peter, why don't you come out and say it?"

"All right, I will say it," said Peter Durant. "I think you knew about this. Bobby's your brother-in-law."

"Are you calling me a liar?"

"Yes, I'm calling you a liar," said Peter Durant.

"Give me me time."

"With pleasure," said Peter Durant. "You want to be proud, like your brother-in-law, or will you take the full two weeks?"

"I'll take the two weeks. I'll take all I can get. If you want to give me two months I'll take it." Slazenger turned to the other barbers. "How many you fellows gonna show up for work tomorrow?"

"Leave me out of it, Harry," said Elmer Bitzer. "You and Bobby have your fight, but that don't say we gotta go without work."

"You trying to call a strike?" said Peter Durant. "This ain't a union shop."

"Too bad it isn't," said Slazenger.

"You'll get three days and not another nickel," said Peter Durant. He opened the cash register, took out the money, and slapped it on the shelf in front of Harry Slazenger's chair. Slazenger packed his equipment in a case similar to Bobby Little's.

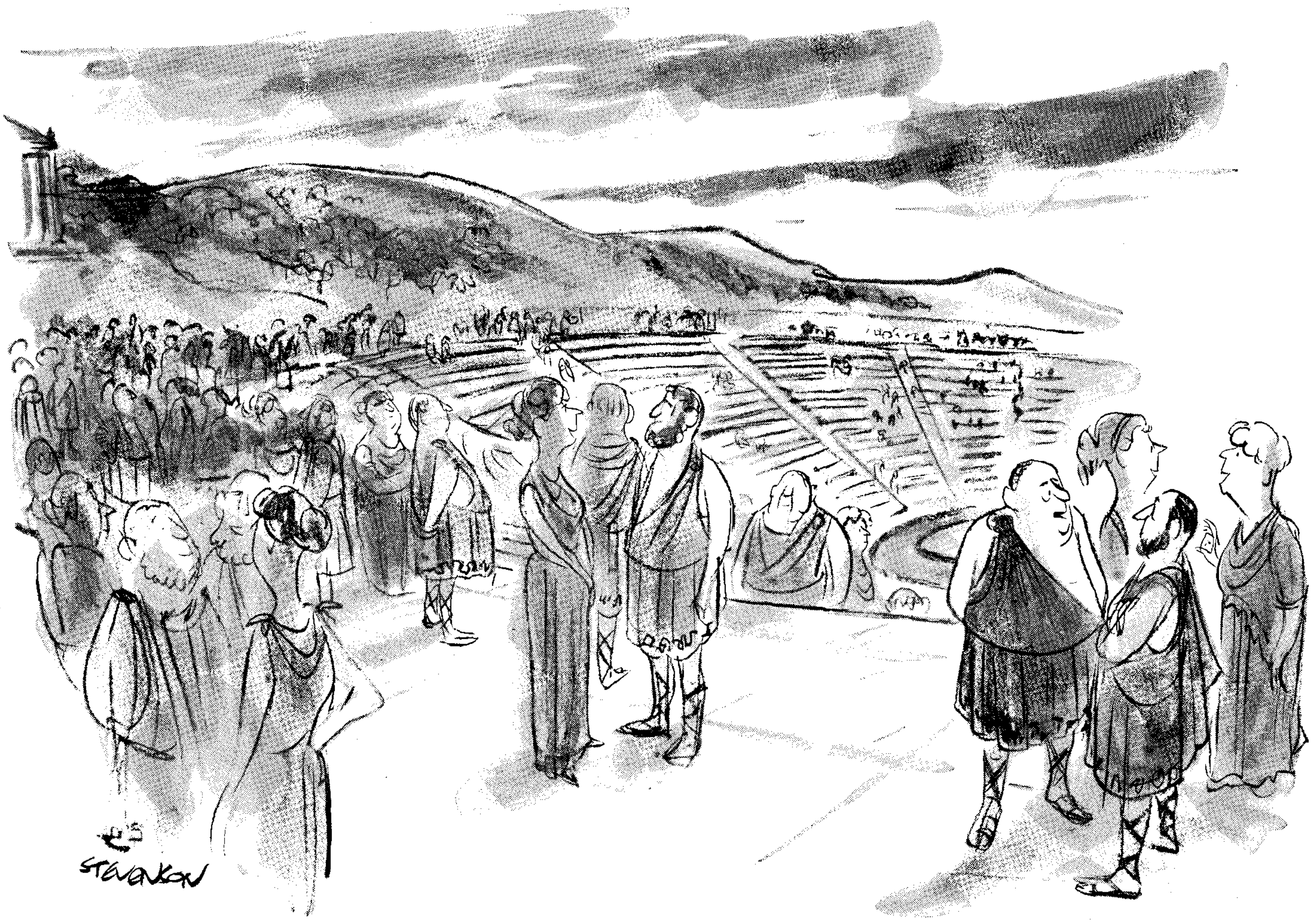
"Something got into you, Peter. We all been noticing it. *They* won't admit it, but you got something festering inside of you."

"Take your God-damned stuff and get out of here," said Peter Durant.

"You want me to tell you something?" said Slazenger. "Pretty soon you won't need six barbers. You'll be able to do it all yourself. Ned Patterson and that fellow Keever, that's who you'll have for customers."

"You worried about if I'm gonna have enough to eat?" said Peter.

"Oh, you got money, Peter. We know that. But you lose Bobby and now me, and even so you didn't find out



*"Aeschylus is good, I suppose, but I go to the theatre to relax."*

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who's going to the Gibbsville Club. One of those four, maybe. But which one, eh, Peter? Which one?"

"I got the right ones," said Peter Durant.

"No. But it's one of these four," said Slazenger. He laughed and departed.

Peter Durant looked at the remaining four barbers but decided against making a speech. "Whose turn is it to open up tomorrow?"

"Bobby's," said one of the barbers.

"Well, I'll take his turn tomorrow," said Peter Durant. He locked the cash register and went about pulling the cords of the ceiling lamps, and the men said good night and departed.

THE news that Peter Durant had fired two of his oldest employees got about very quickly, but during the first few days most of the regular customers were too tactful to inquire for details. On the Friday morning, however, Judge Buckhouse, who was president of the Gibbsville Club, asked Peter to join him in a corner of the hotel lobby upstairs.

"You made a mistake, Peter. You shouldn't have discharged those men. There *was* some talk about putting in a chair at the club, but I don't think it's going to come to anything."

"You'd say that now."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Maybe you decided you wouldn't put a chair in, but how do I know you didn't dicker with Bobby Little?"

"You don't know, but you can take my word for it," said the Judge. "We never got to that stage."

"You didn't talk to any of my men?"

"The whole idea never got beyond the discussion stage."

"I don't know," said Peter Durant. "He acted very suspicious. And that Harry Slazenger! That son of a bitch."

"*What* don't you know? I said that the idea never got beyond the discussion stage, and you said 'I don't know.' Are you doubting my word?"

"I doubt everybody's word."

"Then there's nothing more to be said. That's all, Peter. Good day."

"Good day? What do you mean by that?"

"Goodbye is what I mean."

"You're not coming in any more?"

"Certainly not. I wouldn't think of it."

"Well, I guess I'll have to get along without you, then. Where do you want me to send your mug? You paid two dollars for it, so it belongs to you."

"Oh, I don't care what you do with it, Peter."

"Your mug?"

"Throw it in the wastebasket. Now I have to be getting along." The Judge crossed the lobby to the revolving door and entered his waiting limousine. Peter Durant slowly walked through the door marked "Barber Shop—Gentlemen" and down the steps to his shop. He removed his suit coat and put on his white jacket and took his place at his chair.

"All right. Who's next?" he called.

"Hey, Peter, you didn't say hello to me. Am I fired, too?" Andy Keever, from his place on the bench, was pleased with the big laugh he got.

"Oh, go to hell," said Peter Durant.

—JOHN O'HARA

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Cook macaroni according to package directions. Rinse and drain. Melt butter in saucepan. Salute green pepper slightly, add flour . . .—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

But no fawning!

# THE DOCTOR'S WIFE

"SHARKS?" The tip of the doctor's wife's freckled nose seemed to sharpen in the sparkling air. Her eyes, momentarily rendered colorless by thought, took up the green of the Caribbean; the plane of the water intersected her throat. "Yes, we have some. Big dark fellows, too."

Ralph, hanging beside her, squatting on buoyance, straightened up, splashing, and tried to survey the beryl depths around him. His sudden movements rendered even the immediate water opaque. The doctor's wife's surprisingly young laughter rang out.

"You Americans," she said, "so nervy," and with complacence pushed a little deeper into the sea, floating backward while the water gently bubbled around her mouth. She had a small face, gone freckled and rosy in this climate; her stringy auburn hair had been dulled by daily sea-bathing. "They rarely come in this far," she said, tilting her face upward and speaking to the sky. "Only in the turtle-killing season, when the blood draws them in. We're fortunate. Our beaches go out shallowly. Over in St. Martin, now, the offshore water is deep, and they must be careful."

She turned and, with the casual paddling stroke of a plump woman who floats easily, swam smiling toward him. "A shame," she said, her voice strained by the effort of curving her throat to keep her lips free, "Vic Johnson is gone. He was a dear soul. The old Anglican vicar." She pronounced "vicar" rather harshly, perhaps humorously. She stood up beside Ralph and pointed to the horizon. "Now *he*," she said, "used to swim far out into the bay, he and his great black dog Hooker. Vic would swim straight out, until he couldn't move a muscle, and then he would float, and grab Hooker's tail, and the dog would pull him in. Honestly, it was a sight, this fat old English gentleman, his white hair streaming, coming in on the tail of a dog. He never gave a thought to sharks. Oh, he'd swim *way* out, until he was just a dot."

They were waist-deep in the sea, and at a motion from Ralph they walked toward shore together. The calm warm water leaped from their strides. She was small beside him, and her voice piped at his shoulder. "I'm sorry he's gone," she said. "He was a lovely old gentleman. He had been here forty years. He loved the island."

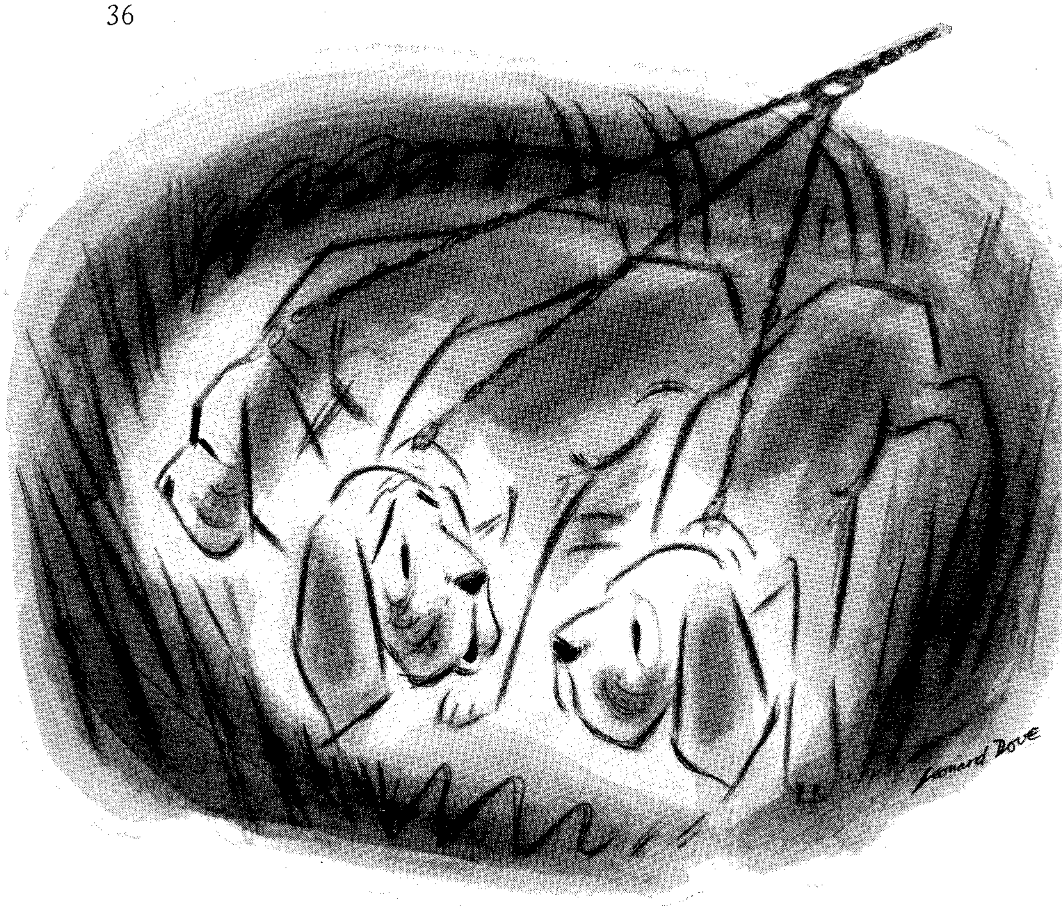
"I can see why he would," Ralph said. He turned his head to review the crescent of landscape around the beach, as if through his fresh eyes the doctor's wife could renew—what obscurely seemed to him to need renewing—her sense of the island's beauty. The white beach was empty. The natives used it only as a path. Their homes were set behind the ragged hedge of sea grape that rimmed the sand. Bits of tarpaper, pink-painted cement, corrugated roofing reddened by rust, wooden walls weathered to silver and patched by flattened kerosene tins, shacks on stilts, and unfinished cinder-block shells peeped above the dull, low foliage. There were few flowers. This was January. But the clusters of coconuts nested under the shuffling branches of the palms, and the high, small, soft clouds, like the quick clouds of spring in his own climate, suggested that here the season of bloom and the season of harvest were parallel and perpetual: germination and fruition ceaselessly intertwined. There were no mountains in the view. The island was low; when they came in on the airplane, it seemed a two-dimensional twin, or sketch, of St. Martin, which thrust from the sea like a set of Vermont mountaintops. There, the beaches were steep and dangerous; here, they were safe. There, Dutchmen and Frenchmen built bustling hotels and restaurants to entice American dollars; here, strangers rarely came. Here, even the place names were bestowed without enterprise or effort. East End, West End, The Road, The Forest—thus the island was geographically divided. The uninhabited ridge of scrub and coral rubble that formed one side of the bay was named High Hill. The village was called The Bay. The orange cliffs on the other side of the bay were called The Cliffs. During these short winter days the sun set on a diagonal above them and, between six and seven o'clock, touched the sea at the fingertips of the most distant arm of land. Yet after the sun had drowned, light, itself lazy, lingered among the huts and the oleander bushes. Now it was late afternoon; the tiny tropical sun, not yet swollen to red, patiently poured white brilliance down through the hushed air. The air was as soft, as kind, as the water; there was no hostility in either. The two elements, as Ralph came out of one into the other, seemed tints of a single enveloping benevolence.

"Oh, yes, but not merely that," the doctor's wife said. "He loved the people. He built them three churches and, oh, did all manner of good works. We're talking of Reverend Johnson," she explained to Eve, who had remained on the beach with the children. "The Anglican padre. He retired last year and went back to England. Sussex, I think."

"He loved the people?" Eve asked. She had heard. Voices carried well in the air, disturbed, during the day, by only the whispering beat of the surf and infrequent voices calling in English made musical by an unintelligible lilt.

The doctor's wife dropped down on the sand. "These are my children," she intoned gruffly. She chased the abrupt parody away with her sharp laughter. "Oh, yes, he loved them. He gave his life to them." The girlish excitement of her voice and the innocent clarity of her eyes went queerly with her body, which was middle-aged. Her plump legs had gone lumpy and sodden, and her small face was finely wrinkled, each wrinkle accented by a line of white where the pinched skin had evaded the sun. "He didn't have any children of his own," she thought to add. "Just this dreadful dog Hooker. Such a funny old man. You might have liked him. I'm sure you never see his kind in America."

"I know we would have liked him," Eve said. "Hannah often mentions Reverend Johnson." Hannah was their cook, a woman of over thirty yet as shy and subtle as a girl. Her skin was always shining as if in embarrassment, but she had a jaunty way of crooning hymns to herself in the kitchen. The children, at first timid of her color, adored her, and listened with eyes rounded by delight when she held up a two-tone forefinger and told them to be good. Goodness had never before been presented to them seriously. Ralph and Eve had not expected a servant. They had picked the most obscure island they could find. But Hannah came with the house; the owner, a svelte widow who had children in Florida, Peru, and Antigua, assumed they would need her. As it turned out, they did. They could never have unravelled alone all the riddles of this novel world. Eve could never have managed the shopping, which was carried on by gossip—invisible voices as liquid as the wind, telling who had just slaughtered a pig, and whose fishing boat had come in with a catch. The village was full of stores; almost every shack at least sold—for disturbingly discrepant prices—American cigarettes smuggled from St. Martin. But even the business hours of the most official store, a cement corridor of shelves attached to the customs office, had proved a mystery the Americans were unable to crack. They always



*"I really hate this kind of work, us being man's best friend and all."*

• •

found barred the large green door bearing in wobbly chalk script the ancient announcement, "Attention Members! Attention Friends! This store will be closed Thursday afternoon."

"Oh, Hannah. She's a good girl," the doctor's wife said, and rolled over on her stomach. The corrugated backs of her thighs were frosted with sand like wet sugar.

"She *is*, you know," Eve said. "She's lovely. I think they're all lovely. They've all been lovely to us." Such insistence was unlike his wife. Ralph wondered what was between the two women, who had just met a day ago. "I can see why Reverend Johnson loved the people," Eve added in a deliberate, though cautiously soft, voice. "The people" were all around them; their huts came down to the edge of the sand, and, windows shuttered, the patched walls seemed to be listening raptly.

The doctor's wife rolled over again and returned to a sitting position. What was making her so restless?

"Yes," she said, and an especially heavy curl of surf foamed up the white slope and soaked in just short of their feet. The sand was porous; innumerable punctures dotted it, the breathing holes of crabs. The doctor's wife's eyes fixed on the horizon and became, from the side, colorless lenses. Her nose in profile turned acute. "They're simple souls," she said.

THE doctor's wife was a queen here. She was the only fully white woman resident on the island. When the rare British official and the rarer, fantastically minor member of royalty came to grace this most remote and docile scrap of empire with a visit, she was the hostess. When she roared along the dirt roads in her spattered English Ford—its muffler had long ago rotted away—the older natives touched their foreheads ironically and the children flapped their arms in her wake of dust. When she and the doctor condescended to call upon the American family staying three weeks in The Bay, Hannah had trembled with pride and broken a cup in the kitchen. The doctor was a slight, rapid-voiced man with a witty air of failure. His fingertips were dyed deep yellow by smuggled cigarettes. He preferred Camels, but Chesterfields were all that were coming through now. He had never seen a filtered cigarette. He and his wife had been ten years in the tropics—B.G., Trinidad, Barbados, now this. He had some vague scheme of getting to America and making a fortune and retiring to a Yorkshire village. He was off for the day to St. Martin.

"In America, now," the doctor's wife said, vehemently brushing sand from her knees, "are the coloreds well cared for?"

"How do you mean?" Eve asked.

"Are they well off?"

"Not really," Ralph said, because he sensed that it would be better if he, rather than Eve, answered. "In some parts better than others. In the South, of course, they're openly discriminated against; in the North they by and large have to live in the city slums but at least they have full legal rights."

"Oh dear," the doctor's wife said. "It is a problem, isn't it?"

Eve's face flashed up from studying a shell. "Whose problem?" she asked. She was a graduate of one of those female colleges where only a member of a racial minority or a cripple can be elected class president. News from South Africa made her voice thrash, and she was for anyone—Castro, Ben-Gurion, Martin Luther King—who in her mind represented an oppressed race. That such automatic sympathy was itself condescending had not occurred to her. Of English blood, enriched by remote and aristocratic injections of French and Russian, she denied the less favored even the compliment of fearing them.

The doctor's wife returned her gaze to the horizon, and Ralph wondered if they had been rude. In the woman's pointed profile there was a certain perhaps deliberately noble thrust. But, the hostess, she relented and tried to make the conversation go again. She turned her head, shading her eyes with a quick hand and exposing her neat white teeth in a tense smile. "The schools," she said. "Can they go to your schools?"

"Of course," Ralph said swiftly, at the same time realizing that for her there was no "of course" to it. She knew nothing about his country. He felt firmer, having gauged her ignorance, and having moved to the hard ground of information. "Nobody denies them schools. In the South the schools are segregated. But in the North, and the West, and so on, there's no problem." He hunched his shoulders, feeling at his back Eve's disapproval of his saying "problem."

"But"—the doctor's wife's freckles gathered under her eyes as she squinted into the focus of the issue—"would *your* children go to school with them?"

"Sure. Good heavens. Why not?" He was relieved to clear this up, to lock this door. He hoped the doctor's wife would now turn away and talk of something else.

She sighed. "Of course, you in America have lived with the problem so long. In England, now, they're just waking up; the blacks are *pouring* into London."

A wave, pushed by one behind it, slid so far up the slant of sand their feet were delicately shocked and soaked. For a few seconds their ankles glittered in rippling sleeves of retreating water. Eve said slowly, "You talk as if they had asked to be made slaves and brought here."

"Mommy, look! Mommy, look!" Kate's voice, mingling with Larry's babyish yips of excitement, came from far down the beach. Their little silhouettes were jiggling around something dark at their feet, and out of the sea grape an old woman in a kerchief and a young sailor with a naked chest had emerged to watch them, amused to see what amused these strange children. Eve rose, casting down, for Ralph to see, a startled and indignant look at the doctor's wife's body, as if it were an offensive piece of rubbish washed up on the pure sands of her mind.

As Eve walked away, the doctor's wife said, "Doesn't she take a tan beautifully?"

"Yes, she always does." With his wife out of earshot, Ralph relaxed into the sand. Mediating between the two women had demanded an exhausting equilibrium. He resigned himself to listening; he knew the doctor's wife's tongue would be loosened. The presence of another white queen inhibited her, diluted her authority.

"Do you want to hear a frightening story?"

"Sure." He acquiesced uneasily. The attention of the houses behind them seemed to grow more intense. He felt that he and his family were liked in the village; the doctor's wife, driving down from the center of the island to enjoy their beach, assumed an incriminating alliance which he did not wish to exist. For when the sun went down, she would go home, leaving them alone in the village with the night and its noises.

"When Vic Johnson left," she said, lowering her voice and sinking back on her elbow, to bring her face closer to his, "they had a party to greet the new parson, a very nice young colored boy from St. Kitts. *Very* nice, I must say, and they say very intelligent, though I haven't heard him preach. Well, the Warden—you haven't met him, and I daresay you won't, a big smooth Jamaican, takes himself oh *ever* so seriously—the Warden makes this little speech. He of course mentions Vic, forty years and so on, but right at the end he says that he knows we will not miss Reverend Johnson, because the new vicar is such a fine young man, comes to us with such an excellent record of study, and the rest of it, and furthermore, *furthermore*, what makes us especially happy and proud, he is one of us. Imagine! One of us! Of course, the young parson was embarrassed to death. It made me so mad I would have jumped up and left if the doctor hadn't held my hand. *One of us!* Vic had given his life to these people."

Her voice had become shrill; Ralph spoke in the hope of restraining it. "It seems unnecessary; but natural," he said.

"I don't see anything natural about it. *Un*natural, in my book. Unnatural, childish ingratitude. You just don't know how unnatural these people are. If you could see one-tenth of the antics, and then the selfishness, the doctor puts up with. At two in the morning, 'Doctor, Doctor, come save my child,' and then a week later, when he tries to collect his poor little dollar or two, they don't *remember*. They don't remember at all. And if he insists—'The white people are stealing our money.' Oh. I hate them. God forgive me, I've come to hate them. They're *not* natural. They're not fully human." Seeing his hand begin a protesting movement, she added, "And for that matter, do you know what they say about you and your wife?" It was as if a shadow cruising through her words now made its lunge.

"No. Do they say something?"

"This is just to show how malicious they are. They say your wife has a touch of the brush." It took Ralph a

*"What's this I hear about Norell's pushing pants for after six?"*

moment to expand "brush" into "tar-brush." He laughed, what else?

The doctor's wife laughed, too; but under the blond eyebrows her blue eyes, the pupils pinpricks in the sun, were fixed on his face. She expected his face to crack and the truth to escape. "You see how dark she is," she explained. "How tan." He watched her tongue tick as she suspensefully pronounced the last two words. Girlish curiosity gave a taut surface to her mature malice.

Blood rushed through his body; the wound was confused; his anger entangled him with his attacker. He was supplying an absurd assault with teeth out of himself. "She just naturally gets that brown."

"And you see," the doctor's wife went on, still not unpinning her eyes from his face, "that's why they say you came here. No tourists come here, least of all with children. They say your wife's being part Negro has kept you out of the hotels on the better islands."

He felt certain that this ingenious argument was wholly her own. "We came here because it was cheap," he said.

"Of *course*," she said, "of *course*," and giggled, sensing that she had exposed herself to his defense. "But they can't believe that. They believe, you see, that all Americans are *rich*." Which was just what, Ralph knew, she and the doctor believed.

He stood up, wet sand collapsing from his legs. In an effort to rein his excitement, he threw several unrelated laughs, as if out of a renewed realization of absurdity, outward into the air. He looked down at the woman and said, "Well, that explains why they seem to like her better than me."

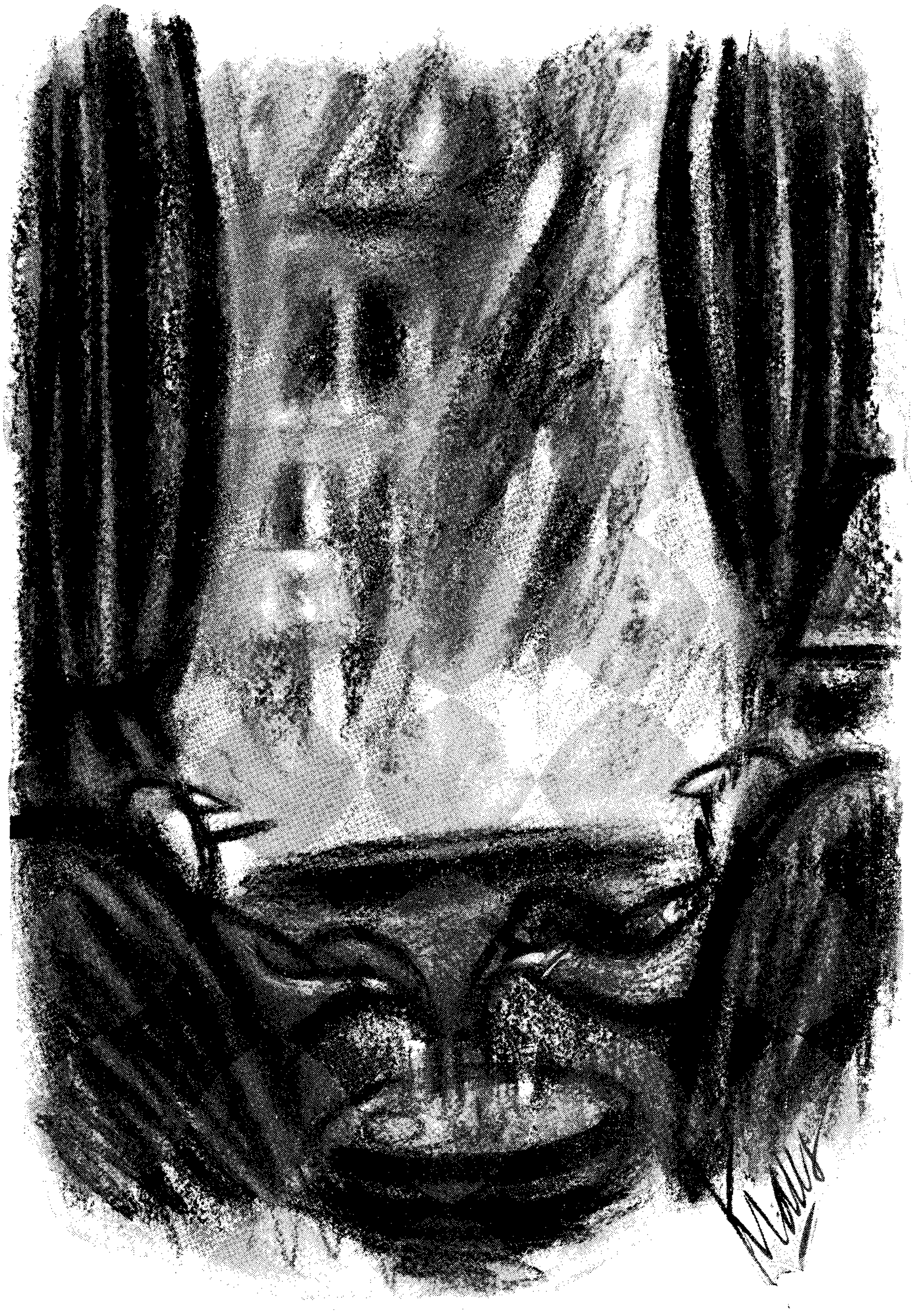
The doctor's wife, having strained her neck to squint up at him, collapsed the rest of the way. She pillowed her head with one arm and threw the other over her eyes. Without her eyes her lips seemed vague and numb. "Oh, no," she said. "They hate her for getting away with it."

His laughter this time was totally vacant; it humiliated him. "I think I'll go in again," he said. "Before the sun fades."

"It won't fade," was the faint answer.

FROM the safety of the water he watched his dark wife herd two pale, burned children up the beach. The distance between her and the doctor's wife's inert body diminished; he had an urge to shout a warning, then smiled, picturing the laughter that would greet this story when they were home, at a cocktail party, secure among their own. Abruptly he felt guilty in relation to his wife. He had betrayed her. His seriousness had been unworthy of her. She would have wanted him to say yes, her grandfather picked cotton in Alabama, in America these things are taken for granted, we have no problem. But he saw, like something living glimpsed in a liquid volume, that the comedy of this response depended upon, could only live within, a vast and unconscious pride of race. That this volume, displaced, would be a weight of hate. That since this medium was poisoned all its creatures must be evil. That he and the doctor's wife were immersed together; he hated her blue eyes because they were pinned to his face, hated the taste of her because—could it be—she was dying. His guilt could not be mapped. Its intricacy was as dense as a simple mass. He moved backward in the ocean, touching the ribbed bottom with his toes, until the water wrapped around his throat. Something—seaweed or the pulse of a current—touched his calf. He thrashed, and peered down, but saw nothing. He was afraid of the sharks, and he was afraid of the doctor's wife, so he hung there between them, bleeding shame, while the ocean forgave him.

—JOHN UPDIKE



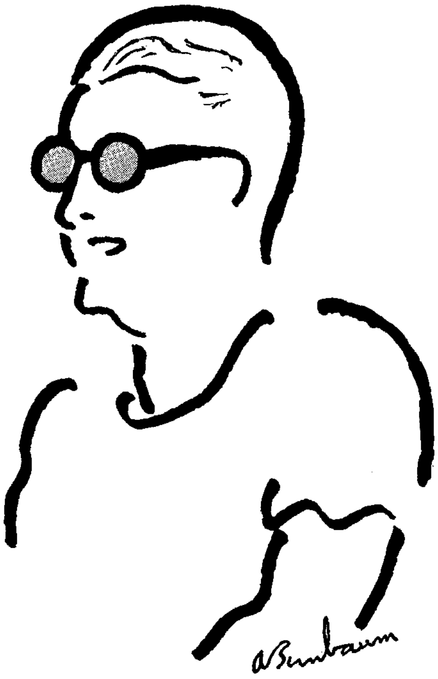
*"Whenever one of my holdings goes up a few points, another one of my holdings goes down a few points."*

# PROFILES

## LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

### I—THE MIDDLE-AGED FISHERMAN AND THE KEYS

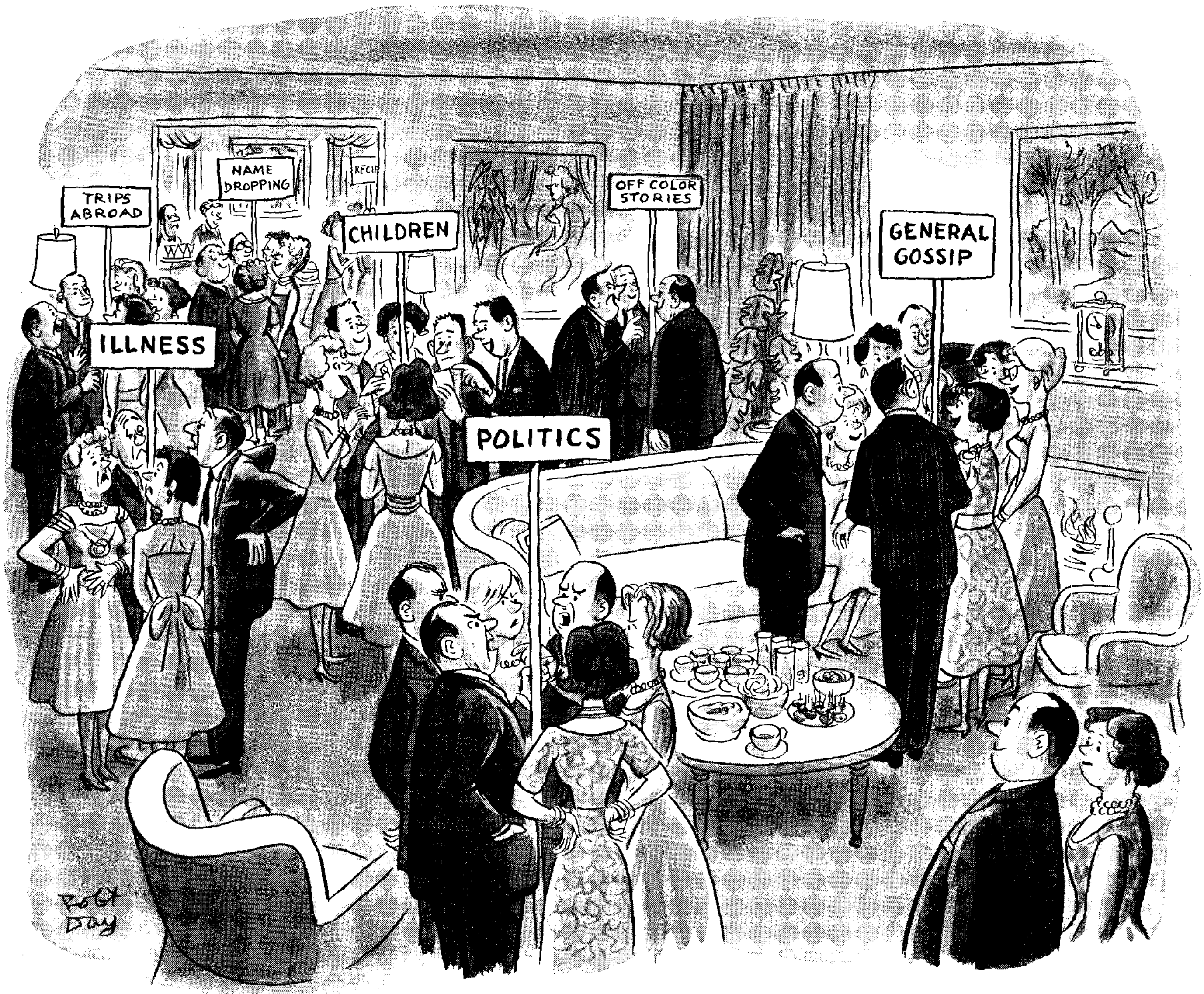
THE Florida Keys—islets of coral, green-clad with mangrove and wilder tropical growth, and in many ways the least typical part of the Union—string down in a leisurely crescent, like an opened bracelet of emeralds, from Biscayne Bay, near Miami, to Key West, a hundred and fifty miles to the southwest. They end arbitrarily; more sensibly, the arc should be said to include Boca Grande Key (shortly beyond Key West), the Marquesas Keys, and, at last, the Dry Tortugas, where the unhappy and possibly innocent Dr. Mudd spent several years of durance for attending the tanglefooted Shakespearean John Wilkes Booth. Mudd's dismal pokey, Fort Jefferson, still stands, stark and empty—a towering brick bastion, covering ten abandoned acres, that was built by the government in the eighteen-forties for some vague and never realized purpose of national defense. While the Dry Tortugas remain dry, save for a brief, drenched rainy season in the fall (discouraging residents other than pelicans, cormorants, and spindly wading birds), the Keys proper derive nourishment from a water pipeline that runs aboveground from Homestead, on the mainland, all the way down to Key West. Along with the Overseas Highway, which now links island to island, this tenuous artery, exposed to the vagaries of weather, including hurricanes—the most dreaded word in the Keys—has made the outflung community nearly homogeneous. The life there appears bizarre, almost foreign, to the stranger; curious accents—Spanish, or Cuban, in the lower Keys, and farther north a refined Dickensian Cockney, spoken by descendants of pioneer immigrants from the Bahamas—contend with, but do not prevail against, tourism's nasal whine. It is, of course, a sea life, being almost wholly dependent upon the surrounding waters for its prosperity, and it has produced a rich and indigenous mixture of industry: turtling, shrimping, the gathering of conchs (for conch chowder), treasure-lifting from a fleet of Spanish galleons long ago wrecked on Key reefs, the harvesting of sponges, and—above all, overshadowing all other conversation in the region—exotic forms of fishing, marvellously seductive to the tripper.


*Cecil Green*

This last, frenzied pursuit is dazzling in its variety, what with the blue-black Gulf Stream coiling past in the Atlantic on one side; Florida Bay, on the other, stretching over twenty miles of shallow "lakes" and "flats" to the brooding coastal Everglades; and, at the tip of the Keys, the Gulf of Mexico. It seems unlikely that any other place on earth harbors so many kinds of game and edible fish, and to seek them out, to aid the baffled tourist in extracting the fullest measure of his visit, there has collected an odd breed of men—self-imposed exiles from the jangling crush of urbanity, restless men, anachronisms seeking a final frontier, where existence is reduced to the elemental level of a fight against creatures of a land or sea jungle. In an earlier era in America, they would have been Kit Carsons or Jim Bridgers or Simon Kentons, for there is no question that they possess mental and physical powers (and some powers perilously close to the extrasensory, like a horse's advance knowledge of an inadequate bridge) that modern man has lost in the sad process of overdomestication. Of these Keys fishing guides, perhaps the best known, for all-round skill and flavorful temperament, is Cecil Green, of Islamorada, in the upper Keys.

Green's area struggled along successfully with the ancient name of Matecumbe—one of the few South Florida place names that date back to the Spaniards of the sixteenth century—before the realtors arrived. Then, like Kipling's beaches of Lukannon when the sealers came, it underwent dubious alterations. Green himself is indifferent to what the section is called, and, in fact, has a number of his own names for it, circulated for private use at times when the fish decline to bite. To offset these brief disaffections, he has openly stated, at such civic gatherings as he cannot be restrained by friends from attending, that he hopes never again to travel farther north than Tavernier, a small town twelve miles up the line, on another Key, which once was an exclusive social center for pirates. Green is the proprietor of Green's Acre, a grassy, palm-shaded patch on the ocean side of Islamorada, where there are five guest cottages done up in cool pastels, the largest building containing a comfortable common room with a pool table, a large television set, and, mounted on the walls, some of the handsomest fish trophies in the Keys—a hundred-and-twenty-eight-pound silver tarpon, a giant mutton snapper, bonefish, barracuda, cobia, sailfish, and snook. Green never tries to influence his guests' choice of television fare, but if they insist on something arty—that is, anything shot indoors—he withdraws to his pool table and organizes, if possible, a muffled competition at eight ball, ten cents a game. If things go completely to pieces, with one set of guests transfixed by a production of "Hamlet" and another making repeated miscues on the table, he quietly retires to his bedroom, where he finds something hearty on a portable television set that he keeps there for just such emergencies.

Green is married, and his wife, Margaret, an attractive, chatty brunette, acts as a buffer between him and the abrasions of his trade. These number in the thousands, and include people who hire him at what he considers a whacking good-sized sum—from forty-five to sixty dollars a day—and then spend their time on the water lolling around drinking beer. He greatly prefers to "fish" trusted long-time patrons (and real aficionados), like Arthur Godfrey, who has often discussed Green at length on both television and radio, and Charles Wilson, the former president of General Motors, for whose company Green once worked before he



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broke loose and headed for the wild. During the outings with Wilson, Green never fails to take a slightly malicious pleasure in the differences, now, between their stations.

"Well, how are things at G.M.?" he asks, being fairly certain that they are loaded with headaches.

"Oh, about the same," Wilson replies cautiously, knowing what's expected. "I'd rather be a fishing guide down here, though."

"Let me know when you're ready," Green says, with perfect seriousness. "I'll arrange to buy you a skiff."

Like most guides, Green is obliged to keep two boats; one is a seventeen-foot skiff, with two fast outboard motors, for negotiating the shallows and tricky "cuts" of Florida Bay—the "back country," as Keys residents call it—and the other is a twenty-four-foot inboard boat, with a high freeboard and a two-hundred-and-twenty-five-horsepower engine, for ocean fishing. When not in use, these are tied up alongside a broad plank dock in Green's little private harbor, which he built of coral chunks with the assistance and supervision of his general factotum, Lesel Love, a sunny, imperturbable, and practically omniscient Negro who bullies Green in many small ways. Love absorbs frequent lectures that start off "Now, by God, Les-el, here's the way we'll do it, and, by God, I mean we'll do it *this* way!," and then goes ahead and does the job exactly as he pleases. Green often draws his wife aside and says peevishly, "Look here, that Les, he thinks he knows everything." "Well, he *fixed* it, didn't he?" she replies, and Green sulks for half an hour.

Before the homemade harbor came into being, ten years ago, Green and his wife had erected, by hand, their entire establishment on shore, learning, in turn, trades like carpentry, plastering, plumbing, roofing, and landscaping. When they finished the task, which required many months of grinding study and labor, causing Green to lose fifty-six pounds, they sat down in deck chairs on the new grass of their lawn and gazed contentedly out at the changing blue-and-green waters over the Alligator Reef, toward the Atlantic, where big freighters can usually be seen—hull down, misty, and subject to optical illusion—pounding westward toward Central and South America, staying just inside the Stream to avoid the six-mile current. It was reasonable for the Greens to feel, as they did, that they were comfortably settled for life. Then, last September 10th, the full fury of Hurricane Donna, the most destructive storm in American history, swept over Green's Acre and, in effect, smashed it completely. When the wind and the pushed-up tides subsided, their dock and boats were gone; ruined shells, gutted of all furnishings, including stoves and refrigerators, were all that was left of the concrete-block houses; every blade of grass was washed away; and their carefully nurtured palms lay flat on the ground. Of their portable worldly possessions, the Greens—who had fled to Miami, with most Keys people, before the blow fell—had only two overnight bags full of toilet articles and clothes. Three days later, in the confusion of washed-out bridges, jammed

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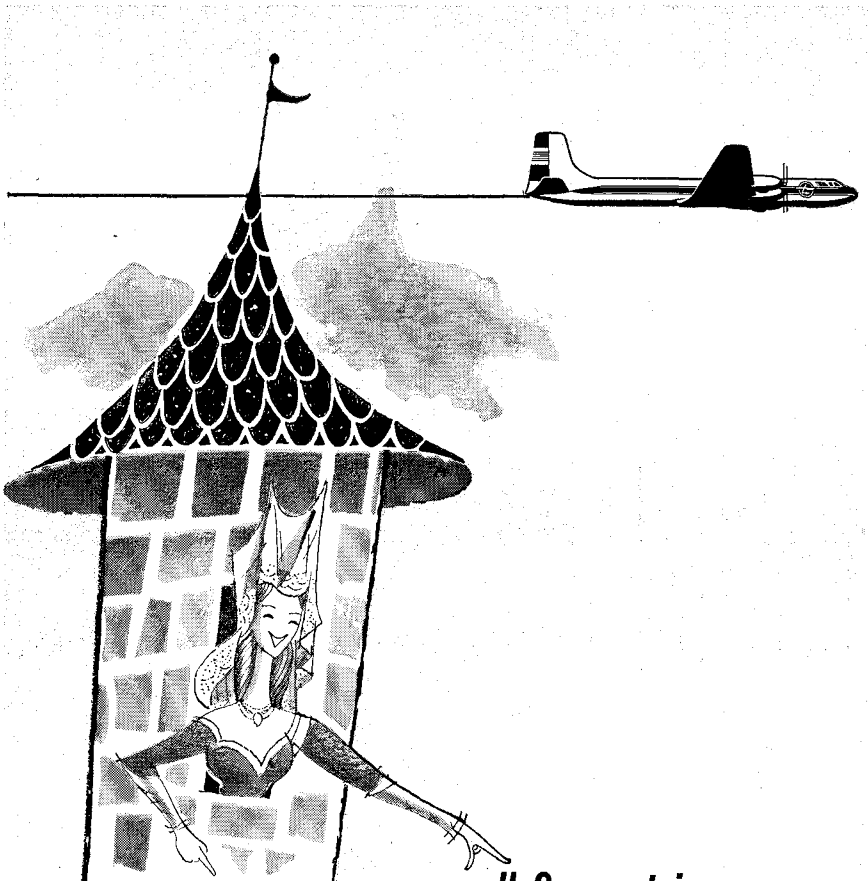
*Germaine Monteil*



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traffic, cut-off communications, and rescue teams trying to get to the Keys, Green was able to borrow a skiff and make his way to Islamorada by sea. En route, he took note of the hundred-and-twenty-five-foot cargo ship Inagua Arrow, resting high and dry on the front lawn of his friend Charles Dean, on Plantation Key. All the familiar landmarks had changed and a great many were gone, but he found what was left of his harbor and ran the boat in slowly. He jumped ashore where his dock had stood, walked up to his yard, knee-deep in seaweed and debris, and burst into tears for the first time in forty years. Then, wonderfully purged, he returned and told his wife, "What the hell—I was going to work the rest of my life anyhow. So I might as well be at work building it all back."

Green is fifty-one, a handsome man with a naturally light complexion that has weathered to the color of reddish walnut. His fair skin is not ideally suited to a life spent largely on mirrorlike water under a semi-tropical sun, and he never quite manages to take on a universal tan, with particular reference to his ears. Green's ears burn and peel on an average of twice a week throughout the year. To combat this, he devised a fishing cap with ear flaps, but it drowned out his clients' queries as he proceeded under way; moreover, it was scratchy and warm on days when the temperature danced around a hundred. He has a thick shock of prematurely white hair; heavy, tufted black eyebrows; and startlingly white teeth, which are false. Green had his previous teeth removed not long ago, because they annoyed him. About twice a year, he was obliged to drive up to Homestead, forty-five miles away, to see a dentist—a trip that he found irksome. On one visit last winter, he told the dentist, "Pull them out." Under extreme duress, the man complied; then he furnished his patient with replacements so cleverly similar to their predecessors that Green's best friends did not notice the switch. Green has neither personal vanity nor sensitivity to physical pain, and he is apt to treat himself with indifference. He is a large man, standing a trifle under six feet and weighing a hundred and ninety pounds, with a lot of the bulk in his shoulders and arms. From years of poling a skiff over flats, his forearms, for instance, are twice the thickness of the average man's, and his hands are rough, gnarled, and scored by finnings and fishhookings that mostly went unattended. Green has one pronounced bodily defect—a long, ugly scar on his lower left leg, a direct result of his offhand philosophy, which may

# CONTROVERSY

## *The free American woman vs. the fettered French femme*

The cat fight has raged for years. American women, say the French, are cool, catered-to cookies with too much freedom, too many rights. They spend their empty days popping in and out of department stores. As the Americans see it, *les femmes françaises* are poor, fettered females who've been stepped on for centuries. They spend *their* unhappy lives popping in and out of love affairs. And in this week's Saturday Evening Post, an American woman who's lived in France twelve years sharpens her pencil (and her claws) – and sets the record straight.

She begins: "American women, used to handling their own affairs and doing pretty much as they please with their own time and possessions, take the right of ownership for granted. But the Frenchwoman of today is still encased in a kind of financial and legal chastity belt."

She goes on: "Infidelity in France is not a serious issue, but simply another manifestation of the French penchant for putting drama into life. And the same goes for flirting. One gets tired of playing the same part for the same audience. So one alters the part a bit and plays it for someone else, sometimes seriously, sometimes not. Love, in France, has much in common with experimental theater."

And later: "In considering the ideal female of both countries, think what one could deduce by comparing a Betsy Ross with a Ninon de Lenclos, a Carry Nation with a Charlotte Corday, a Harriet Beecher Stowe with a Madame de Sévigné. Maybe the more flamboyant heroines, like orchids, grow best in fetid, unhealthy climes."

The observations by Toni Howard in "The Women of America . . . and France" are precise and penetrating. The writing – crisp and colorful. It's an adult article – for adult minds. An article that talks to the kind of people all successful advertisers should talk to.

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

THE SATURDAY EVENING

**POST**

THE INFLUENTIALS' MAGAZINE

best be expressed by his favorite sentence, "The hell with it." He was fishing for snook on the fringes of the Everglades one day, and a client snagged a twelve-hook plug in the mangroves. When Green yanked it loose, with some force, all twelve hooks fastened themselves securely in his ankle. Rather than waste time, he said, "The hell with it," and hauled them out at a single jerk, removing much of the ankle with them. Shortly afterward, he developed varicose-vein trouble in the area, and had to undergo surgery. No sooner was he up and fishing again than he caught a catfish fin in the palm of one hand, which resulted in a bad infection. This time, though, he had learned a lesson (briefly); he treated the wound with VapoRub, then tied it up with an oily rag that he used when working on his motors. Eventually, the disturbance eased.

THE historian studying the effect of a disaster like Donna on such a specialized community as the Keys should first examine the people who set the community apart. It must be emphasized that Keys residents are tough—they live in a hurricane belt as a day-to-day calculated risk—and Green's origins shed light on the remarkably cool demeanor there after the smashup of last September. His background is also helpful in any analysis of the qualities that produce untamable primitives like the white hunters, the trail scouts, and the shikaris—all the professionals at out-of-doors living. Green was born in 1910 in Jonesboro, Arkansas, the son of Barney O. Green, a conductor on the St. Louis Southwestern (Cotton Belt) Railway, and the former Willie Sanders, whose family had been Arkansas pioneers. Green's father was arranged along lines precisely tailored to the management of Green, being six feet one, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, and having a firm conviction that direct action beats legislation. Specifically, he beat Green nearly every day, using a heavy harness strap adorned with buckles and other metallic irritants. Green recalls many occasions when he stood in nonchalance—shirt off, whistling, gazing away into space—while his father removed small patches of his hide in an effort to extract some slight token of obedience. Green, modestly, does not believe that his father ever succeeded. The trouble was that from the moment of his birth Green had had a ranging hostility to direction. He interpreted any admonition to knuckle down to school, for example, as a clear green light to head for the woods. By doing

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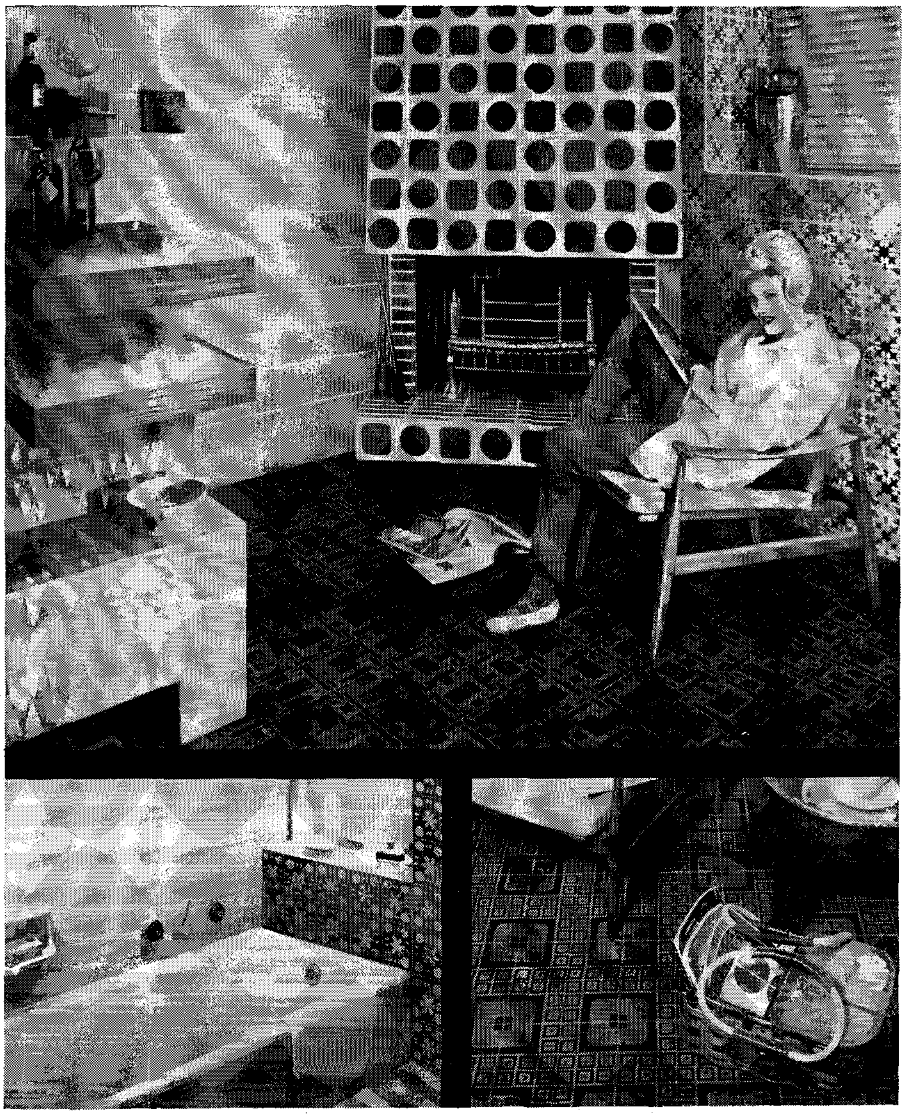

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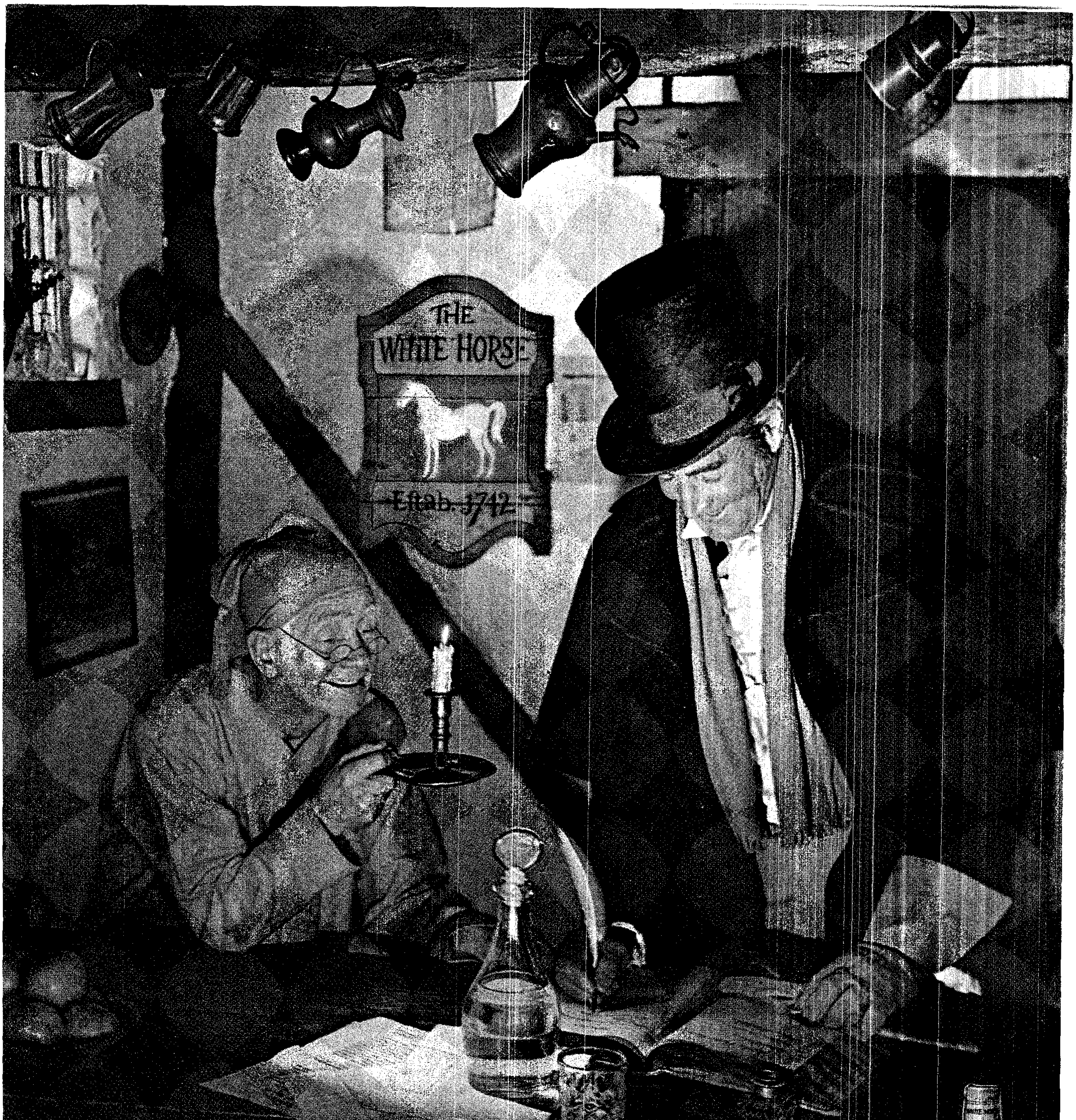
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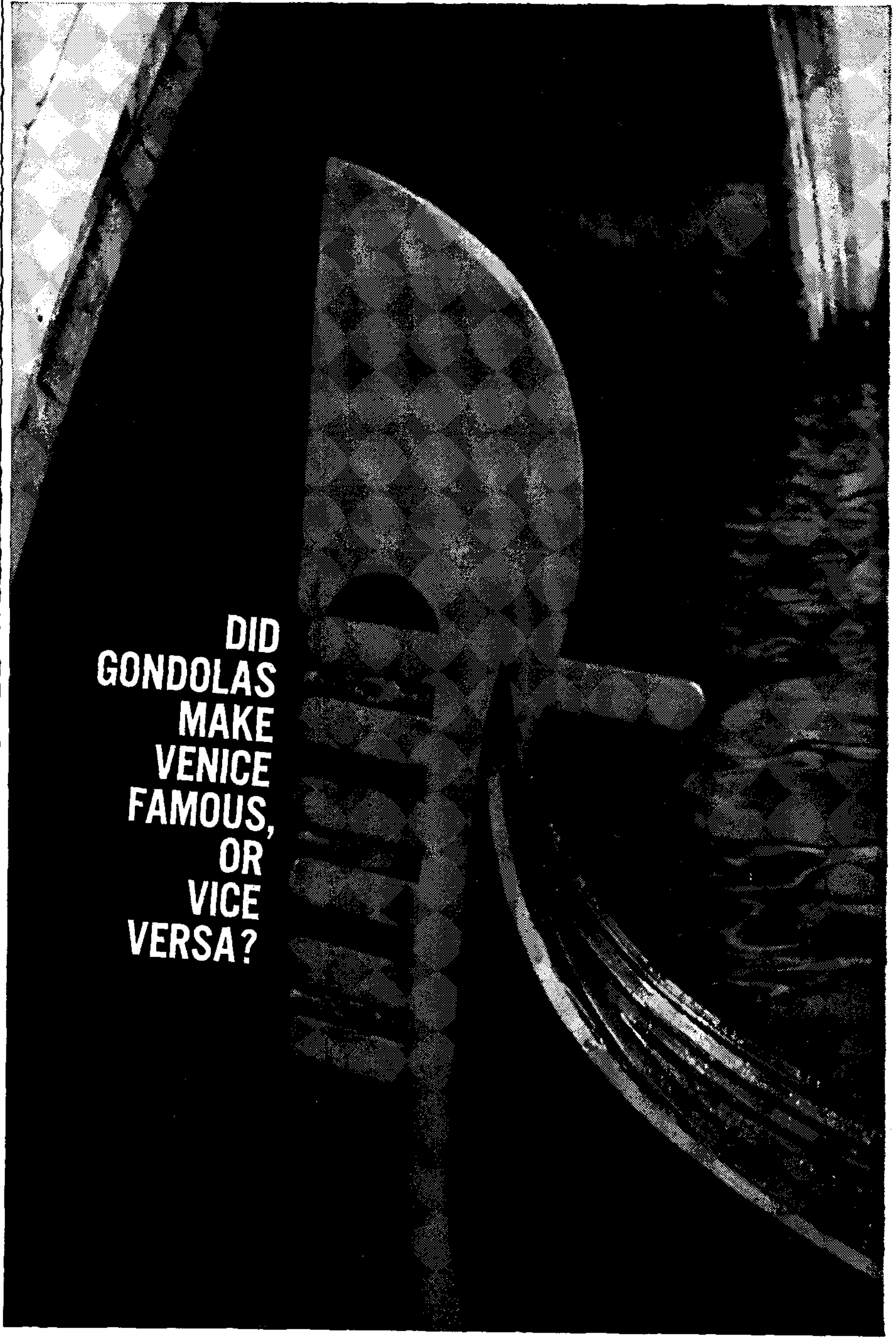
odd jobs, he saved up enough money to buy a rickety old shotgun, and he acquired a better one later by shooting quail out of season and selling them to neighboring residents, including the game warden, a political appointee who had rheumatism and found it hard to get out much. As far back as Green can remember, he felt at home in the woods, in open fields, and around lakes and streams, and vividly resentful of being boxed up in classrooms and other traditional places of confinement. His schooling in general caused the family a good deal of anxiety. His father had rigid notions about procedures along this line, and he took exception to, among other things, the fact that the boy, aged nine and in the fourth grade, was playing first base for the varsity baseball team of Arkansas State College, an essentially agrarian institution, centered in Jonesboro, whose students had gathered mainly to learn about crops and knew next to nothing of baseball. In any case, it was a time, and a locale, of laxity about eligibility rules. Green played a full season for Arkansas State, won his letter, and wore it on a sweater the next year, in the fifth grade.

At the age of fifteen, as a result of various dissatisfactions with Jonesboro, plus his father's freedom with the harness, Green left home. He had decided to be a career hobo, and he hit the trail in a carnival mood. First off, he boarded a freight train and rode to Biloxi, Mississippi, a city on the Gulf Coast. It was his first glimpse of salt water, and it left a mark on him from which he has never recovered. He admired the shrimp boats and the fishing boats as they docked from far out in the Gulf, and he vowed to explore this new wilderness if ever he elected to lift his social status above the official level of vagrant. To survive, the boy did odd jobs—chopping wood and sweeping out stores—and occasionally he joined hobo camps in the woods beside some railroad to savor the *esprit de corps* of the drifter freemasonry. A continuing flaw in the mobile life, he found, was the unbrotherly attitude of the police. It amounted to downright apartness. Shortly after he had drifted into a town—any town—some burly constable would usually collar him, inquire into the state of his purse, and then waltz him out beyond the city limits. It was humiliating—and to such a degree that after a few months Green went home for a rest. To his surprise, no particular fuss was made over his absence; even his father appeared glad to see him. Before long, though, the old thing resumed, and his back was



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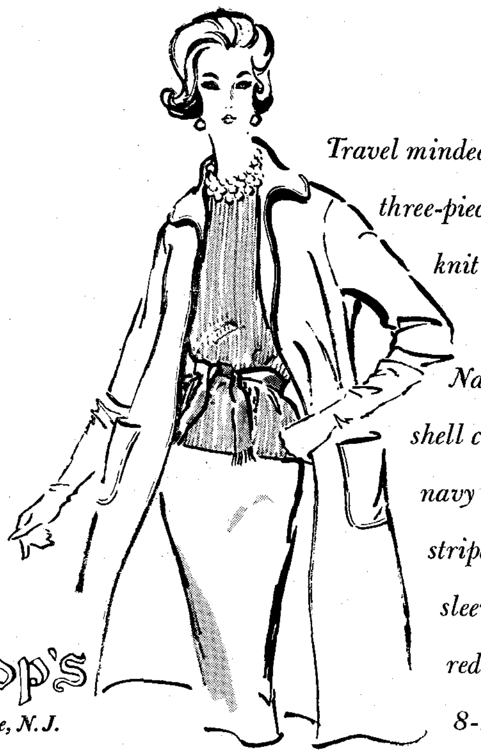

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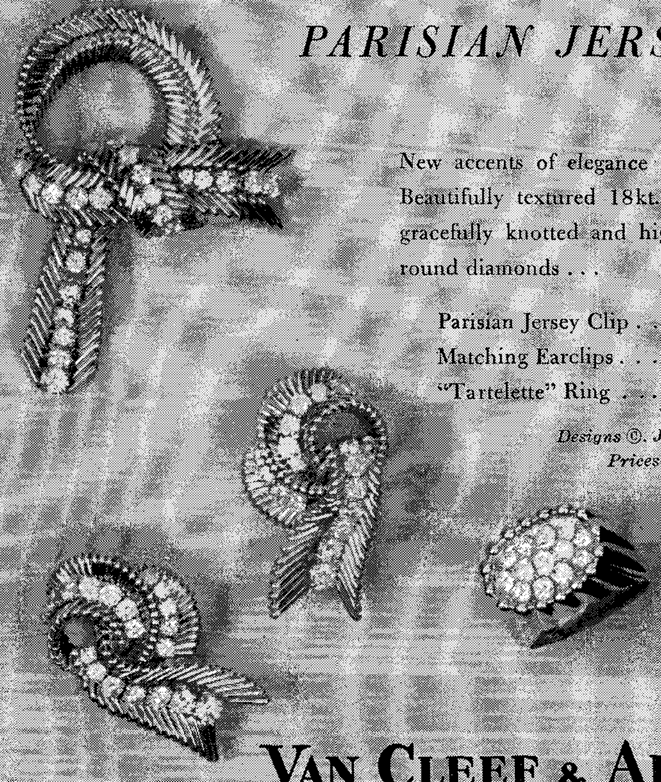

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grievously contused. It seemed abundantly plain to Green by now that the principal bond between him and his father was a three-foot length of harness, and he cleared off again, at the age of sixteen. He never returned home except, much later, as a casual visitor.

On this second trip, his encounters with the law came to a degrading climax. In Tallahassee, he was seized as a vagrant, given the curious choice of paying a thirty-five-dollar fine or spending thirty-eight days in jail, and, since his financial resources amounted to a dollar and a quarter, he consented to be locked up. His cellmates proved to be three bank robbers, and every morning Green and the robbers were hauled out and put in a kind of lion's cage to do work on the streets, where they became objects of municipal derision, like Louis XVI being carted to the guillotine in a tumbril. (Green has never forgiven this indignity, and today, on his infrequent trips back home to Arkansas, he will detour around Tallahassee, even though it costs fifty miles of extra driving.) Perhaps his most notable experience in this general period was the occasion when he hopped a freight train on which his father was conductor. The season was winter, Green was still little more than a boy, and he ventured to present himself in the caboose with some notion of getting warm. When he spied his father's enormous frame, he instinctively shrank back, figuring that he had jumped on the very worst train in the United States for his purpose, but the elder Green sang out, "Why, if it isn't ol' Cece. Come in, laddie, and tell me where you've been." They had a pleasant chat, but Green took the opportunity of vanishing short of the next stop, before their new acquaintance ripened into bloodshed. Shortly afterward, he was jugged again, in Tampa, and this time he found himself thoroughly fed up. He decided to go to Alaska and live with the Eskimos.

It was the lure of Jack London's country, with its broad vistas for pioneering, that provided Green with his first real career. Starting off blithely in January, he got as far as Flint, Michigan, where he frosted up and came to a halt. He had had no idea that the thermometer could drop with such perversity. The cold penetrated so deeply into his bones that he was afflicted with a kind of paralysis, which made foraging for food impossible. In short, he was starving as well as freezing when he read an ad saying that General Motors needed some men weighing at least a hundred and eighty pounds, for crankshaft jobs. Green, not yet grown at

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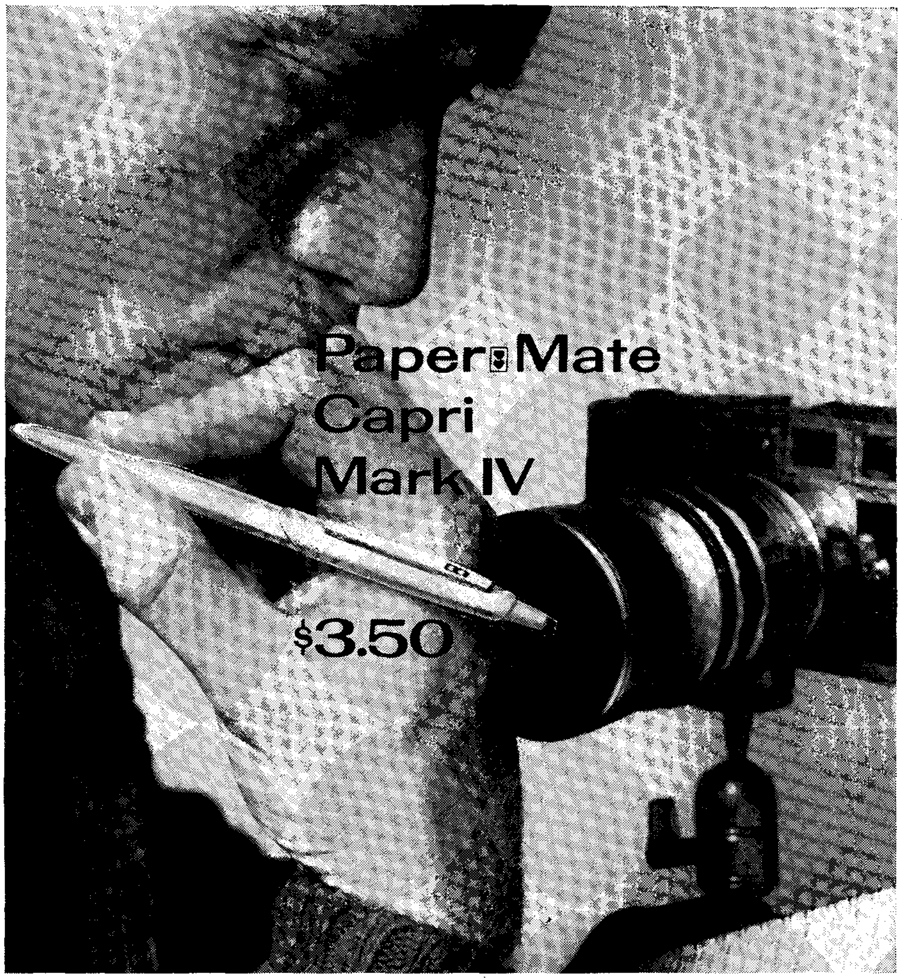

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eighteen, and honed down unnaturally because of conditions, put on all the clothes he owned, including three suits of underwear with newspapers stuffed in between, and took up his position in line. When an examining physician ordered him to strip, he reluctantly shed a suit, a sweater, three shirts, the three sets of underwear, a Sunday edition of the Detroit *Free Press*, and two sports sections from the Flint *Wolverine Herald;* then he stood shivering at his skinny worst.

"Why, you're nothing but a jay bird!" he recalls the doctor's crying.

"Listen, Doc, don't tell on me, will you?" said Green. "I need this job bad; I'm *hungry*."

He was passed over for the crankshaft work but was given a job as an inspector and tightener of connecting rods. These spun down the assembly line at the rate of a hundred and twenty-five an hour, causing Green in a few weeks to take on the mechanical jerkiness of Charlie Chaplin in "Modern Times." He ate his noonday sandwich in rhythmical snaps and, as a rule, spilled most of his coffee in approximately three-quarter time.

It was along about this time that Green, at long last, became smitten with a desire to improve himself in life. For four years, he worked at learning the tool-and-die trade, attending the company's technical school at night. He chewed through a lot of higher mathematics and specialized mechanics, and emerged as a first-class tool-and-die maker, at a wage of seventy-five cents an hour. By then it was 1933, a time of yeasty labor ferment. When his branch of General Motors was organized, he joined the union in a mood of selfless idealism, and was told to quit work immediately and picket. Green's idealism was mildly jarred. Trudging along in the snow, he could scarcely avoid reflecting that his present condition differed from his first appearance at G.M. mainly in the sartorial technicality that he was not now wearing the Sunday edition of the Detroit *Free Press*. Green picketed for nearly two months, and made ends meet by shooting pheasant out of season. He found it agreeable to wander in the woods again, and he was happy to discover that the years of indoor servitude had failed to dull his shooting eye. In his mind, as in Edmond Dantès', cooped up in the Château d'If, there began to germinate a dim and formless hope of eventual freedom.

A drawback to an early escape was the fact that he had recently been married—to Margaret McManus, whose

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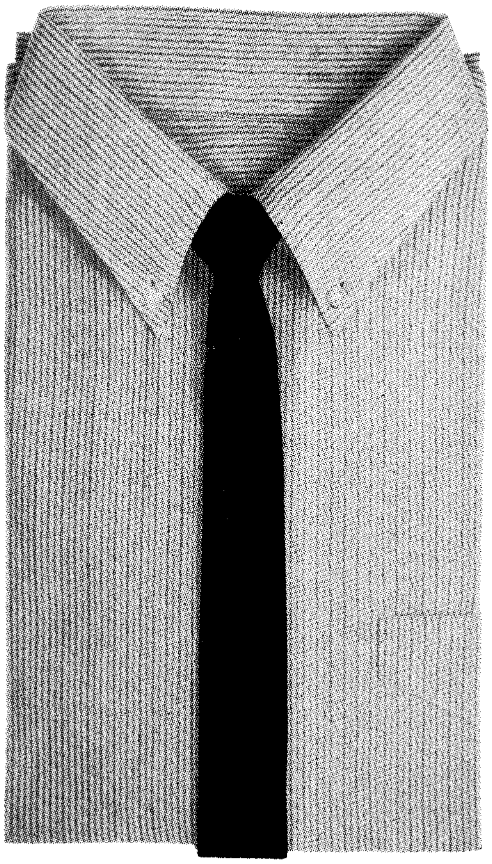

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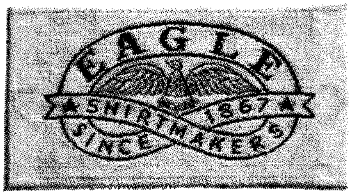
your [  ] label

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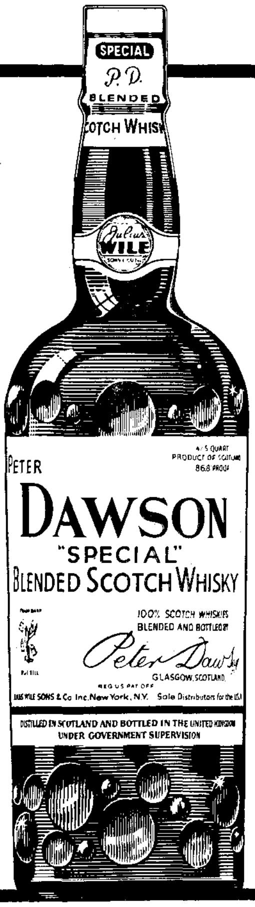
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family, native to New England, had moved to Flint so that her father could accept a job with General Motors. Green quickly but devotedly taught her the basic virtues of wedlock—how to hunt, fish, bowl, and play touch football, golf, and tennis—and she lost several pounds in their first year together. Then, drawing on the sinewy resistance that had enabled her ancestors to wrest a living from New England's rocks, she took over the reins of office and began to function—as she still does—as the gyroscope of their marital ship, offsetting her husband's impetuosity, keeping him stabilized in the roiled seas of adversity and irritation. At his bride's insistence, for example, Green determined to save up some money, and he rose, in due course, to divisional superintendent, a respected and well-paid job at General Motors. When war threatened, he was placed in charge of a unit making anti-aircraft guns, and he turned them out so fast that his draft board deferred him as an essential employee.

Early in 1949, a doctor diagnosed some visceral pains that Green had been experiencing as a case of ulcers, and urged him to retire. Green was delighted to comply; all he had wanted was an excuse to get out, and his twenty years' service with the company would bring him a separation fee of three thousand dollars. During his vacations, he had usually gone quail hunting in Arkansas (where, at home, a cease-strap had been declared, without rancor on either side), but in 1940 he and his wife had visited the Florida Keys. This was before the construction of the Overseas Highway, and the coral isles were strung together only by a pitted and unreliable road built on the forlorn ruins of Flagler's once proud railroad to Key West, a venture that had died a watery death in the tragic hurricane of 1935. Green was enchanted by the fishy, primitive, sun-drenched, and exotically flowering land, and in 1948, when he went back there briefly to convalesce after a bout of pneumonia, he laid out five thousand dollars for a coral acre on the sea at Islamorada. Now, with his release from General Motors at hand, he made rapid preparations to abandon forever the crowded settlements of man. The Greens, together with a valuable bird dog and Mrs. Green's widowed mother (who had come to live with them), drove out of Flint in two vehicles—a farm truck and a passenger car—in a blizzard, or approximately the same weather that he had failed to enjoy when he entered, two decades previously. Their outlook, Green was obliged to admit, seemed uncertain, and his

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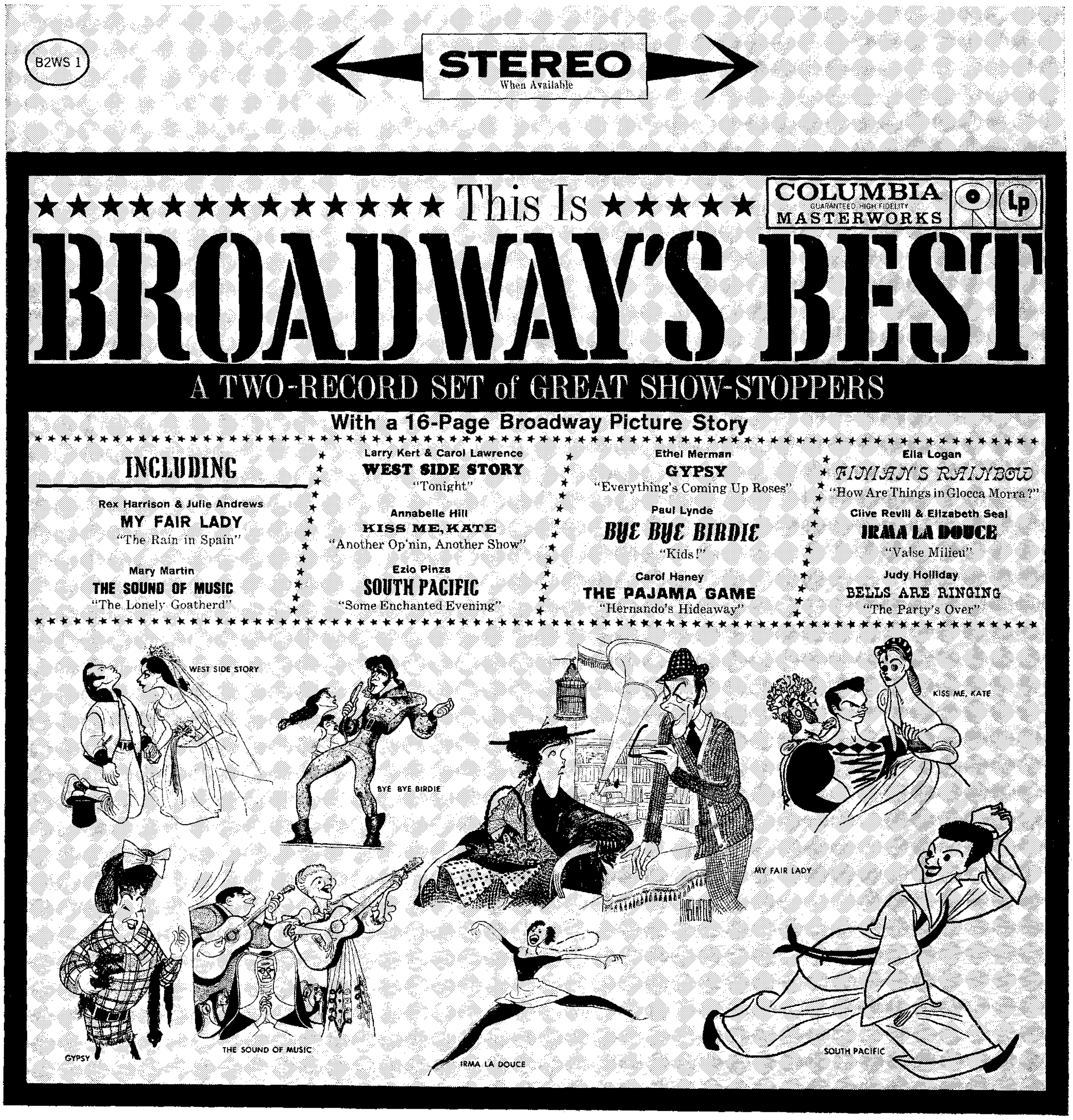

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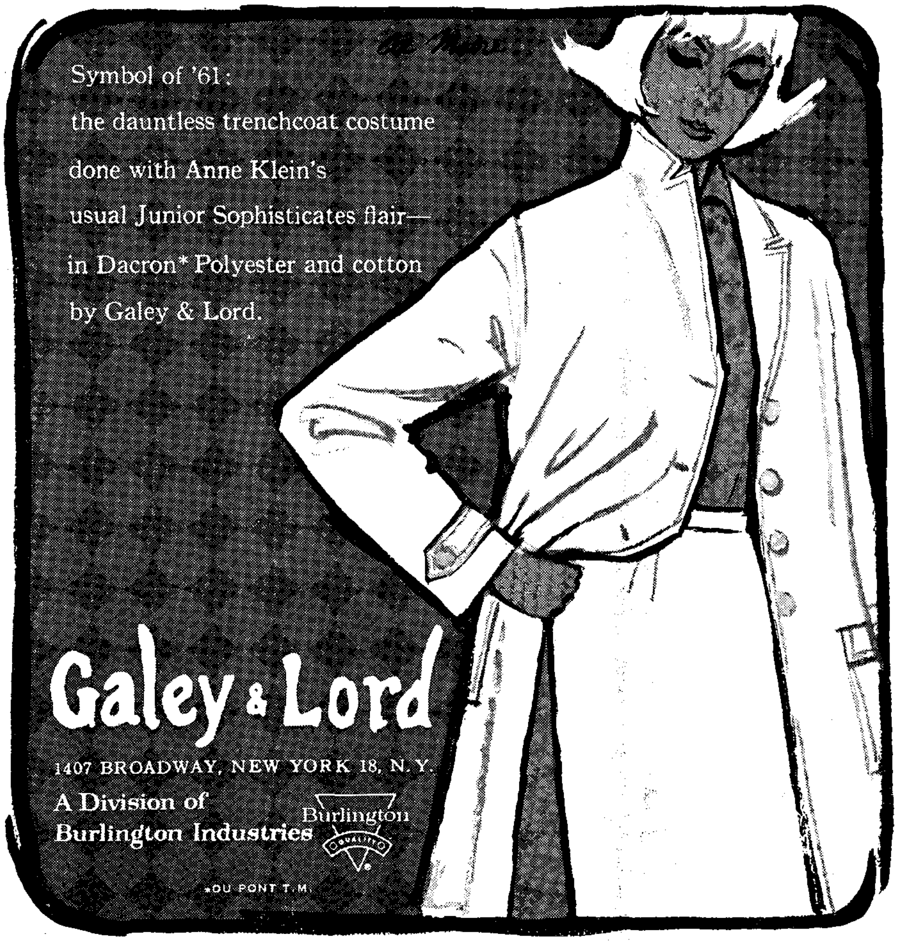

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ulcers were sending up alarm signals. But as the caravan hit the Ohio state line, his situation improved a little; by North Carolina, he felt miraculously eased; after he crossed into Florida, the ulcers beat a full retreat; and from the moment that he stepped down onto his new real estate, with the ocean softly awash at his shore, his stomach remained cheerfully placid—until last September, when Green took note of a tropical disturbance whirling in his general direction from the Caribbean.

AT Islamorada, the Greens set to work almost instantly building a cottage camp. To start things off, he scavenged a heavy piece of timber from the sea, chained it behind his truck, and, with his wife perched on the log and clinging to a rope, drove around and around his acre, levelling the loose, wave-powdered coral. More accurately, he had made nearly two circuits when his wife skipped off and balked. With that uncanny perception which has made women a special problem since the beginning of time, she had conceived of a happier combination: she would drive the truck and Green could bounce about on the log. Upon starting his camp, Green weighed a hundred and ninety-six pounds. He shrank down to a hundred and forty in the next few months, and never felt better in his life. He was wolfishly hungry and downed everything the prodigal region had to offer—fried fish, green-turtle steak, shrimp Creole, devilled stone crabs, crawfish (or Florida lobster), conch chowder, Key-lime pie, fried green plantains, *bollos* (penny cakes made of black-eyed-pea flour, garlic, and onions, and cooked in deep lard), and bitter black Cuban coffee. The diet was made to order for a man trying to revive an ulcer, but Green had forgotten that his stomach ever hurt. Sea food was, of course, richly, overwhelmingly plentiful; by spending an hour dangling a hook from a nearby bridge he could catch enough grunts—small, croaking bottom fish—to provide his family with the upper Keys' staple of grunts-and-grits for several days.

Nevertheless, what with the cost of building, Green's funds were dangerously low, and he decided to take supplementary work at Whale Harbor, next door, where two or three yachts were tied up. The elderly owner of a magnificent boat hired him to be skipper and all-round fisherman on the days when Green's camp was awaiting equipment. This represented Green's first professional-guide job, and he made what is without question the most in-

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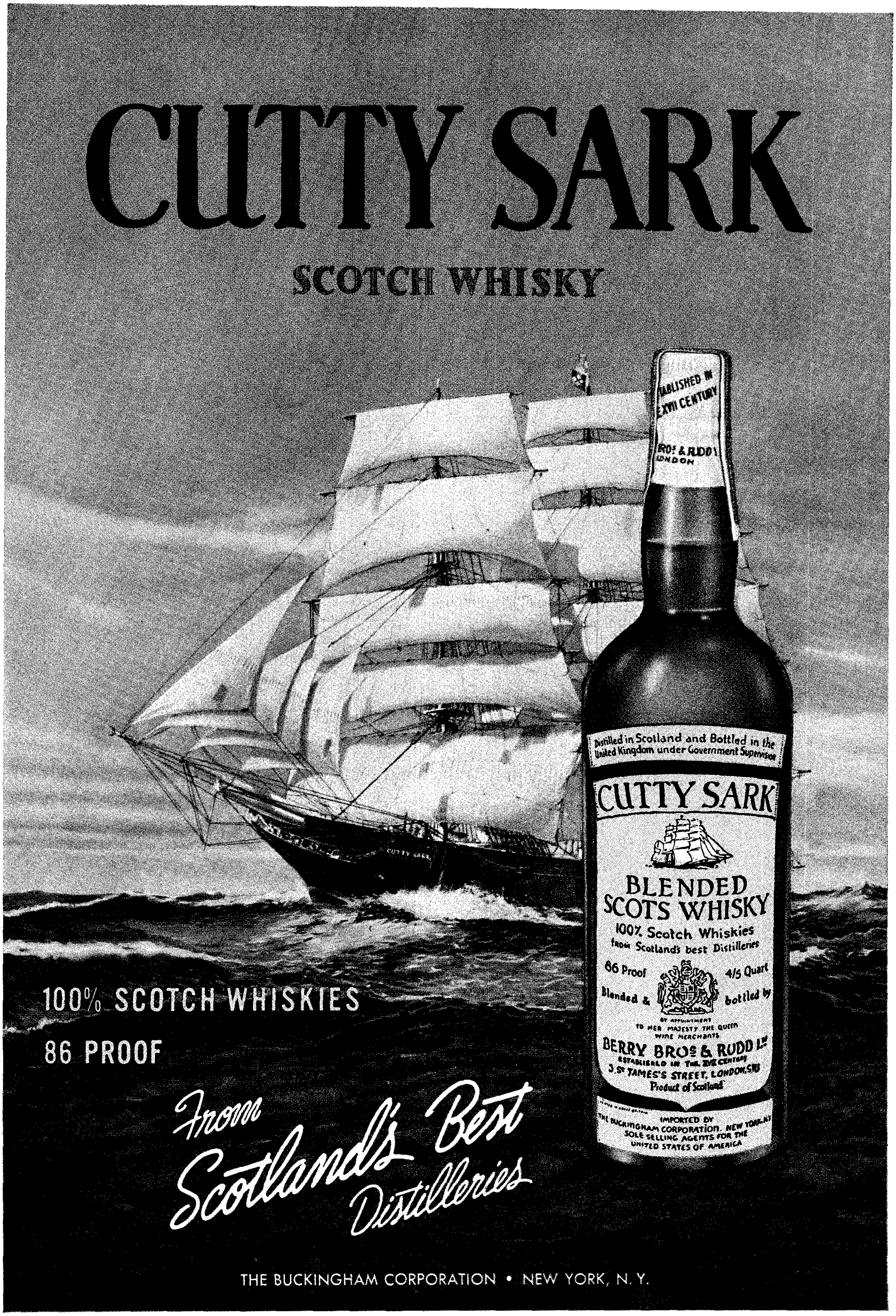
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auspicious beginning on record. The first day out, inexpert with salt-water gear and nervous, he spilled reel oil on his hands and let slip through his fingers a mahogany gaff that he reckoned had cost about fifty dollars. Depressed, he went below, where the owner, a bland, unruffled man named Gentry, was playing poker with three cronies.

"I just lost your good gaff, Mr. Gentry," said Green, like George Washington unloading the bad news about the cherry tree.

Without looking up, Gentry said, "Is that so, son?" (Green was nearly forty.)

"I thought you ought to know, *in case you wanted to fire me*," said Green.

"Openers, if any," said Gentry to the fellow on his right.

The next day, as the poker game continued, Green hooked a dolphin and, in trying to boat it, toppled over backward and smashed a two-hundred-dollar tackle box. Again, he lay below to report.

"Hope you didn't damage your rump none, son," said Gentry, and Green returned topside.

The third trip out, he landed a whopping big mackerel and, because he was low on bait, stripped a piece from its belly, hoping to get other and larger fish. When the boat docked, a native resident pushed forward and cried, "What damn fool cut up that mackerel? It'd be a world's record, easy, if that slice of belly wasn't missing!" Gentry (who had not yet glimpsed the ocean on any of the outings) stood by, smoking a cigar.

"Well," said Green heavily, "that does it. I'll be saying goodbye."

"Son, you're real jumpy," replied his employer. "You ought to drink a little corn whiskey now and then. We'll be going out tomorrow afternoon. Drop over whenever you're ready."

This experience with Gentry gave Green renewed heart about his camp project. If, he told himself, a man could lose a fifty-dollar gaff, a two-hundred-dollar tackle box, and a world's-record mackerel—mountable, with certificate, in any yacht's saloon—and still maintain his composure, then faith could indeed conquer all. The Greens buckled down, and in a very few weeks they had finished off two duplex cottages and a two-story building that contained, on its ground floor, a large recreation room plus the Greens' own quarters, and, above, a rentable apartment. Despite his lack of training, Green did all the carpentry, installed the plumbing fixtures (which he bought at cut-rate in Miami), and contrived an anchorage for prospective guests by running a wobbly

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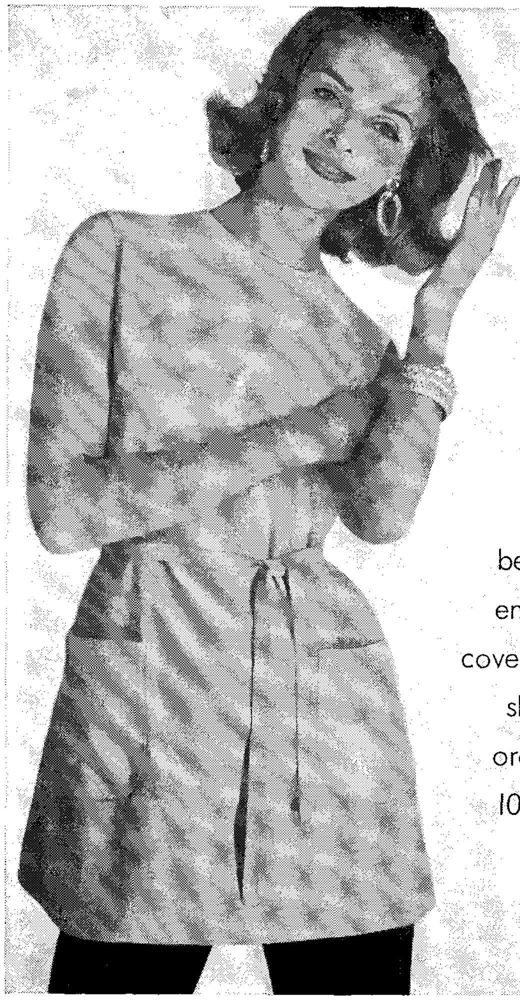
plank dock out to deep water. He drove the pilings on this last job while standing in the water up to his neck and quietly cursing, for it would be difficult to find a human being less enthusiastic about getting wet than Green. Principally, he hates the feel of water, but he also finds water, of any temperature, painfully frigid to swim in. He suffers unnaturally from cold; fishing on winter days, when a chill north wind has driven down over the Everglades, he wears two suits of long underwear, a flannel shirt, a sweater, and a waterproof jacket—and still freezes, accepting the torture as part of his trade. At one stage, he considered wearing an overcoat and a derby that a guest had discarded, but he concluded that the outfit might look uncommonly odd.

At last, in October of 1949, the Greens began to think about their critical last step before going into business—the erection of an electrically lighted sign reading "Green's Acre." Standing in his yard, Green was about to remark that the sign would have to wait until he could find more outside work losing gaffs and smashing tackle boxes when three men in a car drove up and asked for directions to a motel or a fishing camp. "You've got a place right here," Green told them. "I'll step inside and see if we have a vacancy."

The Greens' next few guests expressed an understandable desire to go fishing and gazed wistfully at the shimmering distances across Florida Bay, between the skinny Key chain and the Everglades—an empty, unknown area that was almost never traversed, even by natives. The outboard motor had not yet come of age, and Islamorada's few guides took big charter boats out to the Gulf Stream, at prices too stiff for the workaday tourist. Green himself had often eyed the back-country waters, wondering what excitements of marine life lay in the twenty miles, dotted with numberless small and large islands, that stretched to the mysterious coastal swamp. He made up his mind to run a monster bluff. He bought a skiff and the largest good outboard then available—five horsepower—and announced to a new client that "I know those waters cold." By good fortune, the client, a New Yorker, insisted on putting back to shore before they had ventured out a mile; he'd forgotten to make a long-distance call. Green was greatly relieved; in his boat was neither chart nor compass, and as he watched the Key chain recede, he had felt a certain disquiet; without a fixed point of reference a novice could get lost, stranded on a flat, or tangled in the



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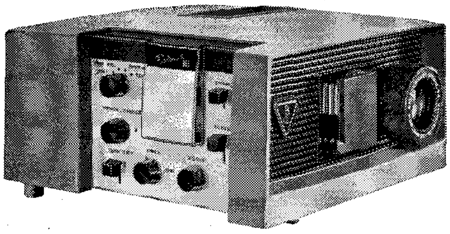

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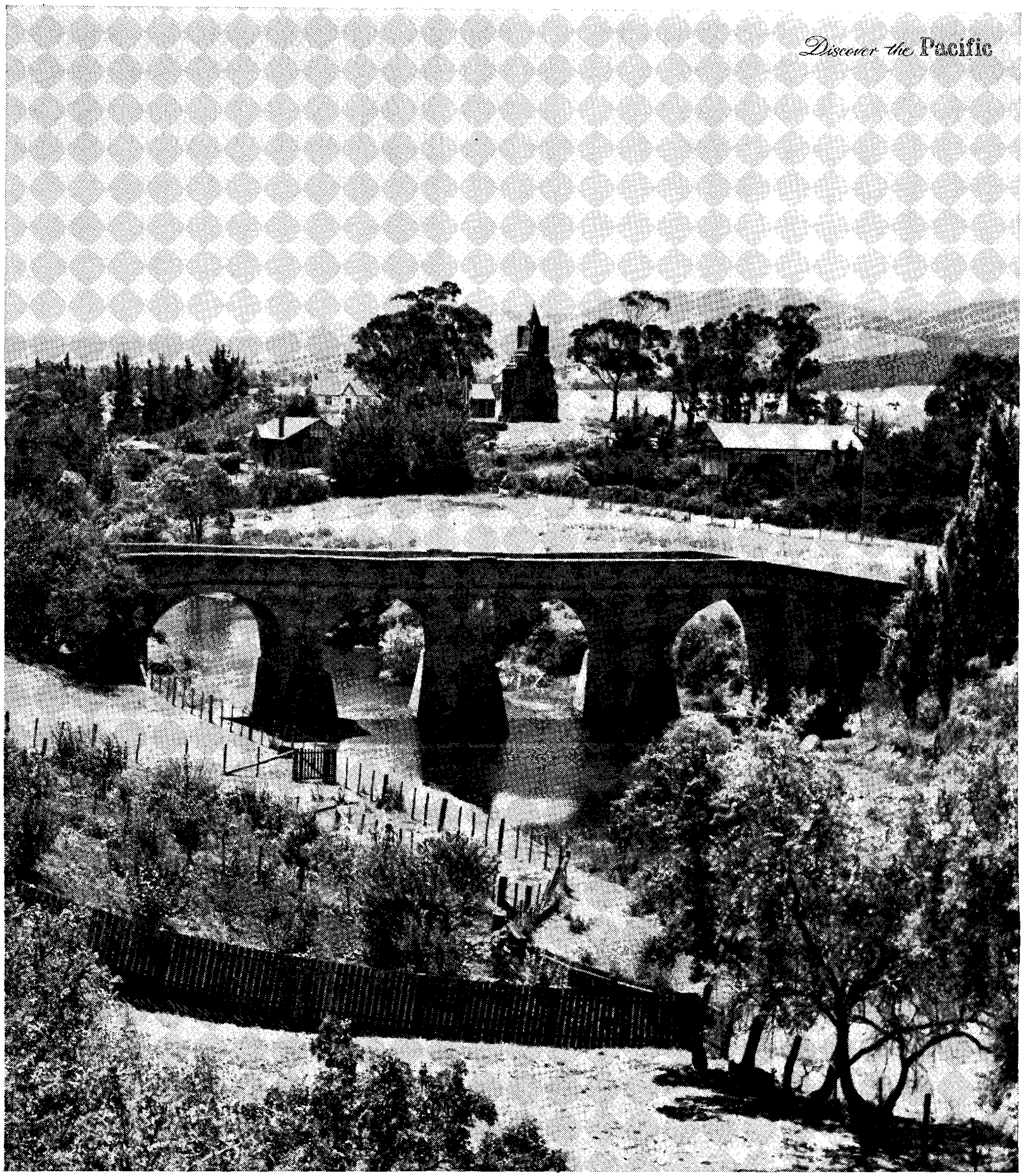

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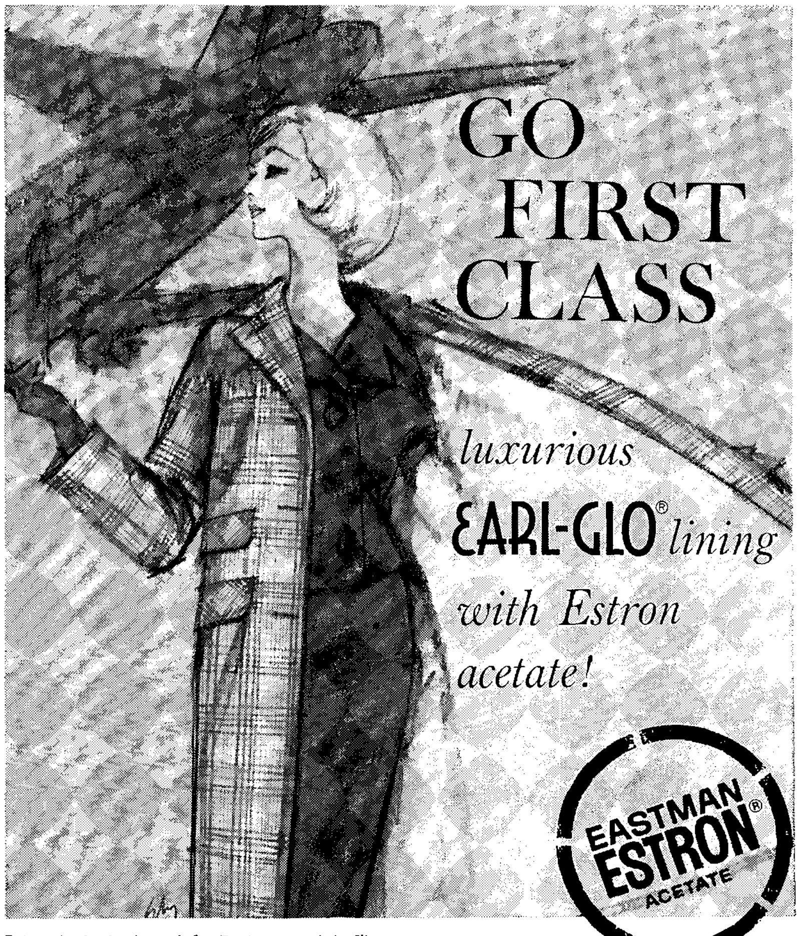

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lonesome Everglades, where mosquitoes have been known to drive cattle mad and to kill unprotected white men in a single night.

Green's New Yorker gave him thirty dollars for about two hours' work, much of it spent sitting beside a phone booth, and converted him into a fishing guide for life. Each trip out thereafter, he probed a little farther into the back-country waters, and correspondingly increased the dimensions and quality of his bluff. Ordinarily, he hadn't the slightest idea where he was headed, but his rapport with the wild provided him with a kind of homing instinct, like a pigeon's. He had some knowledge of Keys fish and their choice of places to feed, and he exploited this as he put-putted aimlessly along. Whenever he blundered onto a flat, which was often, he was likely to say "Aha! We're here!" and stop to bonefish with the air of a magician pulling rabbits out of a hat. If he stumbled into a "cut"—a channel across shallows that lie between broad "lakes" of deeper water—he would change lures and fish for whatever he thought was bucking the current on the bottom. Now and then, he might strike a deep hole at the foot of some island of snarled mangrove and haul in sea trout by the boatload. All in all, he feels that he was sensationally lucky. On one memorable occasion, he became absorbed in his work and wandered so far afield with a client that, for the first time, he wound up completely and hopelessly lost. The day was seductive. Fleecy clouds lay stacked in rolls low on the horizon, as they do in those semitropical waters; cuts fortuitously appeared as open-sesames to brighter lakes just when Green was on the point of turning back; a few ospreys and eagles made slow circles high in the blue overhead; and hundreds of white wading birds, draped in the mangroves like limp laundry, flapped noisily off when the boat passed. The scene was one of such wild and splendid desolation that it commanded the senses entirely. Bouncing back to earth, Green suddenly noticed that a jagged and brushy land mass dead ahead was not, as he'd assumed, a large island but the forbidden Everglades themselves. He felt a slight chill in his mid-section; he had overshot the bounds of caution by approximately sixteen miles. Moreover, enjoying the surroundings, he'd been oblivious of the route all the way out. Nevertheless, he was obliged to put on a good face—his greatest bluff to date—for his client, who now said, "This is an—ah, interesting spot, Mr. Green. What do you call it?" "Big Key," Green mumbled, and, fighting his instinct to scoot out of there fast, led him through a few motions of fishing. They fished a dark, narrow, winding passage, overhung with branches, that led a short distance into the swamp, and then, cranking up, headed back, steered by Green's incomparable navigational system of trial and error. Off and on during the afternoon, they bogged down on flats, which Green hailed with hollow, simulated glee. Once, passing the gray and rotting remnants of a sunken mullet boat, Green said, with a perplexed chuckle, "Well, I see she's still there. You'd think that thing would break up and wash away." His client, whose face had also taken on a gray tinge, and, indeed, showed signs of breaking up, made no reply. They got home, by some means inexplicable to Green, as darkness was falling. The next day, he drove to Marathon, thirty-five miles down the Overseas Highway, and bought his first charts. As nearly as he could figure it, he had left Green's Acre, passed through the wide tidal drain between Islamorada and Windley Key, circled to the right of Cotton Key, knifed over a flat marked "Cross Bank" on the chart, skirted Captain Key on the left, traversed Jimmie Channel, had trouble with a very shallow lake beyond the Brush Keys, then cut through the deep Crocodile Dragover, and, passing Crocodile Point, entered Terrapin Bay, in the shadow of the Everglades. The dark, overhung stream was McCormick Creek, which led to a series of salt-water lakes far back in the swamp. Coming home, he had missed Crocodile Dragover in the changed perspective and had wallowed for hours in shallows before finding (by happy chance) Shrimp Channel, near the Calusa Keys, and, once again, Jimmie Channel, beyond which the main Key chain was soon a faint but visible smudge to the south.

The development of big outboard motors—of from ten to forty horsepower, and even larger—opened up the back country for fishing, and Green emerged as a latter-day pioneer. While his colleagues pursued marlin and sail in the Gulf Stream, on the other side of the Keys, he became an expert on Florida Bay. His friends believe that Green may have been the first professional guide to explore it completely. It was, and remains, one of the most fascinating wastes left in America—a silent, solitary maze of vast, watery reaches (swarming with sharks); weedy flats little more than a foot deep; green-tufted islands of every shape and size; and no movement of life except, perhaps, a pink cloud of flying flamingos

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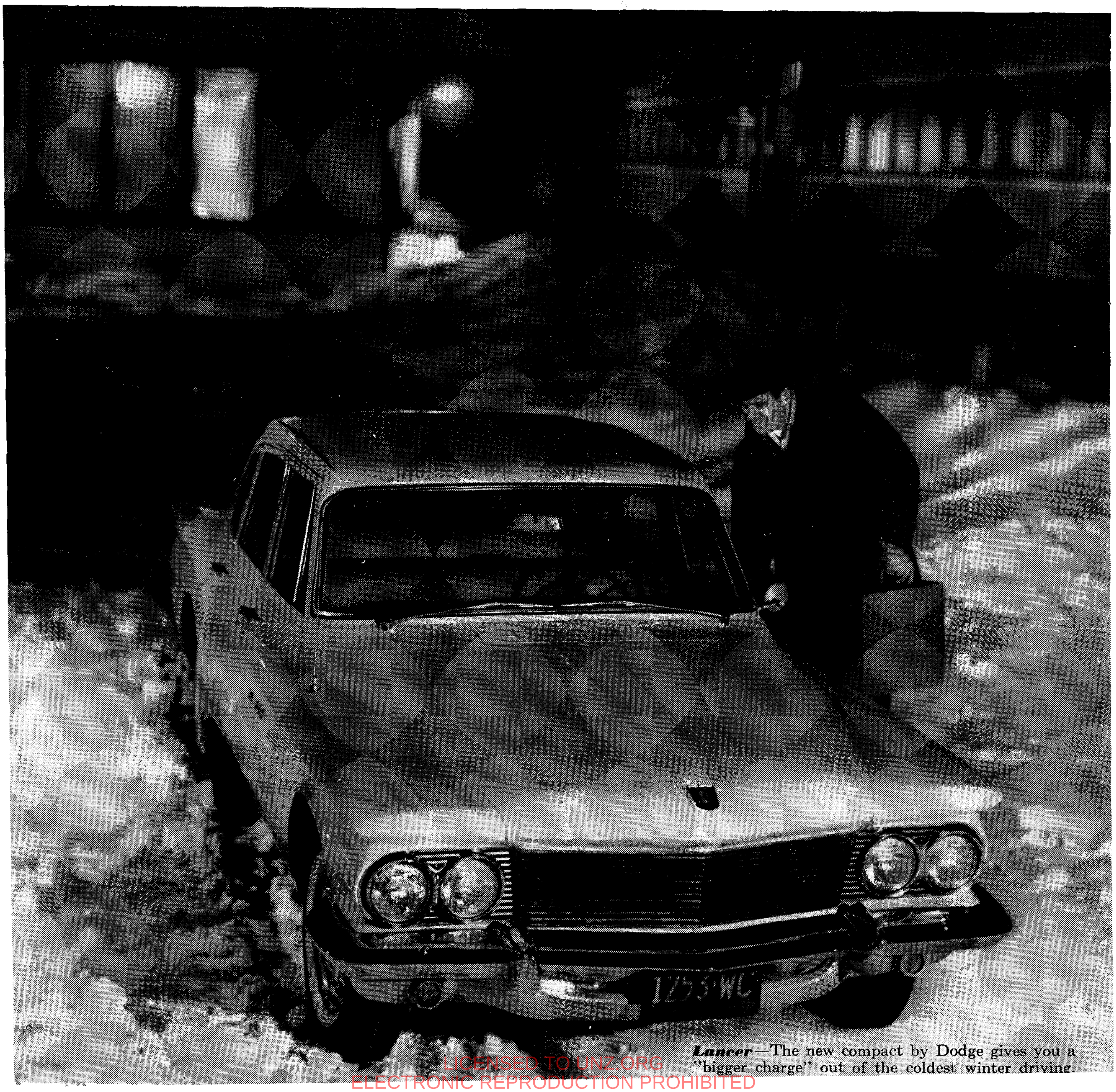

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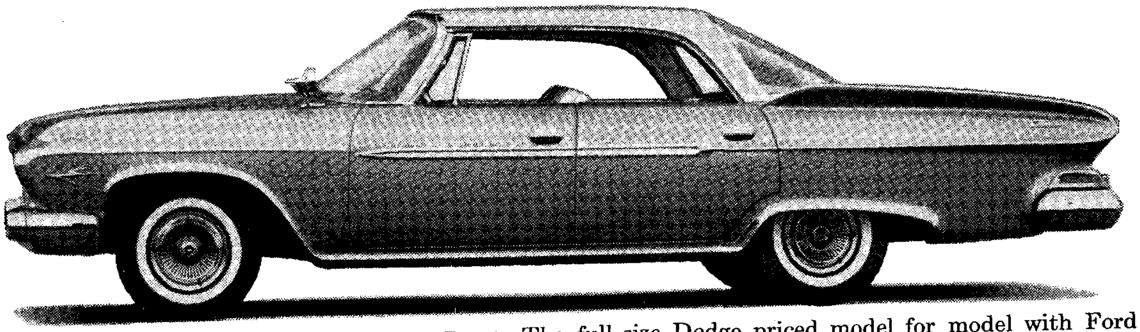

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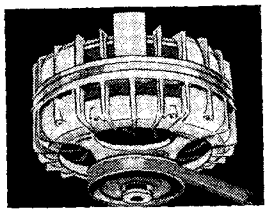

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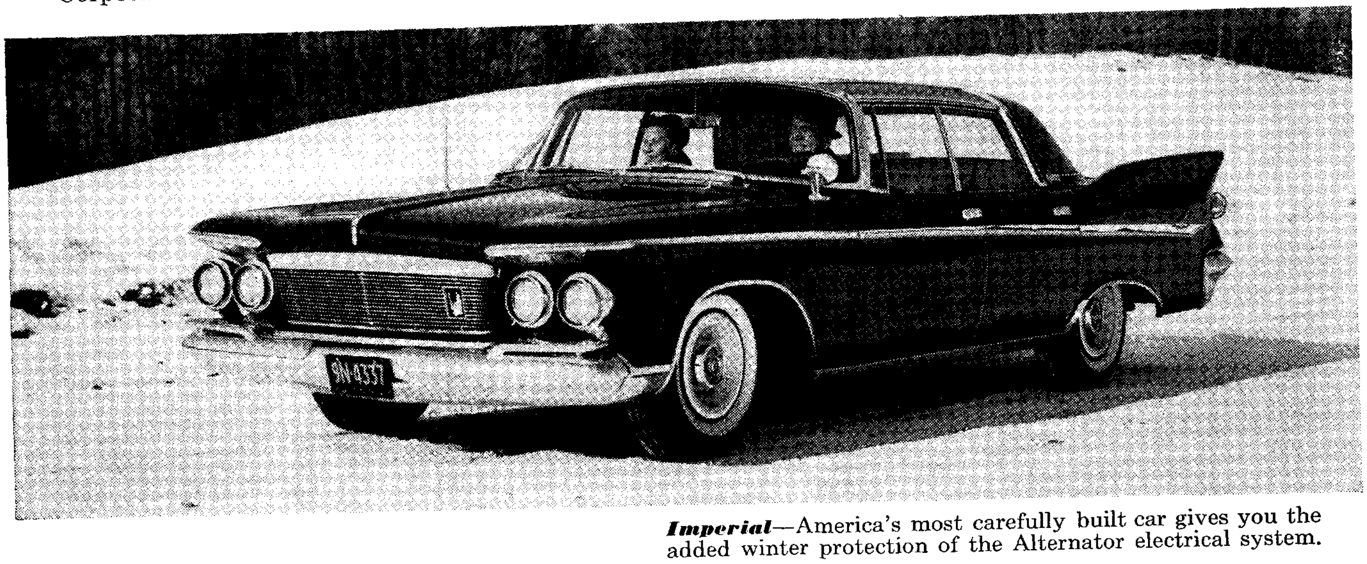

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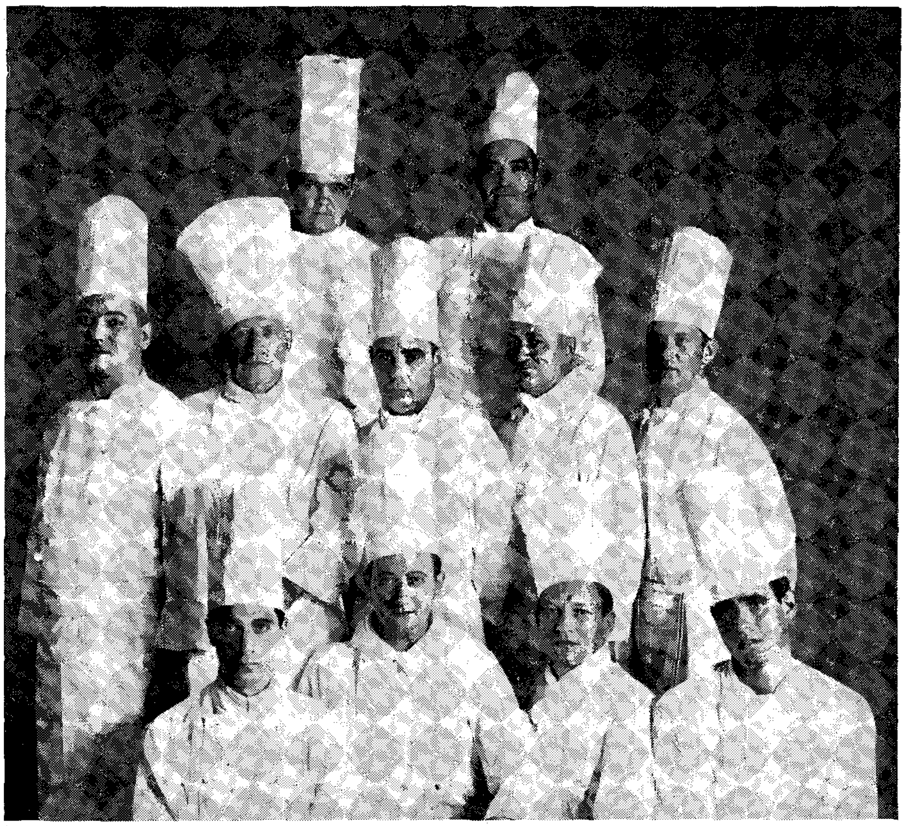

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or the splash of leaping mullet and snook. When Green got his first sixteen-horsepower motor, only a few mullet fishermen—a furtive brotherhood of poachers, with the hard, wary look of outlaws—lived, all but hidden, in the Everglades' screening fringe. Their sustenance was gained by illegally "stop-netting" the mouths of tidal bays in the swamp and dragging mullet, and thousands of game fish as well. "They were the scum of the earth," says Green, employing a term he uses, rather loosely, to describe various segments of society, such as Arkansas sharecroppers, unions, management, government (of whatever political persuasion), and organizations that are for or against anything. Before Green began his exploring, mullet poachers had put down a few stakes to mark cuts, and other guide sticks remained from the days when Seminoles (now discouraged by the crocodiles that inhabit the coast) had ventured out from the swamp. Now Green himself began to make channels, by a method that he calls "jumping the flats." Running his outboard wide open, he plows through a shallow spot, leaving furrows that ease passage there later. Guides and other fishermen, seeing these today, have a habit of saying, "Cecil Green's been here."

Green currently uses two twenty-five-horsepower motors on his skiff. Nearly all the time under way, he stands in the stern beside a steering wheel, a cigarette dangling from his lips while he simultaneously chews on a whittled-down cigar he has stuck in his cheek. (He started chewing tobacco at General Motors, because smoking was not allowed in the plant. Now he can't kick either habit.) Peering out from beneath a long-billed cap and through Polaroid dark glasses—a *sine qua non* for spotting fish beneath the water's glassy surface—he checks his landmarks en route. He has consistently refused to learn charts, and he ticks off islands, cuts, and deep pools in the midst of seemingly endless lakes by some feat of recognition known only to him. He doesn't own a compass. If pressed about a particular island, he may go so far as to divulge that it is (1) a big square Key, (2) a small square Key, (3) a big round Key, or (4) a small round Key. By now, he knows every object in the thousands of watery acres between the Key chain and the Everglades. Last winter, one of his regular clients, a rich Illinois doctor, insisted on taking two friends out alone in a rented boat, and failed to observe the strict ritual of stowing a small extra motor at

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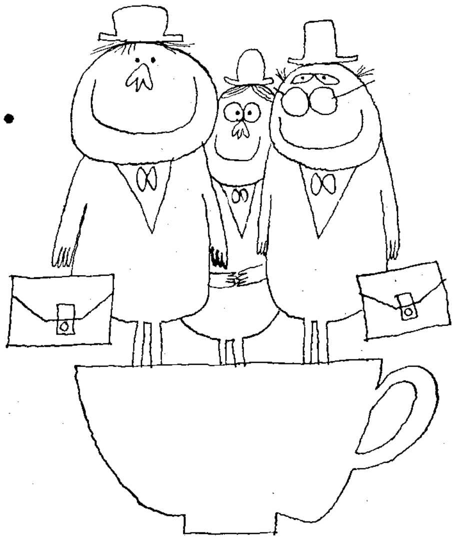

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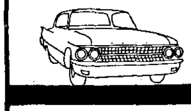

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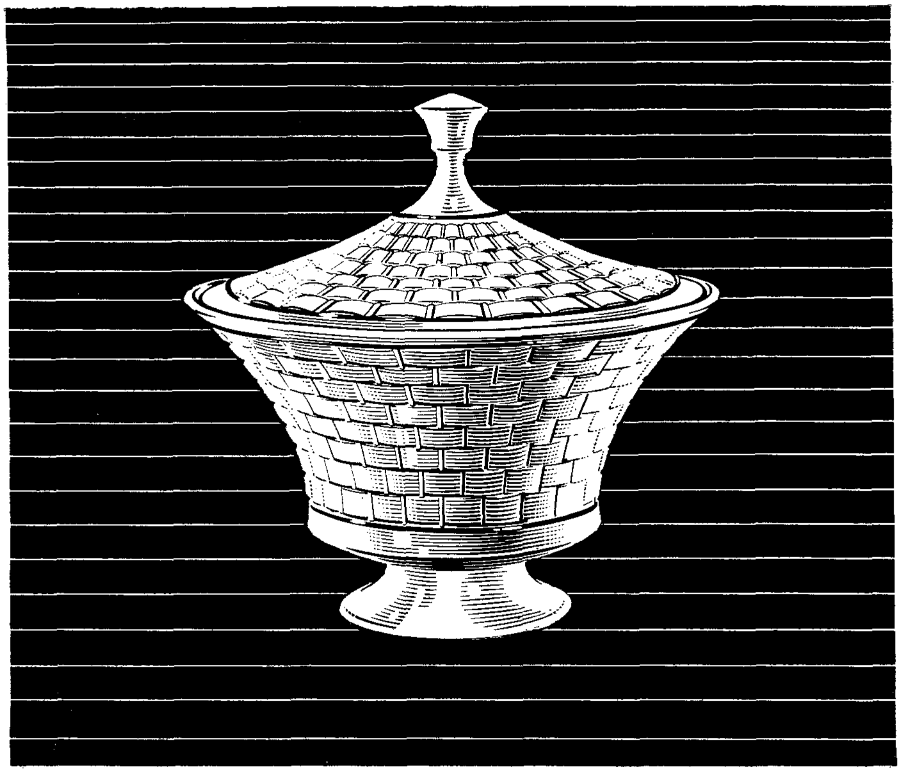
the bow—a precaution that Green himself never neglects. At dusk, when they had failed to return, Green began pacing his dock; he stayed up all night, listening for the sound of an outboard. Promptly at dawn, he and his wife clambered into his boat and took up the search, carrying hot coffee and food. When they were five miles out, his wife said, pointing off to the right, "Is that a stake, or a bird wading, or a derelict skiff?" "Whatever it is, it shouldn't be there," said Green. "So it's got to be them." Coming up alongside, he gave the half-frozen group a brisk but affectionate lecture on the dangers of motor failure.

Green likes best to fly-fish for tarpon—a beautiful species, weighing up to a hundred and fifty pounds, that has silvery, large-scaled sides and a back of grayish black, and is the gamest fish in the region. Time was, among the Conchs, or pioneer Bahamians, when tarpon was taken by spear and chunks were cut from its belly for chowder. Spearfishing now is outlawed in the upper Keys, and caught tarpon usually wind up, stuffed, on the wall of somebody's den up North. Until a few years ago, Green and most other guides cast for tarpon with gear that limited their catch to fish of twenty-five to fifty pounds; now, with the development of a new reel, they can handle fish weighing around a hundred and twenty-five pounds, and it is in this sort of fishing that Green plainly excels. In the first place, his eyes are so sharp that he can spot fish moving—and especially tarpon "rolling"—at distances up to three miles. (Like previous phenomena of athletics, among them Babe Ruth and Jack Dempsey, he can read—or stop down, in the manner of a fast-lens camera—the fine print on a whirling phonograph record. The knack has long been viewed by fight managers as a hopeful means of testing a likely boy's reflexes.) Also, Green's strong and unnaturally supple wrists, which measure nine inches around, enable him to whip a wet fly an inch or two ahead of a cruising tarpon's nose. When the fish lifts its head to take the lure, Green bellows his identifying cry of "Aaah!" and flips up the rod tip to tighten slack. To the beginner, a hooked tarpon's first thrashing leap—five to ten feet in the air—is a shocking development; the silver shape, very near at hand, looks larger than a horse, and several of Green's clients have tumbled from the boat in surprise. His adroit patience in helping a newcomer play a fish—checking its runs, maneuvering it to the gaff—is regarded as incomparable in the Keys, but Green himself, with vigorous self-effacement, considers that his neighbor Ted Williams, of the Boston Red Sox, is the greatest fisherman in the world. "Best goddam eyes and wrists I ever saw," he frequently says.

Green's least favorite occupation is stalking the intransigent bonefish—a non-edible scrapper, weighing from five to fourteen pounds, that feeds on flats bordering both sides of the Keys. The bonefish's ungenial charm is that it conspicuously dislikes being plucked from its native element, and will run with lunatic speed, stripping off line by the hundreds of yards. To catch even one of these creatures, a guide may have to pole his boat (the professional's skiff is too heavy to paddle or row, and the water is too shallow for a motor) for hours, often in blistering heat and usually against a strong wind. Green would far rather run a client twenty-five miles to the relatively unfished banks near the Everglades and hunt for redfish, which weigh around ten pounds and "tail" on the surface like bonefish but are collectible in much larger quantities.

By comparison with all the back-country fishing, Green regards his excursions on the ocean side of the Keys, for which he must use his big inboard boat (at a charge of sixty dollars per day), as a kind of vacation. Bottom-fishing over the nearby Crocker Reef for such edibles as red snapper, mutton snapper, grouper, and amberjack, or trolling farther out toward the Stream for sailfish, barracuda, king mackerel, dolphin, and marlin, requires little more of him than running the boat and baiting hooks with cut mullet and ballyhoo. Green is contemptuously indifferent to money, but he worries if a client spends sixty dollars for a day's fishing and returns to the dock empty-handed. To offset the emergence of any mercenary streak (and for fun), he is apt to declare himself temporarily out of business, and go fishing with Lesel Love. They repair to the reef and settle down to gamble for small sums. Love is alert to Green's stealthy dodge of calling out, when he has a fish unobtrusively hooked on the bottom, "All right, Les, we'll make it two bits that I pick up the next one." Love has learned to stall until he has hooked a fish of his own, when he casually replies, "Yes, sir, Mr. Cecil, I be glad to take that," and hauls it up in a hurry. Love would be hopelessly lost on the back-country side, but he often manages to outfish Green at the reef. During the ride home at these times, Green eyes Love with mildly hostile suspicion, while Love, chuck-



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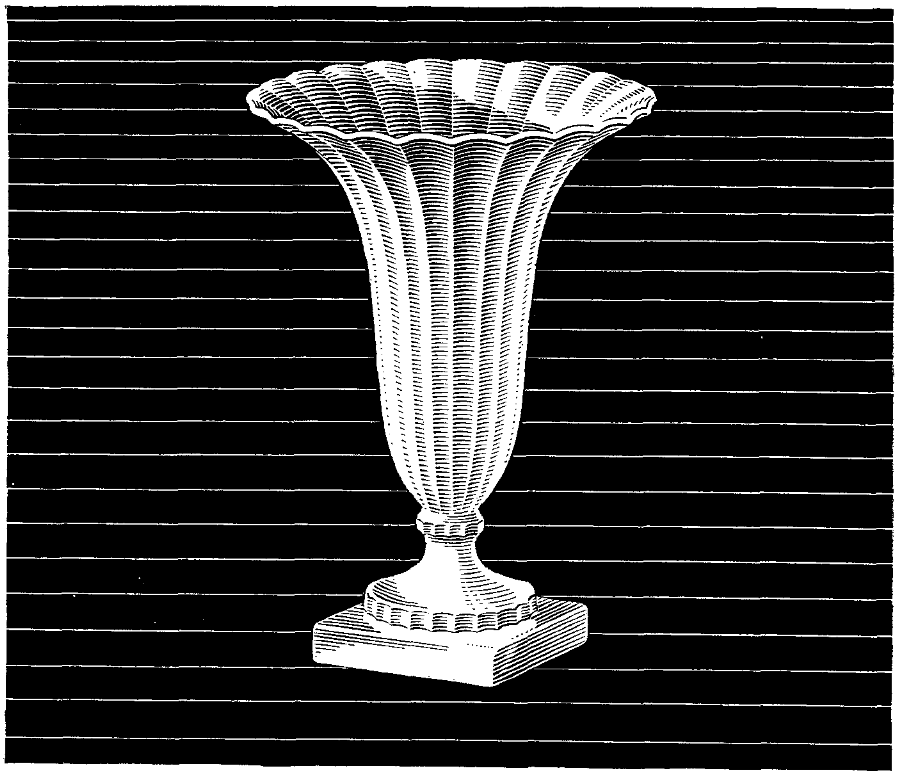

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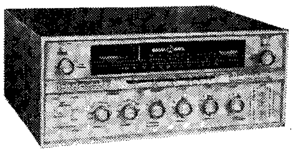
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ling, addresses comments to his boss in a tone of subtle raillery.

The Greens are proud of their guests and treat them with family concern, maintaining contact with them on a year-round basis, as they would check on a son or a daughter. A close connection with so many guests is occasionally bound to bring sadness. Not long ago, one of Green's best-loved clients and friends, Robert Symington, a retired Miami industrialist, died, and decreed in his will that his ashes were to be sent to Green for disposal "in the place where I've been happiest." The Greens spent an afternoon picking flowers and, toward twilight, ran their skiff out to the flat where Symington had caught his first bonefish. As Green poled the boat slowly along, his wife scattered the ashes and the flowers over the water. When they returned home, he went immediately to bed without having dinner, for the first time in his wife's memory.

KEYS dwellers were restless last September. The hurricane season—and especially its tag end—is a touchy time in the low, slender, unprotected land. Besides, the Seminoles, who are seldom wrong about natural phenomena, had early in the year predicted an autumn of violent storm. After the first warning about Donna, Green sat at his television set for days, making notes and listening to the weather reports that all but monopolized the programs from Miami. On the night of Thursday, September 8th, thirty hours before the worst hurricane in American history hit Islamorada, he got up and told his wife and her mother, "Pack a couple of bags. This looks like one hell of a storm, and it's headed right down my driveway."—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

NOV. 4—GLAND REMOVAL IN BEES. One of the glands that control social existence and produce harmony in bee colonies has been successfully removed from living bees for the first time by Cornell scientists.—*Bulletin from Cornell's College of Agriculture.*

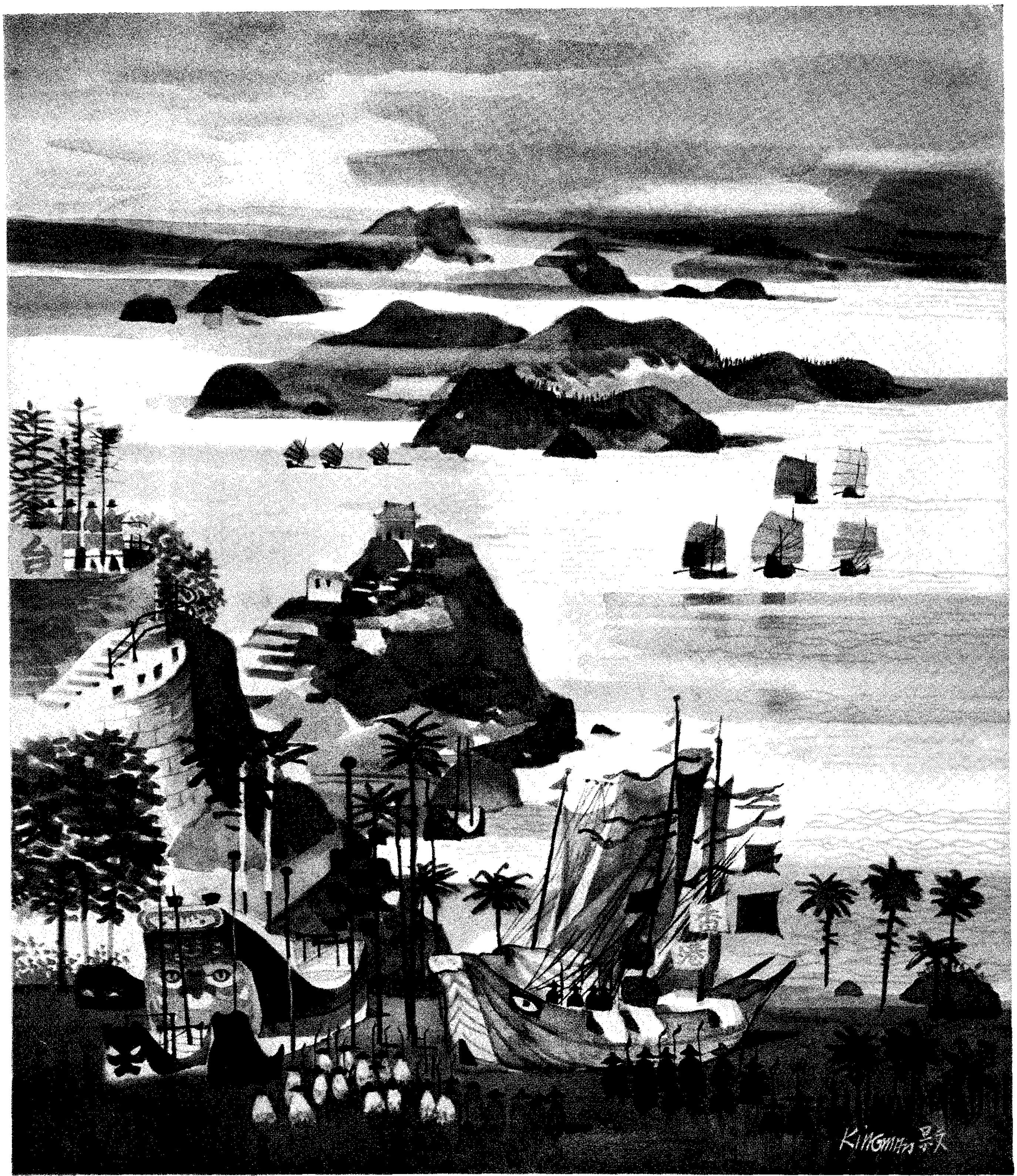
With a glad cry.

•

### NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*Robert J. Clements in the Saturday Review*]

Since Quasimodo composes in free verse and without rhyme, and his stylistic tricks are simple enough (suppression of articles and conjunctions, for example), the original lines can be rendered in exact approximation.



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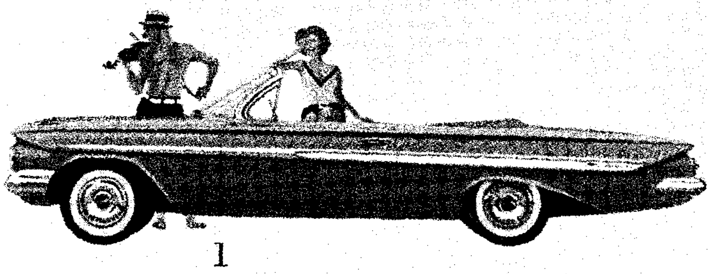

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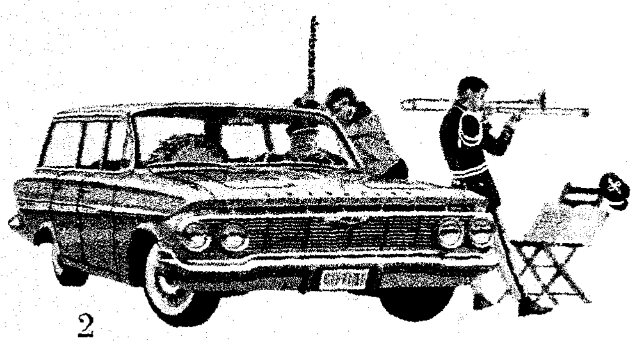

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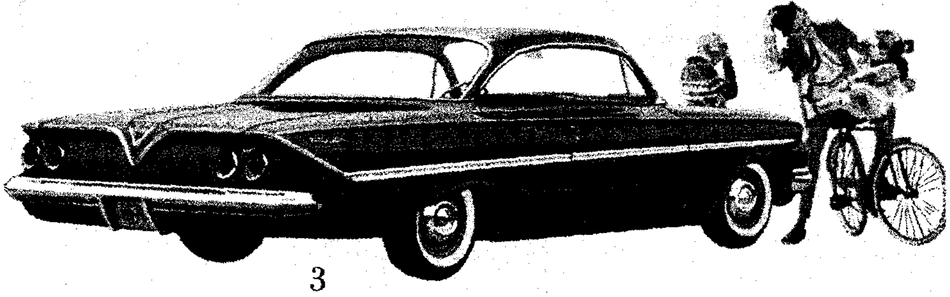

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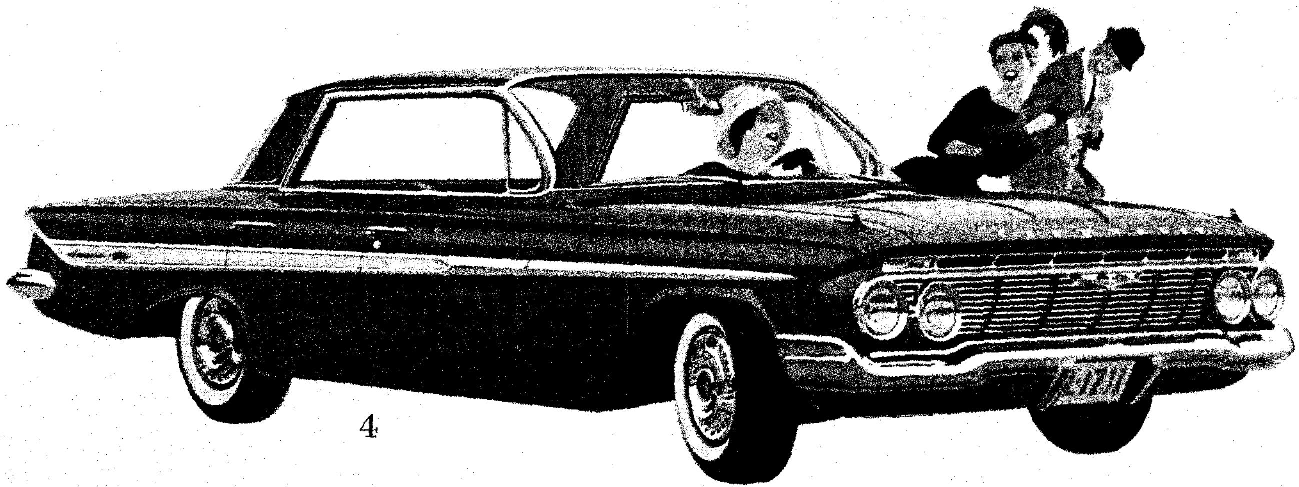

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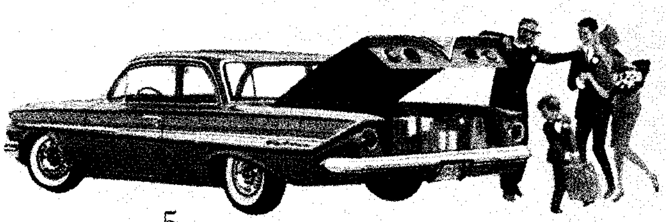

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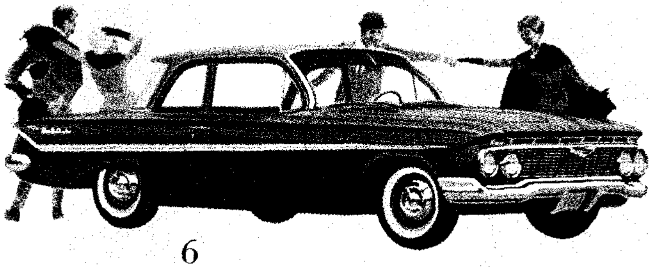

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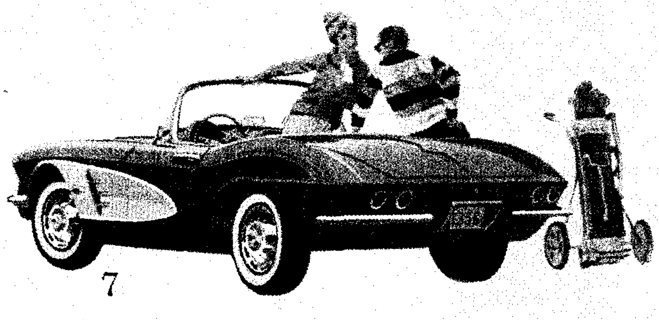

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JET-SMOOTH RIDE

CHEVROLET

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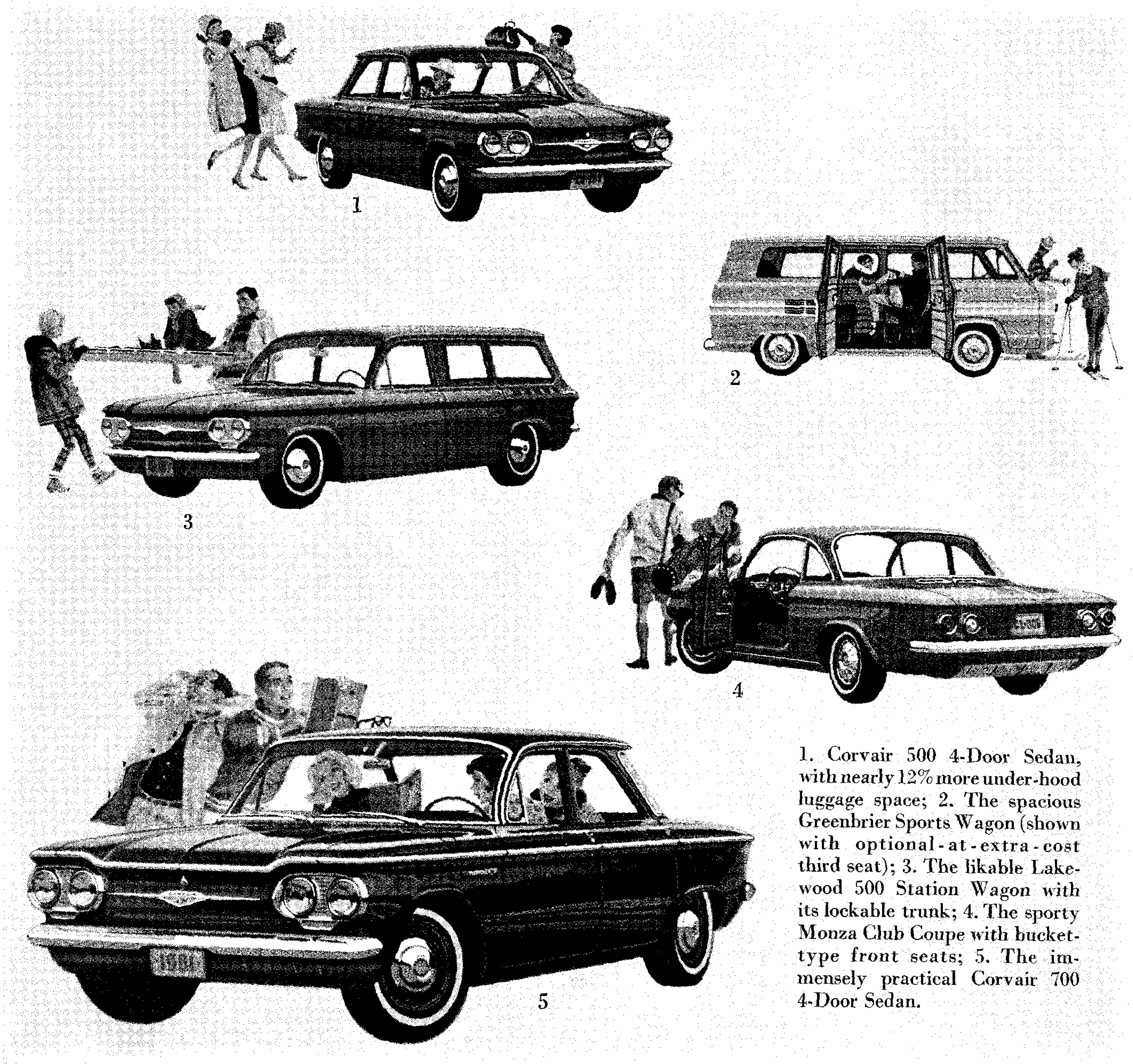

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In case you weren't listening when the word went around, the '61 Corvair's got a positive mania for nickel-nursing. Right off the bat, coupes and sedans are priced lower than last year. And every model goes *beaucoup* miles on a gallon. And certainly no other U.S. car is going to touch Corvair for skimping on antifreeze bills and radiator repair costs, because Corvair's air-cooled engine doesn't bother with 'em. Antifreeze and radiators, we mean.

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**corvair**

THE THEATRE

## DROPPED STITCH

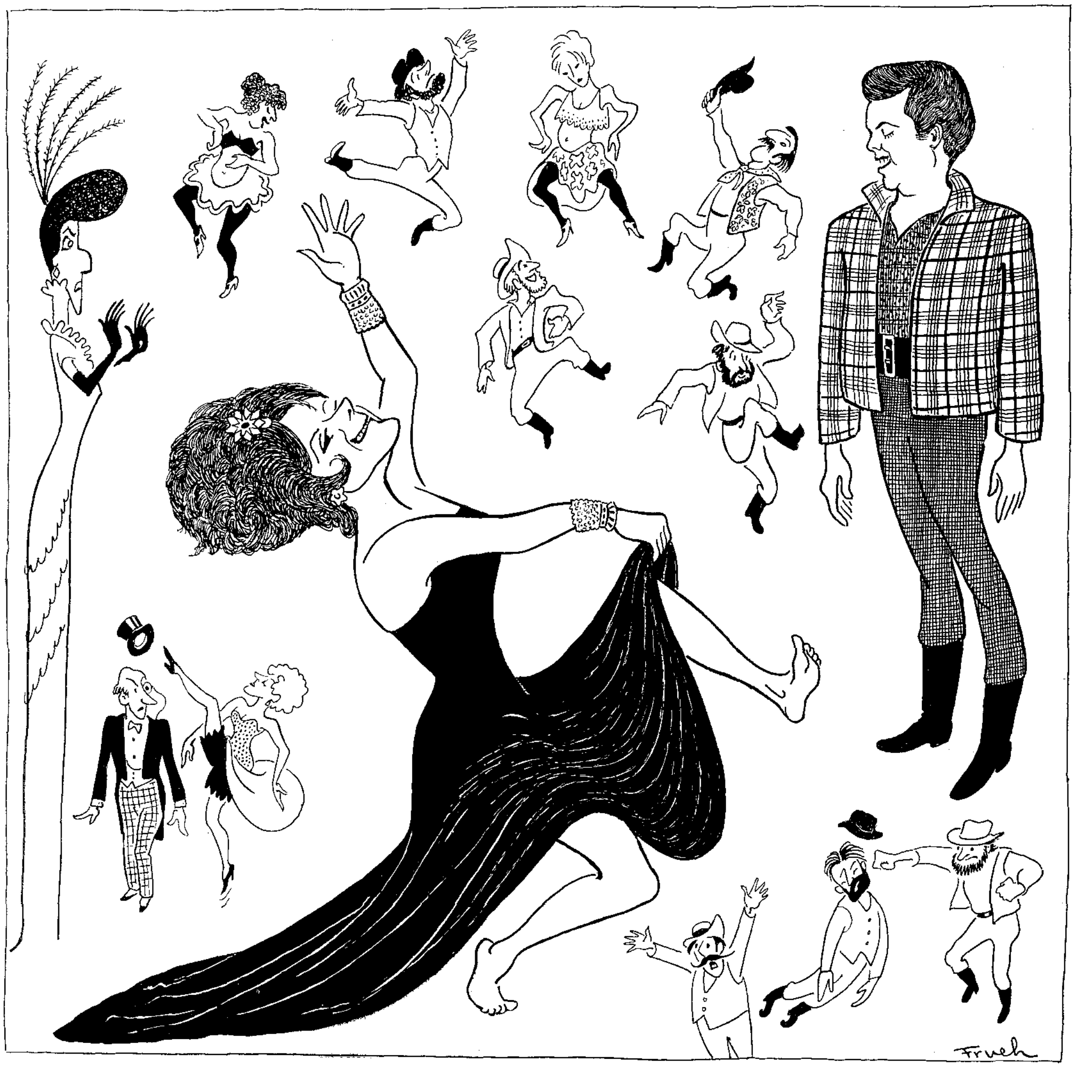
MARY CHASE, who fabricated "Harvey" and "Mrs. McThing" with such ebullient skill, has not shown anything like her usual dexterity in writing the new comedy called "Midgie Purvis," at the Martin Beck. True enough, every now and then Miss Chase's capacity for understanding the attitude of imaginative children toward their elders is entertaining, but by and large the play is an empty affair. To summarize the plot rapidly, a Middle Western dowager, antic as be-damned, is advised by her son that he doesn't want her cutting up when he introduces her to his intended and her parents, all of them serious types from Omaha. Taking umbrage at this, Mother moves out of the family mansion, which, as designed by Ben Edwards, looks like the result of an orange squash thrown in anger at a drive-in restaurant, and settles down in a hut furnished almost exclusively with pictures of Whistler's mother. The umbilical theme is developed when she hires herself out as a baby-sitter. As part of the jest, Tallulah Bankhead portrays the mother, and as she progresses, or retrogresses, from a blonde in ermine to a gray-haired wreck in denim, she occasionally throws out a line that is worthy of her. While Alice Pearce, who plays the Ma from Omaha, also engenders a laugh or two, "Midgie Purvis" is assuredly a sometime thing. For the record, it has been directed by Burgess Meredith, who has done as well as could be expected, and, along with Miss Bankhead and Miss Pearce, it has in its cast William Redfield, Clinton Sundberg, John Cecil Holm, Nydia Westman, Kip McArdle, and Russell Hardie.

"HOW TO MAKE A MAN" is a show that collapsed in Detroit, was revived, and landed with a dull clank at the Brooks Atkinson last week. It has to do with life in 1991, when, according to the author, William Welch, robots are going to contribute heavily to the population explosion. He should live so long. —JOHN McCARTEN

## OFF BROADWAY

### *Shaggy Dogs and Symbols*

MELODRAMA ages fast and gracelessly, a rule that the Phoenix, with its revival of Dion Boucicault's "The Octoroon," is either reaffirming or inexplicably demonstrating its ignorance of. To be sure, there are celebrated exceptions to this rule, like Dickens, whose buttery heroines and Pearl White plots are still around only because he was a comic genius and a gifted poet. But Boucicault, an Irish-American actor and contemporary of Dickens who wrote, adapted, or stole several hundred plays, was neither of these. Indeed,



"THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN"

*Chief cavorter in the general cavorting above is Tammy Grimes; on her left, dismayed, is Edith Meiser, and on her right, taking a more benevolent view of the hubbub, is Harve Presnell. These three appear in the musical (set mostly in Leadville, Colorado), with a book by Richard Morris and a score by Meredith Willson, at the Winter Garden.*

"The Octoroon," which is full of nineteenth-century echo-chamber prose, defies revival. It cannot easily be parodied, because it is already a self-parody, and parody of self-parody is so rarefied it is practically nonexistent. Nor is its self-parody good enough to be played straight. Moreover, the play's Uncle Tom materials are far more repellent now than they were a century ago, when "The Octoroon" was written. The Phoenix repertory company, which has already been defeated twice this season under coach Stuart Vaughan, attempts to surmount these pinnacles—the first two, anyway—by following the golden mean. Thus, it goes at the first half of the play straight, and clowns up the second. The third pinnacle, Uncle Tom, is simply walked around, or through, as rapidly as possible, the cast trailing embarrassment in its wake. (A slave-selling scene is done not with pathos but with bathos.) In any event, here is the musty gist of "The Octoroon." Terrebonne, a plantation in Louisiana, has fallen heavily in debt through the mismanagement of its kindly New England foreman. (This pleasant gibe at Yankee ingenuity, if that's what it is, is wholly uncharacteristic of the play.) The plantation is put up for sale, dooming its widowed mistress and its slaves, who have always been treated as Equals and who include Zoe—a handsome octoroon and the beloved natural daughter of Terrebonne's late master. An accomplice in this downfall is Jacob McCloskey, a wealthy Snopes who will pay any price for Zoe, even murder. By the fourth act (there are five), things are bad and getting worse. The property has been sold and the slaves have been auctioned off, with Zoe going to McCloskey for five figures. Then—and this is where the cast switches interpretations—it is discovered that McCloskey *has* committed murder in order to intercept a letter containing an eighty-five-thousand-dollar check that would put Terrebonne in the clear. McCloskey gets his from an Indian (who is Uncle Tommed even more heavily than the Negroes onstage), and Terrebonne is saved. Zoe, alas, takes poison before she hears the good news, and resonantly dies, arms and skirts trailing, long white neck arched. With the exception of John Heffernan, who approaches McCloskey's wickedness by jutting out his chin and by anxiously spread-eagling his fingers, as if his hands had suddenly become webbed, the cast goes about its tasks submissively and, under the circumstances, with considerable skill. Franklin Cover, as the Yankee foreman, is all heart and courtesy,

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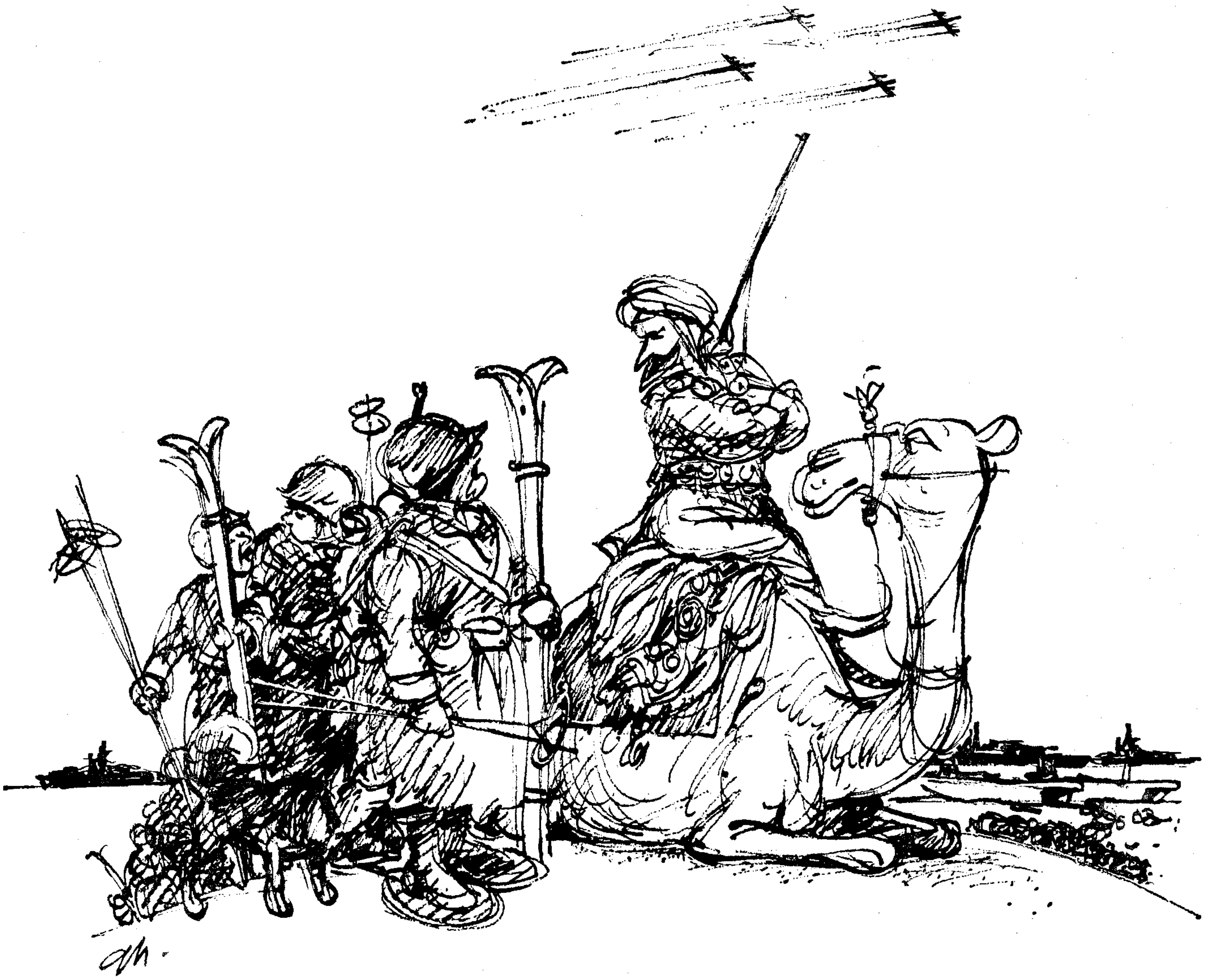

## PARDON MY NORWEGIAN, BUT WHICH WAY TO THE CASBAH?

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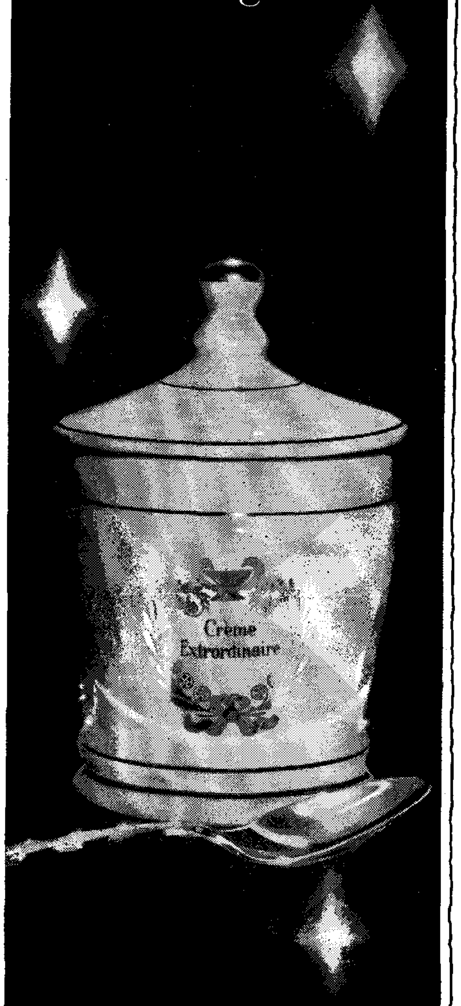

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Elizabeth Arden

and so is P. Jay Sidney, as Old Pete, the patriarchal butler. Juliet Randall, as Zoe, comes closest to surmounting her materials with a performance that is—well, rather noble. Peter Wingate's set is memorable for its Spanish moss, which appears to be fashioned out of green wool.

"CALL ME BY MY RIGHTFUL NAME," at the One Sheridan Square, is a brand-new melodrama in which the Negro is promoted from the role of a beloved but misunderstood shaggy dog to that of a virile but misunderstood symbol. The play is by Michael Shurtleff, one of whose characters "walks proud through the land" (the walker is a Negro, of course, since it is widely believed among modern dramatists that Negroes have not yet discovered the adverb) and whose scenes are described in the program as "March: In Like a Lion" and "April: Is the Cruelest Month." The principals are Doug Watkins, a self-styled oddball and graduate student at Columbia University; his roommate, Paul, a Negro and also a graduate student; and Chris, a comely female who gets involved first with Paul and then with Doug. When this entanglement is revealed to Doug in his and Paul's picturesque pad, furnished mainly with tall stepladders, which Doug continually runs up and down, Doug says all kinds of things to Paul that he didn't know he had in him, and they have a bone-crushing fight. Doug loses the fight, and Paul a sizable piece of his ego. We are left with Doug at last swallowing the doleful intelligence that he is not really a freethinker at all but only a garden-variety bigot. The one pinch of leaven in this hopeless humble pie is Joan Hackett, a slender, sloe-eyed girl who plays Chris with a simple eloquence that tends to make both Doug and Paul irretrievably symbolic. May she be seen soon in less abstract surroundings.

TWO of the "Three Modern Japanese Plays," at the Players Theatre, are exemplary one-act adaptations by Yukio Mishima of fifteenth-century *no* plays (the translations are by Donald Keene), and they are not so much plays as moral-poetic exhalations dealing with the delicate balance between constructive and destructive love. The first, "Sotoba Komachi," tells briefly of a young poet who falls in love with a ninety-nine-year-old crone, who thereupon is transformed into a young beauty. She warns him that he will die if he mentions her beauty. But he cannot help himself. He praises her, dies, and the

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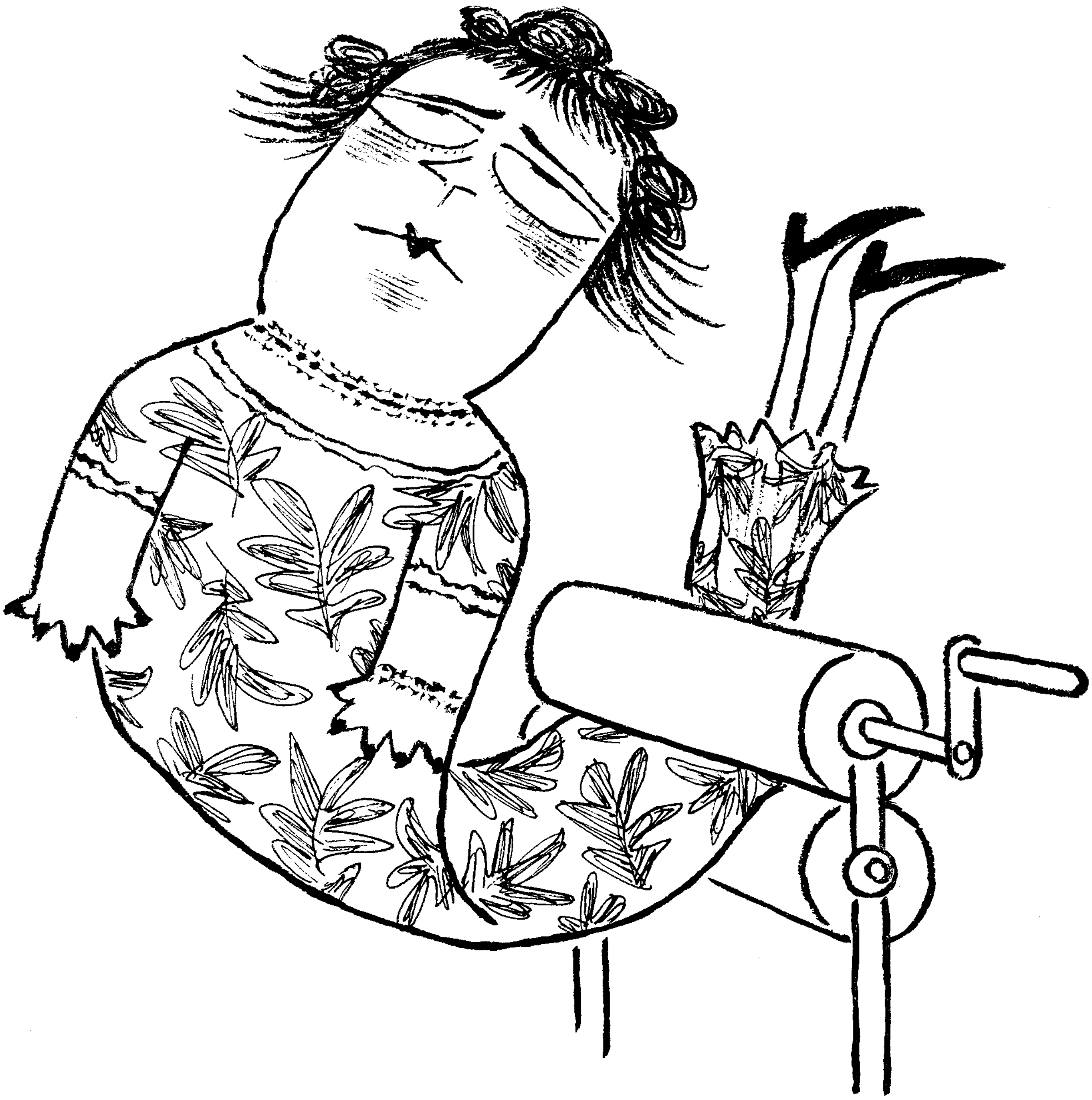

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woman reverts to old age. In the second play, "The Damask Drum," a middle-aged janitor falls in love with a beautiful courtesan he has seen only through the window of a dress shop across the street. Each day he writes her an impassioned letter, but with no effect. A group of the girl's admirers, gathered in the dress shop one evening, taunt the janitor by throwing him a damask-covered drum and a note saying that if he can make the woman hear the drum above the street noises she will grant him the single kiss he desires. The drum, of course, is soundless, and the janitor kills himself. A week later, he returns as a ghost, declares his love to the woman, and again beats the drum, which thunders. She recognizes the janitor as her only genuine lover, but it is too late; her senses are dead, and she hears nothing. Only a breath of these fragile ironies gets through Herbert Machiz' direction. (Machiz also adapted the third play, "Han's Crime," from a short story by Shiga Naoya. It involves a long-winded knife thrower who recounts how he killed his wayward wife during their act. The audience must decide whether it was accidental or not.) The cast is painfully all-American, and despite heavy, stylized makeup, nearly bare sets, and excellent incidental music, composed and played by Teiji Ito, the two plays are handled in such a blunt, fleshy manner that it is a relief when the trampling is done.

PERHAPS the most gracious way to describe "Elsa Lanchester—Herself," a one-woman show, at the Forty-first Street Theatre, in which that sterling, redoubtable actress monotonously flutes, shouts, bats, and leaps her way (with two-piano assistance) through a dozen or so ballads, parlor songs, street cries, and patter numbers—many of them done in Cockney, with her distraught rising-sun hair standing straight on end—is not to describe it at all. According to the program, the evening has been "censored," rather than directed, by Charles Laughton, Miss Lanchester's remarkably indulgent husband.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

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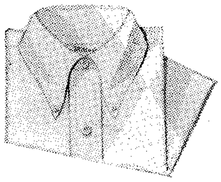

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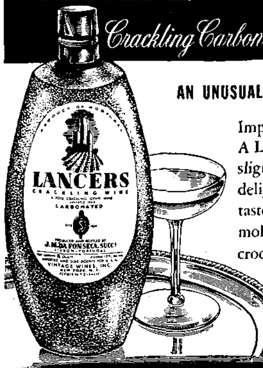

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JERUSALEM

DEAR FRANK,

Here's another letter about an area a lot of my friends will never see.

These pretending to be religious people have built churches and mosques and shrines upon everything in the Bible they could find.

With such a mumbo-jumbo about religion, I don't wonder Russia has kicked religion out of its life.

Here's a church built upon the hand of John the Baptist. The hand is there upon exhibit encased in a brass gauntlet, although the church was built hundreds of miles from where he lived and 400 years after he died.

Here's another church built upon the head of John the Baptist.

Here's a great mosque built over the very stone where Abraham was going to offer his son for sacrifice.

The church was built hundreds of years after this happened but they have the very stone in this church.

Then there's a beautiful church built upon the Mount of Olives from which Christ ascended to heaven. Then they show you a solid rock and the footprint of Christ that he made in the rock when he pushed up.

They have a shrine built over the cave they call the Milk Grotto. Here Mary nursed the infant Jesus and a drop of her milk dropped upon the rock. This drop of milk turned all the rock to white. Then if any mother didn't have much milk, if she'd put a chip of the rock in water or wine and then drink the water or wine, she would have lots of milk.

They chipped so much rock away the guards had to put an iron fence around the rock to save the grotto.

I was surprised to see how far it is from Jerusalem to Nazareth, over a hundred miles. I was surprised to see how far below sea level the Dead Sea is, 1300 feet.

Jericho upon the Jordan River is a lovely place, warm. They raise bananas and oranges, dates, figs and so forth.

The people in this area are as they were at the time of Christ. Thousands still live in dirty tents and caves. There are more donkeys upon the roads than autos. They still plow with a wooden plow and an oxen or donkey.

They make the road rock by crushing big rocks by hand and carry the rock and dirt to widen the roads in baskets upon their shoulders. In Jordan there is no school requirements so most of the children don't go to school.

Most men wear long dresses as Christ did. I don't think their clothes are as clean as Christ's clothes were.

We got a laugh here. If you leave your shoes in the hall in front of your door the porter shines them during the night.

My friend only has one pair of shoes and he was worrying if he left his shoes out if he'd lose them. Anyway he got up courage and left them out. Well, my wife is full of fun, so she snitched his shoes before he got up.

Holy smokes! They had all the porters and the maids searching all over the place. Then they all went downstairs to the manager. We put the shoes back. I think they'll build a church here to celebrate the miracle of the found shoes.

Cairo and Egypt next.

Your friend,
FRANK EASTMOND

—*American Fork (Utah) Citizen.*

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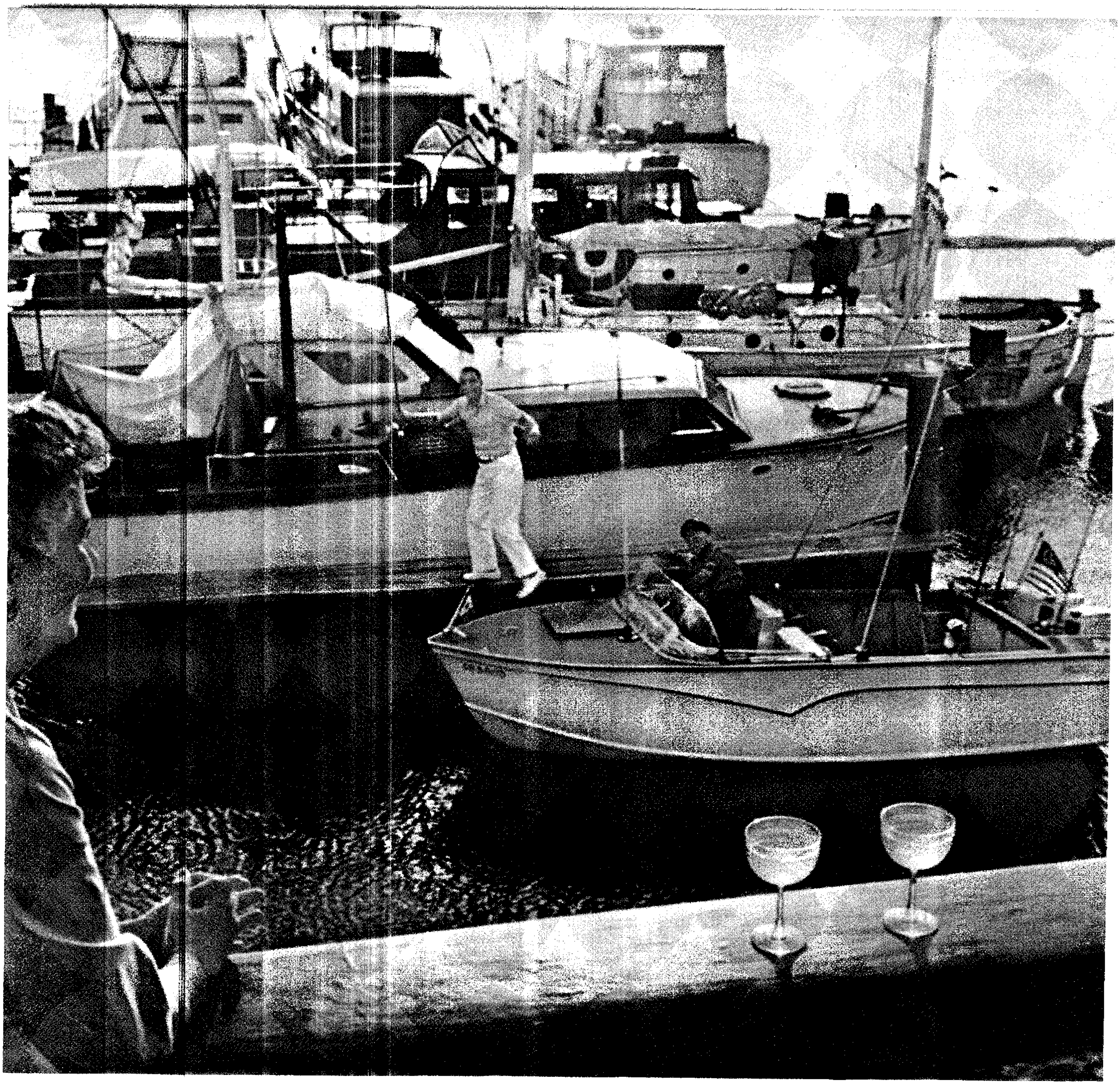

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My husband, who had got into a martini rut, suddenly looked at the cocktail hour with new interest when he discovered the "Golden Gate." In Puerto Rico, it would even bring him back from fishing *early*. See photograph.

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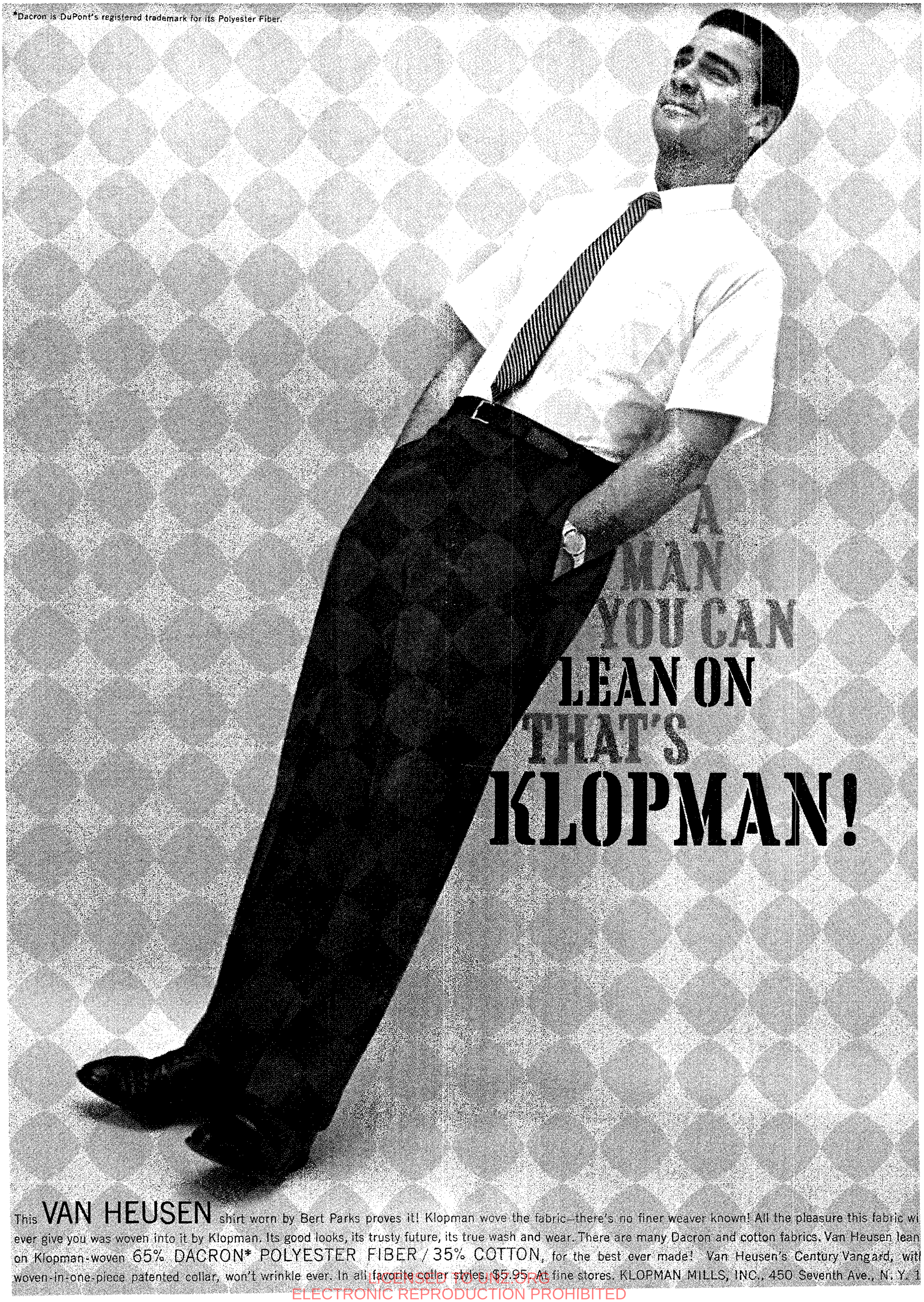

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# LETTER FROM LONDON

FEBRUARY 1

THE subject of capital punishment, which invariably arouses stronger emotional feelings both in and out of Parliament than practically any other controversial domestic issue, is once more being heatedly discussed by press, public, and Parliamentarians here. Since the Homicide Act of 1957 was brought in as a compromise measure after the House of Lords had thrown out a bill for the total abolition of the death penalty—a bill that the House of Commons, voting according to the Members' individual consciences and not party loyalties, had approved—the argument between the Abolitionists and the Hangers has slumbered and flared up fitfully. Last week it was back in the headlines, because murder has also flared up recently in an alarming way. It was stated in the Commons that there have been over fifty murders in Britain since December 1st—a sudden jump, it would seem to perturbed ordinary citizens, since the entire number "known to the police" in 1960 was a hundred and fifty-two. The experts have pointed out that two months do not furnish any reliable graph of changing crime habits. All the same, public anxiety has been really aroused by the current spate of sexual killings of young women and children, whose disappearances and subsequent ugly fates seemed for a while to make almost daily headlines. A bunch of Tory M.P.s, doubtless impelled by the agitated contents of their mailboxes, have just brought in a motion asking that this class of murder be included in the list of capital crimes, which at present it is not. (The Homicide Act laid down that the death penalty should be retained only for murderers who rob as well as kill, murderers who shoot or blow up their victims, murderers who kill on the run from the police or who kill a policeman or a prison warder, and murderers who have been convicted of a previous killing.) On the other hand, the Abolitionist campaign lately started up again with vigor when the Home Secretary, Mr. R. A. Butler, declined to reprieve a youth who had been sentenced to death for a brutal murder with robbery, this leading to a Labour demand that the minimum age

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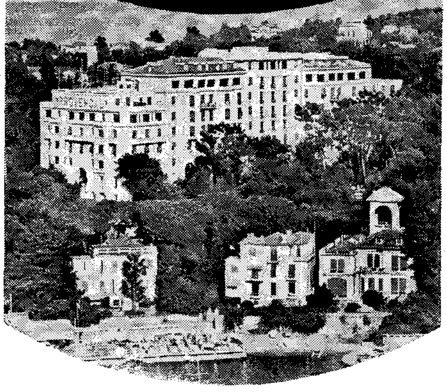
for being liable to the death penalty be shifted from eighteen, as it now stands, to twenty-one. Mr. Butler will therefore be under sharp fire from both sides.

Broadly speaking, it is the Conservatives who want to widen the range of the definition of capital murder (it is a favorite left-wing cartoonist convention to depict the women delegates at Conservative conferences, where the subject is always certain to produce a storm, as a bunch of harpies, out for hanging and flogging to the last bloodthirsty matron), and the Labour and Liberal Opposition who are for abolition (and are shown by Conservative satirists as long-haired softies, weeping over executed criminals while largely ignoring the bodies of their victims). When Mr. Butler answered questions in the House last week, he displayed a calm lack of inclination to budge in either direction or even to hint that he would take another look at the workings of the Homicide Act before it has run for a longer testing period. What seems likely is that in the present surge of national alarm the arguments of those who see the death penalty as a deterring watchdog that ought to be kept in the yard, and even given an extra yard or two of chain, will be very greatly stiffened.

BY an odd coincidence, a remarkable book that has a bearing on the subject came out ten days ago and promptly became the subject of grave newspaper editorials, television debates, distinguished reviews, questions in Parliament, and fascinated discussions among its readers—the kind of reception that authors dream of in wistful moments but rarely receive. The book, "Ten Rillington Place," is prefaced by an "Open Letter to the Home Secretary," to which Mr. Butler has already replied briefly in the Commons that he is going to read the whole thing carefully. The author, Ludovic Kennedy, is one of the team of political commentators who appear on B.B.C. Television's sharp, intelligent Monday-night "Panorama" program, dealing with topics of the hour, and he has twice stood as a Liberal candidate. His book, already a best-seller, is shaking to the core those readers who have hitherto believed comfortably that British justice makes no mistakes and that—as the Lord Chancellor, Lord Kilmuir, stated some years back, when he was Sir David Maxwell Fyfe—there is "no practical possibility" of an innocent man's being hanged in this country. For Ten Rillington Place (the street



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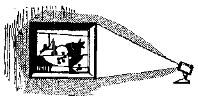

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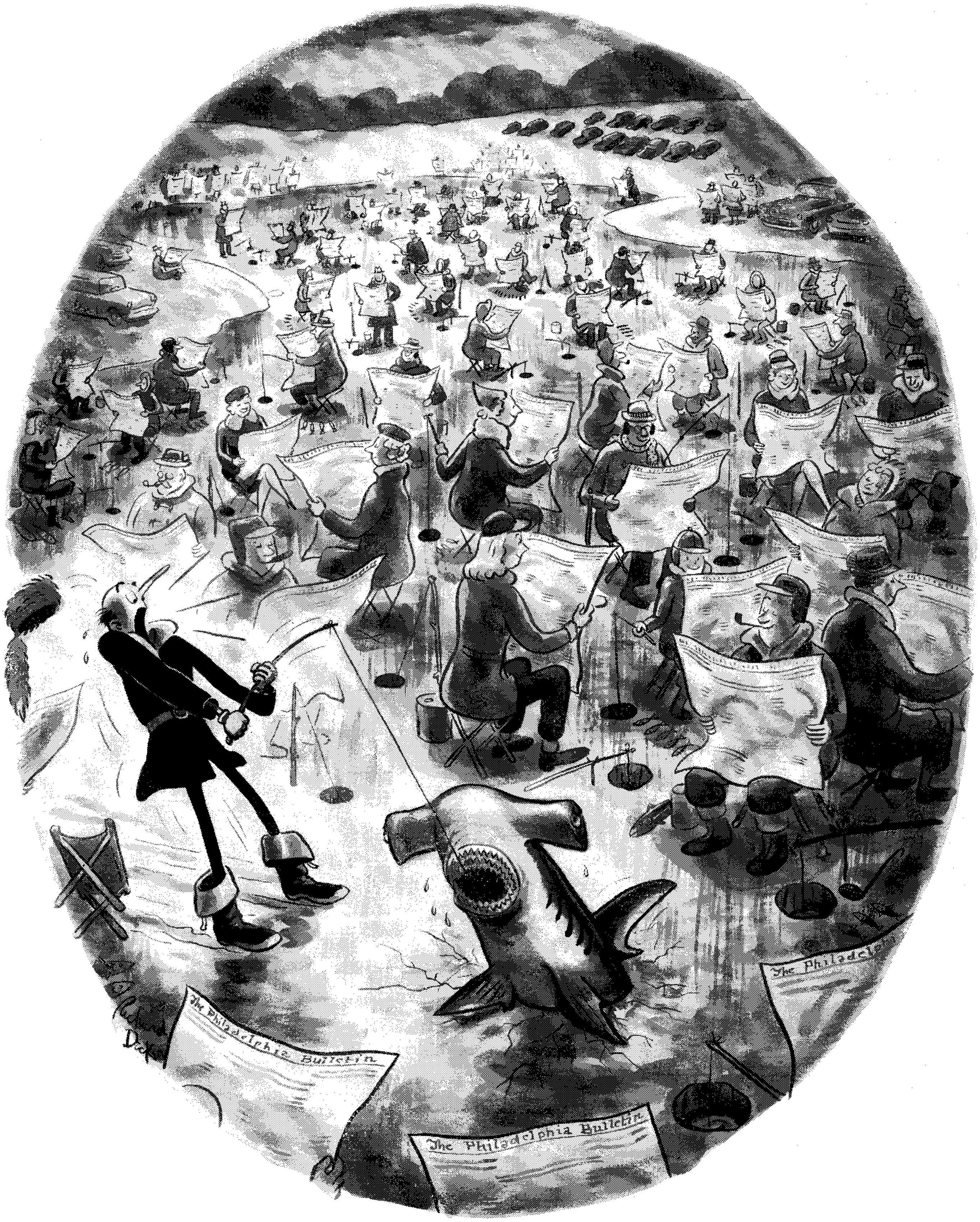
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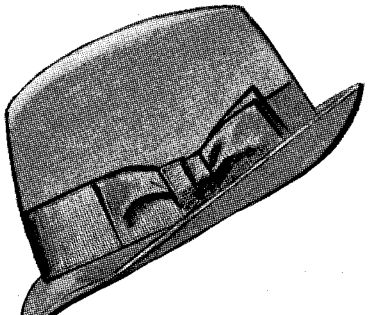

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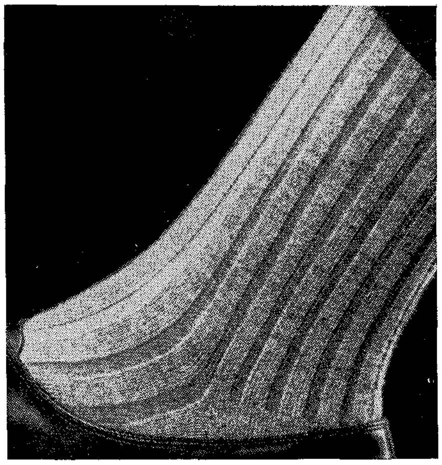

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later changed its name to Ruston Close, out of consideration for squeamish future tenants) was the squalid little house in Notting Hill—a shabby district that today sometimes comes into the news through trouble breaking out between its white and colored inhabitants—whose ground-floor flat was occupied by a bald, spectacled white man called John Christie. This necrophilic ghoul had strangled six women for pleasure and managed to stow them away in the back yard—where he grew runner beans over them—and in various crevices of his cramped, badly built flat while his unsuspecting neighbors nodded "cheerio" over the wall to nice Mr. Christie doing his digging. He was arrested in 1953, and the case was so incredibly horrible that it even diverted public attention from the death of Queen Mary. The shattering thought that immediately struck large numbers of startled citizens as the grim tale of Rillington Place unfolded was that justice had indeed miscarried and, three years earlier, had hanged the wrong man. In 1950, a twenty-five-year-old illiterate little Welshman called Timothy Evans, who lived in the flat over Christie's, had been executed for strangling his pretty wife, Beryl, and their baby daughter, Geraldine, after a trial at which that respectable gardener Mr. Christie had been chief witness for the prosecution. Habitual compulsion to lie and brag led Evans to make two "confessions," under long police questioning, which he later—but fatally later—took back, thereafter sticking doggedly to the statement (of whose truth a sizable section of the British public was uneasily convinced three years later) that "Christie done it." The jury, unaware that two of Christie's victims were already under the runner beans, sent Evans to the gallows. When Christie was finally brought to trial, he confessed in the witness box to having murdered Mrs. Evans but did not confess to having strangled the baby—that being a crime that even this smug, genteel monster of iniquity apparently thought it prudent to suppress. Ludovic Kennedy has no doubt that he did both murders. What seems certain is that no jury knowing the facts about Christie would have convicted Evans.

Mr. Kennedy, in his really masterly reconstruction, for which he spent a year interviewing everybody concerned who was still alive, is particularly disturbing about the action of the police in editing, and even suppressing, one vital piece of evidence, given by

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some workmen who had been cheerfully tinkering with repairs to the gruesome house at the time; if it had come out, it would have been vital to Evans' case. These policemen believed with utter sincerity, apparently, as did everyone else connected with the case, that he must be guilty, and that therefore the workmen's recollections were obviously muddled and imperfect—a highly alarming explanation to ordinary readers, which Mr. Kennedy gives mildly enough. He comes out with really impassioned bitterness, however, against the Home Secretary at the time of Christie's trial, who was none other than the Sir David Maxwell Fyfe who once uttered the reassuring remarks about the safety of an innocent man in a British court, and also against Mr. Scott Henderson, the Queen's Counsel who was directed by Sir David, because of the public criticism and questioning of the affair, to conduct an inquiry into the dead Evans' innocence or guilt. The resulting report, scrambled through in the incredibly skimpy time of eleven days, appeared to ignore the many facts and arguments that told in Evans' favor; concluded that Christie's statement about having strangled Beryl Evans in exactly the same manner as the other women was untrue; and, also incredibly, found that the jury had returned a right verdict when it decided that Evans was guilty. In his "open letter," Mr. Kennedy asks Mr. Butler to direct a fresh inquiry, but the Home Secretary said last week in Parliament that he was not in favor of the idea. What most people think is more likely is that Evans will be pardoned posthumously, to make some sort of amends to his Catholic family—and to make an extraordinary chapter in British legal history, too. If this happens, "Ten Rillington Place" will certainly turn out to be the culmination of the long campaign that has been going on here to prove his innocence. It is also, in a way, providing an argument for those who want to see capital punishment abolished, since if there had been no death penalty, any possible wrong could have been put right with the man, and not with his dim, accusing, and indeed haunting little ghost.

THERE are two exhibitions running at Burlington House at the moment—its customary vast winter event, this time entitled "The Age of Charles II," and, accommodated in a couple of smaller galleries off the main lobby, a selection of the treasures of Trinity College, Dublin, centering on

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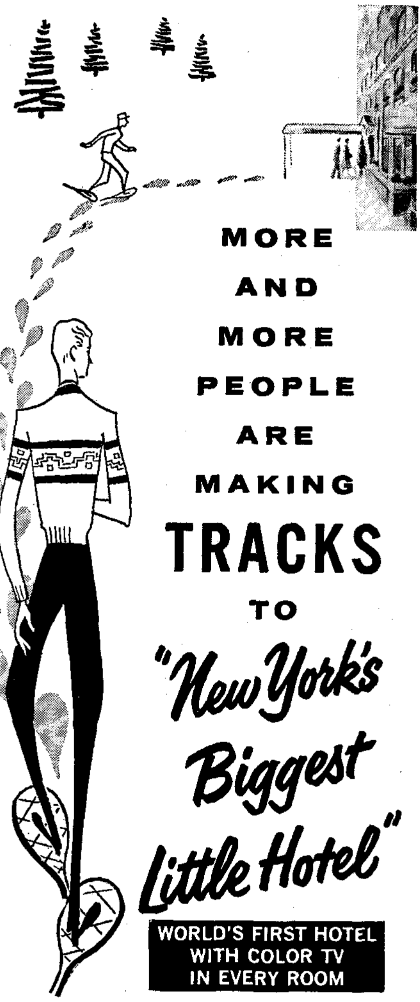

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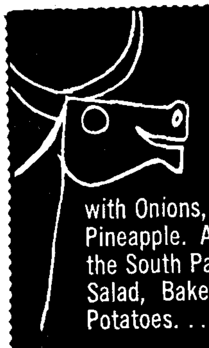

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its supreme treasure, the wondrous Book of Kells, never before allowed to journey outside Ireland. The big show—a slightly belated tercentenary celebration of the restoration of the monarch in May, 1660—is a rich, plummy, rather stodgy helping of the seventeenth-century arts that really needs more than one visit to be digested in comfort. The finest outpourings of the English genius of the age were being expressed elsewhere, in the architecture of Wren, the writings of Dryden and Bunyan, and the music of Purcell—all difficult to convey in an exhibition, although the Royal Society is represented by some fascinating cases of scientific instruments, including Isaac Newton's famous reflecting telescope. The domestic arts show the imported tastes of the Continental courts, which Charles had admired in his exiled wanderings and which were reproduced for him by the artists and craftsmen he brought home in his triumphant train. Evelyn recorded the "luxury and intolerable expense" that followed the King's return, and the Burlington House exhibition provides enough to dazzle the eyes and bemuse the spirit—for instance, the *now rare and fabulous furniture entirely covered in sheets of heavily embossed* silver. It was a great age for portraiture, and the Stuart face, of course, turns up again and again in the galleries—as a handsome little boy in Van Dyck's splendid composition of the five children of Charles I (lent by the Queen), and, finally, in the wax funeral effigy from Westminster Abbey, standing sardonic, sallow, and startlingly life-sized in blue and scarlet velvet Garter robes, tall plumed hat, and a beehive wig of coarse black hair. The prettiest portrait is of Nell Gwyn, who chose to sit to Simon Verelst in her shift, charmingly nude to the waist, and was only in modern times cleaned of what the show's erudite catalogue solemnly calls "extensive prudent over-painting."

The Trinity College exhibit is brilliantly presented against a photomontage of the elegant college architecture, whitewashed Irish cabins, and details of the adornments on the pages of the precious illuminated manuscripts. The final room has been kept dramatically dark, so that it seems like a cave, in the center of which, spotlighted and attended by a uniformed guard, lies the Book of Kells in a glass case, side by side with the also famous Lindisfarne Gospels, an additional treasure, lent by the British Museum for this unique occasion. One should add that a football scrum of visitors surrounds the cases permanently,

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if you're debonair enough to know that Master Orange Toast tickles and tempts your taste buds. Its unsurpassable crispness and orange tanginess are the very stuff dreams are made of. Filled with cheer to make your heart beat faster!

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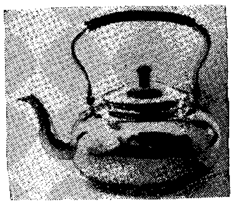

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and that to catch a glimpse of either of the holy books requires patience, strong elbows, and excellent eyesight. The Book of Kells consists of the four gospels written on vellum between the late eighth and the early ninth century by the Columban monks at the monastery of Kells. Only the Book of St. Matthew is here in London, and it will be opened every week at a different page until it returns to Dublin in early March. Last week, it was opened at a spirited portrait of the Evangelist himself, holding in his hand what looked like a letter but was probably a copy of his Gospel—the whole page covered with a profusion of delicate gold and blue and green spiral whorls and key patterns, which the anonymous artists never repeated. The Book of Kells was described in 1066—which was comparatively close to it in time—as being "the principal relic of the western world." The other afternoon, surrounded by men in bowler hats, hard-breathing ladies clutching umbrellas, and scholarly-looking visitors who hovered over it in obvious ecstasy, it seemed to give off a sort of extraordinary atmosphere of its own, compounded of vast antiquity, piety, and mystery, which drew people back again and again to struggle for a look at it.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

### FACT AND FANCY

Once upon a time, in Telephonia, a Princess looked to a life of service to her people.

She was well schooled and capable—petite and very pretty, too. Happiest when busy, her face gleamed as she worked.

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Bel-Cistem, knowing well how truly she spoke, nodded approval. So the Princess set out to offer her services to all Telephonians.

But enough of fancy! . . .—*Stuffer with a phone bill.*

Oh, no! Please, more!

•

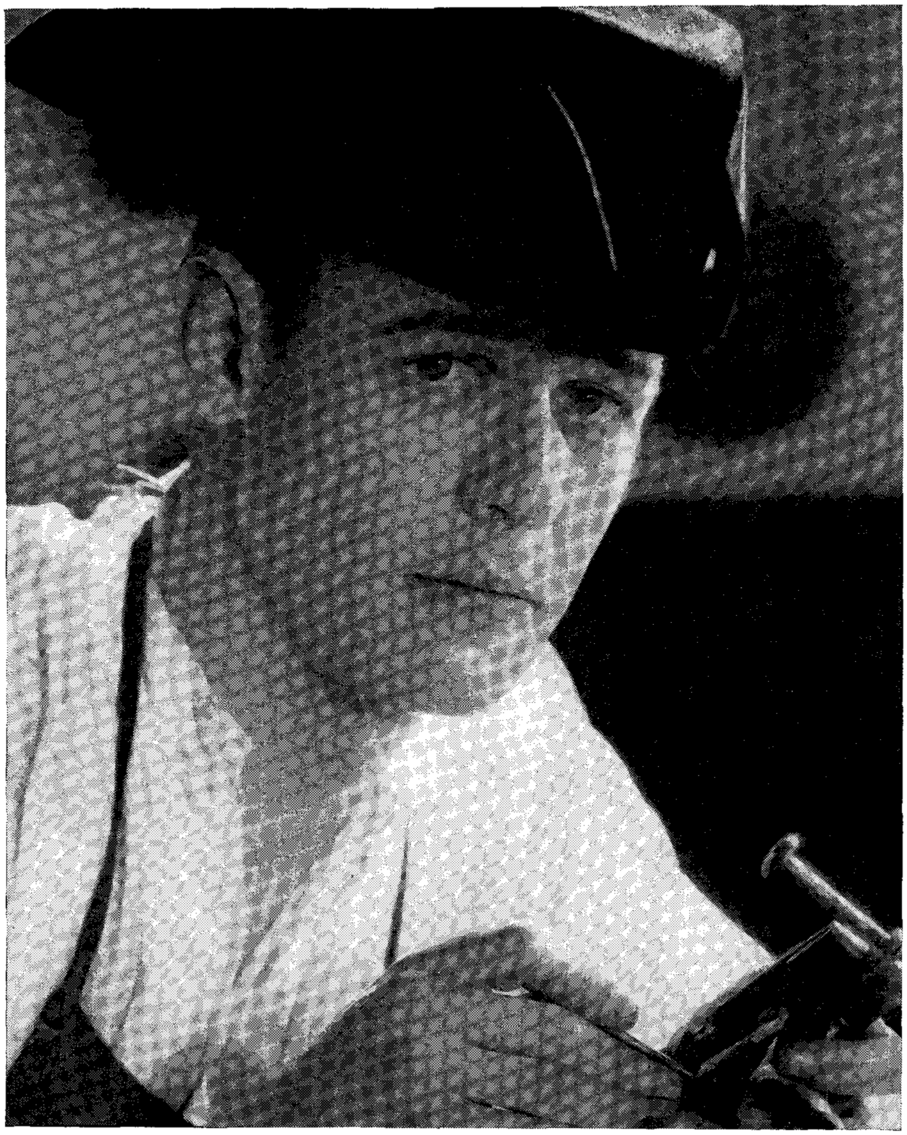
### THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "The Plumed Serpent," by D. H. Lawrence, 1926*]

"—Oh, if only the world would blow up like a bomb!"

"It won't!" said Kate.

"True enough.—Ah, well!"



ONE OF A SERIES OF WILLIAMSBURG PORTRAITS BY FABIAN BACHRACH

# Son of a Gunsmith

APPRENTICE PETER FARRELL is learning a little something about history: *how to make it.* The flintlock he is examining is but one of many that helped free the Colonies from the British Crown. We shall never know how eloquent its speech for freedom; but we do know this, without such lads as Peter with his flintlock, the Revolution would never have been won.

Master Farrell is just one of many apprentices and craftsmen you will see at their traditional tasks in Williamsburg. Here, too, you will meet the bootmaker, whose customers of old could well have had two left feet, for they always ordered both shoes fashioned from a single last. And the surgeon-apothecary, who may yet sell you a leech, but will surely hesitate to bore your skull for the 'vapors'.

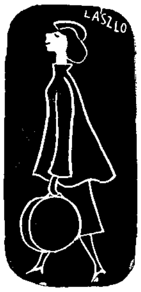
The spirit of eighteenth century America lives on. Come visit Williamsburg and *see.*

*For color folder, information, reservations at the Williamsburg Inn, Lodge or The Motor House, write Box 718, Williamsburg, Va., see Travel Agent or call CIrcle 6-6800 in New York, FEderal 8-8828 in Washington.*

COLONIAL
Williamsburg
VIRGINIA

# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

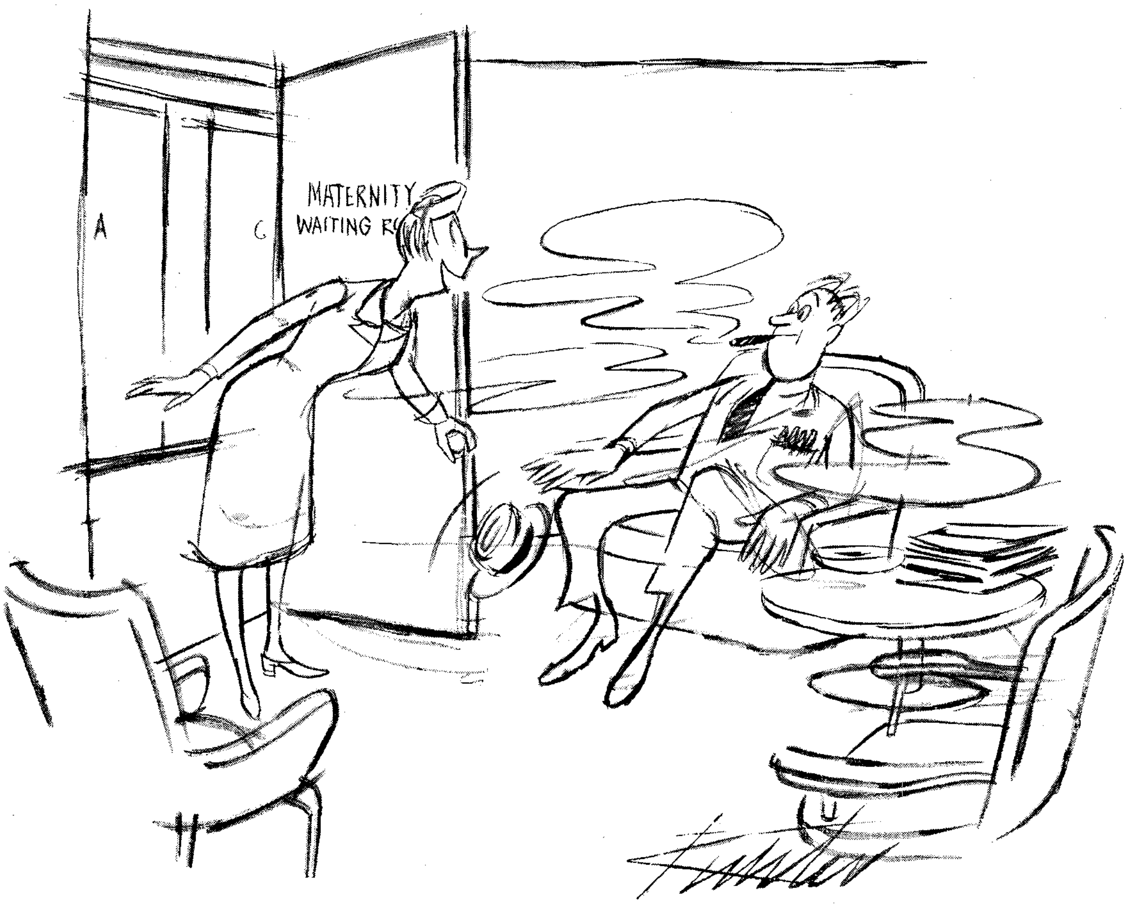
## THIS AND THAT



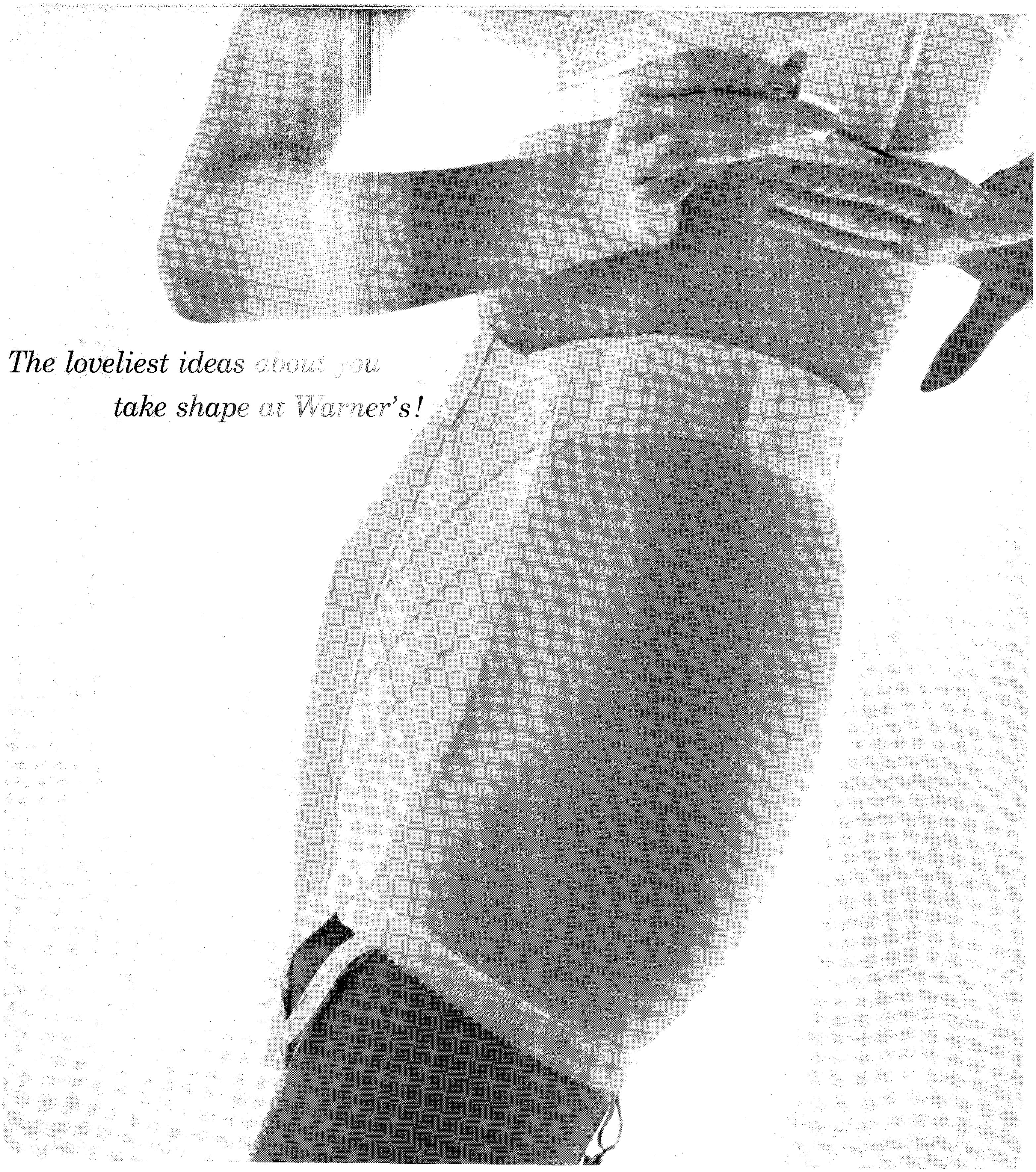
Eleanora Garnett, at 47 East 51st Street, has decided to turn out wedding clothes, simple and simply beautiful ones, in her Italian workrooms. An ivory satin dress is done with a shoulder-tip décolletage, three-quarter tube sleeves, a fitted bodice, and a widely box-pleated court train. This is shown with a long veil of white silk illusion topped by a matching, and towering, draped turban that is wreathed with sprays of lilies of the valley above the hairline—a scheme that's most becoming to brides with oval faces, and there're always plenty of *them*. Veils here, by the way, are all to order, so that they'll compliment the face and the dress. The skirt of a trainless ivory faille with a high, collarless neck and below-elbow sleeves erupts into two enormous unpressed pleats down the back and a single one, sort of like a panel, in front. A saintly dress of oyster-white satin is nevertheless short enough to show the slippers in front but dips into a brief train. This time, the front panel is real. Broad, unpressed pleats go down the sides, and narrow, shirred pleats go down the back. An off-white satin, quite nineteenth-century, has a scoop neck, and a matching sash that is tied in a large bowknot on the left side billows out into a train vast enough to require trainbearers or pages. A striking and very *twentieth-century* dress is of white satin and is collarless. It is slit modestly on the chest, and its pleated barrel skirt is slit boldly from the hem almost to the knee, but it's more circumspect than this suggests. The dresses here are available in white or pastel faille, satin, silk organza, or peau de soie; sizes run from 8 to 16, and prices run from $305 well up. There's a twenty-percent surcharge if they are made to measure. Veils begin at $90. And both dresses and veils take a month.

Bergdorf Goodman's wedding dresses, sizes 6 to 16, require (though they are not custom) four to six weeks. Among the crop of short ones is a long-sleeved, bell-skirted ivory satin whose high neck is encircled by a collar of ivory rose-point lace. A sheath of ivory peau de soie with a wide V neck and three-quarter set-in sleeves has a harem back and an attached overskirt with panniers at the sides. Long but slim peau-de-soie bows flutter behind the shoulders. This is $135. (The lowest price here is $125, and the highest is $900.) Among the long dresses are two rather medieval ones. The first is of ivory satin, with lengthy tight sleeves and a pointed train. The modest round neck is trimmed with a triangular shawl of ivory rose-point lace that falls into a deep V below the waist in back. The second dress, all flowing white, is a matter of a satin bodice, below-elbow sleeves, and a skirt that's two layers of chiffon drifting over taffeta. Braided chiffon borders the scoop neck and makes the long ties that fasten the narrow satin belt. An elaborate bell-skirted dress of white lace is encrusted with spun-sugar flowers of silk organza and an iridescent sequin or two. This winds up in a square train, a convertible job that can be removed and made into a stole for the dress, which becomes a ball gown after the bride has returned to civilian life. For a garden wedding, alternating horizontal rows of ivory silk organza and Chantilly-type lace build up into a very young infanta dress.

MacDonald Forbes, a new flower shop, has set up at 135 East 56th Street, and beguiling small bridal bouquets are specialties of the house. Two dozen white daisies ($25) or white garnet roses ($35, and I've never seen white ones before) make loose clusters to carry in the hands, and they look as though they had just been scooped up from the garden. With them go cascades of miniature ivy. Round bouquets of white Phalaenopsis orchids and grape ivy that surround a few sprigs of make-believe white French lilacs come to $65. Delicate crowns of minia-



"*First let me tell you that N.B.C. is rushing over a mobile unit.*"



*Gifted with criss-cross bands, 'Double Play' puts your tummy in its place*

## 'Double Play' is a huggable idea—makes your tummy behave and love it!

Who but Warner's gives you such flattering, flattening social security in something so delectably pretty to wear? *This* bright idea is 'Double Play'™. . . the girdle with criss-cross bands that put an end to tummy bulge.

'Double Play' acts the way your tummy muscles should—but don't. It's the lightweight wonder that makes you just adore being "taken in"! It's so pretty to begin with—matched to lovely Laros lingerie. And to keep *you* looking pretty, it has a flattening back panel and the famous Sta-Up-Top® that never *ever* rolls. Take a new and lovely path to self control in your very own 'Double Play' by Warner's®!

Shown: #147 power net, satin elastic panel (rayon-nylon-cotton-rubber). Matching panti #148. White, black or beige, $8.95. Other briefest brief to Long Jill, even a corselett from $5.95. In Canada, too.

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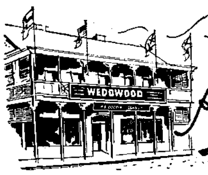

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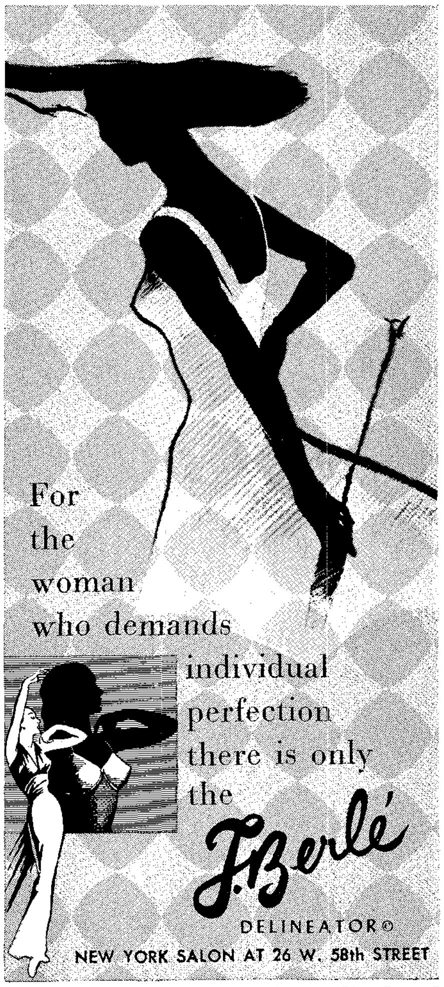
ture ivy studded with stephanotis or white violets begin at $30; the accompanying bridesmaids are given slender garlands of ivy as daisy chains to carry out the idea. This stuff is $10 a yard. The telephone number is Plaza 2-2820.

J (NO PERIOD) L (NO PERIOD) ARBITER, on the seventh floor of 677 Fifth Avenue (53rd), deals in ready-to-wear clothes of its own design. Many of them have an Oriental flavor. A coat-dress that can be worn as either has a tiny mandarin collar and narrow, above-wrist sleeves. The straight front is buttoned off center by matching balls that enter thin loops of black soutache braid. The back is fairly full. A smooth mohair upholstery fabric with a cotton backing in a jungle print does the trick. The colors are mixtures of purple, green, brown, and blue, or of orange, fuchsia, dark blue, and crimson, or of gold, nasturtium red, sage green, and gray-blue. This is $90, a fairly representative price. An Oriental sheath of a cool bronze Egyptian-cotton print is splashed with tropical flowers in red, pink, orange, green, sky blue, curry, and heliotrope. Though a chemise dress begins with a bateau neck, it looks like a short kimono. It's executed in a wide array of Japanese silks, but there is enough yardage for only two dresses in any one design. Among the goods are charcoal crêpe woven with wavy silver lines and white flecks (on the order of a necktie pattern), and indigo-blue brocade with black or Burgundy Rorschach scrawls. Wild and woolly reversible jackets and coats happen in a single layer of a Grecian fabric that is knotted shaggy natural wool yarn on one side and felt-like wool on the other. They are outlined and seamed by thin black wool binding in a buttonhole stitch. The short version is $100, the three-quarter one is $125. Conservative by comparison are the collarless box jackets with very wide fly fronts. They're of hand-woven cotton from Haiti, in broad, variegated stripes (hyacinth blue, marine blue, green, and chartreuse) or narrow, more even stripes (turquoise, pumpkin, and chartreuse). The madras linings are in a harmonizing solid color. For at-homes are the adaptations of long, thin mandarin robes in a white-and-cantaloupe-pink Italian silk brocade. Two-piece pajamas with sleeveless, scoop-necked overblouses are of white or jet sheer silk India brocade upon which gold and silver flowers have been distributed. White or black Kabuki trousers are of damask. Good-looking pullover and cardigan sweaters of honey



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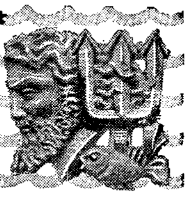

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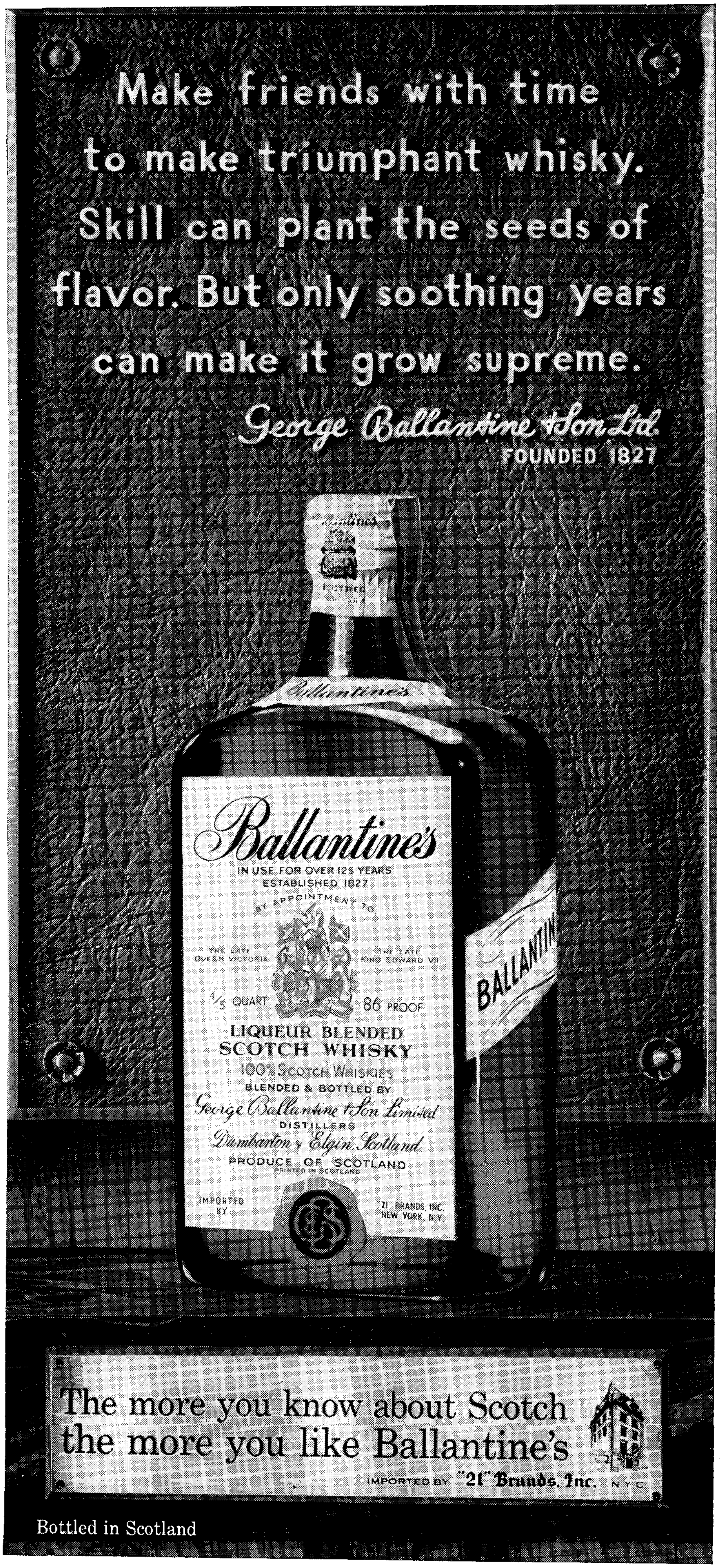
nubbly hand-knit silk yarn (the spinning and knitting are accomplished in Morocco) are perfect for resorts and cruises. Some of them are edged or striped with tangerine. The pullovers are $65, the cardigans are $70. Sizes are 8 to 14, and most of the fabrics, so I'm told, will shed wrinkles.

BLOOMINGDALE has acquired a whole wardrobe of Vanity Fair's girdles, pantie girdles, and brassières of Lycra, that new yarn that produces a sturdy but yielding power net. The girdles and pantie girdles are done with or without panels of nylon lace in front. For slightly heavy figures, the panels are nylon lace in front and nylon satin elastic behind. The bandeaux are trimmed at the top with nylon lace covered by nylon point d'esprit. The color spectrum is mauve, beige, pale pink, Shocking pink, pale blue, aquamarine, black, and white. The girdles and pantie girdles are $6.95 to $10.95, and the brassières are $5. Nylon tricot slips, half slips, and panties are on hand in the same hues.

THE luggage department at Mark Cross has pale-blue luggage of a washable plastic leather, Vicatrex, that is designed to repel scratches and stains. Most of the pieces are lined with champagne rayon moire. There are train cases, round hatboxes, duffelbags, overnight bags, car sacks, and suitcases. The overnight bags, named Westhampton, have outer compartments for magazines, newspapers, timetables, and such, plus removable inner ones for toilet articles and jewelry, plus adjustable loops for bottles and jars. The car sacks, which can hold eight dresses, have two large zippered pockets, and there's space at the base for two pairs of shoes. The largest suitcase is $79.75, which is the largest price; the smallest is $25.90, for a small hatbox. The prices include the federal tax.

THE children's department at Bendel offers posh and quite grown-up suits and coats for little girls of size 3 through pre-teen 14. Navy cheviot wool makes suits whose waist-length, double-breasted box jackets are decorated inside the fashionable standaway necks with white ascots dotted in red. The skirts are box-pleated all the way around. Sizes 3 to 6X are $18, sizes 7 to 14 are $20. Suits with similar jackets of navy cheviot but having wide, notched collars and pointed lapels are accompanied by box-pleated skirts of red-white-and-blue broken-check worsted. Box-pleated skirts of white orlon-and-wool are ver-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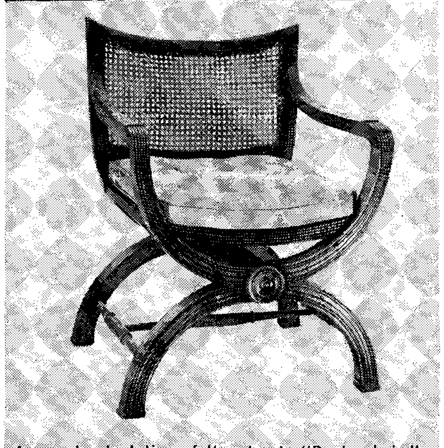

A superb adaptation of the classic "Dante chair," In antiqued olive wood, hand finished in a weathered fruitwood color. Cane seat and back. Cushion in black or gold linen. So comfortable and so easy to live with in any setting — traditional or contemporary. H. 32", W. 23", D. 22". **$195**

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tically striped in cornflower blue to match the nylon-and-wool sailor jackets that tag along with them. Single-breasted coats of red basketweave wool fastening with a single row of four smoked-pearl buttons have Peter Pan collars bound with navy braid, belts low in back, and high flap side pockets above the waist. These, Bendel feels, are more becoming to pre-teen figures; $35. Some of the gardenful of white lawn dresses in Liberty prints will do double duty at school and parties. A number are covered with two-tone pink blossoms, and their smocked yokes shade from pink to white. String bows of the print decorate the back of the round, collarless necks, and the closings are accomplished by three baby-pearl buttons. These, for toddlers, cost $16. For bigger little girls, the blossoms can be yellow daffodils, orange roses, and blue forget-me-nots, to mention just one of the plantings. In this case, the smocking, which shades from yellow to orange, descends to the waist. Orange cross-stitching edges the white turnover collars. These come in sizes 3 to 6X, at $18, and 7 to 10, at $23.

BENDEL's lingerie department provides adult culotte slips at $45. They are really knee-length envelope chemises of white or black nylon georgette crêpe ornamented top and bottom with matching nylon Chantilly lace and satin flowers. —M. M.

•

> Gen. and Mrs. Patrick Hurley have had some very bad luck. Their big, handsome new house in Santa Fe, N. Mex., which they finished a little over a year ago, suffered a bad fire last week. According to the report, the wing where Gen. Hurley had his library, mementoes of his long colorful career and pictures, was pretty well destroyed. . . . The house, of course, can be rebuilt, but the other losses must be tragic to the former Ambassador, who was born in Indian territory when a teen-ager.—*Washington Star.*

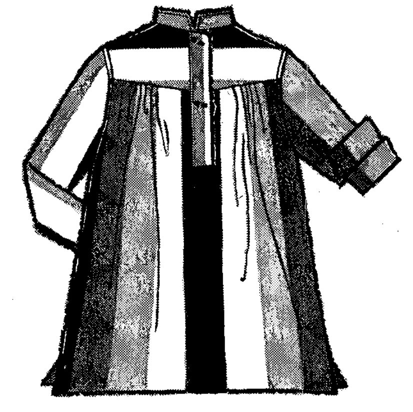
Another stroke of bad luck.

•

### CRIES WE DOUBT EVER GOT CRIED WITH ANY FREQUENCY

[*From the Roto Magazine of the Houston* (*Texas*) *Chronicle*]

During the Texas Cowboy Reunion at Stamford last summer, this cry was frequently heard: "One cowman has stayed a long time. W. G. Swenson, 'Mr. Bill' to his friends, has stayed president of the organization for 30 years."



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# WANDA HAWLEY AND THE FLIGHT OF TIME

Mr. and Mrs. Binder were given a lift home by guests after the party, and didn't have a chance to talk to each other until they were alone in the self-service elevator going up to their apartment. As soon as the elevator door closed, Mrs. Binder looked at her husband with raised eyebrows and, smiling, shook her head slowly. She was a woman in her forties, with honey-colored hair and a pleasant face that seemed to hover on the verge of flabbiness. "Tell me," she said, "just where in the world did you uncover the name of Wanda Hawley?"

Mr. Binder, a ruddy-cheeked, paunchy man about the same age as his wife, nodded with pleasure. "I guess I had them all stumped there, didn't I?"

"You certainly did," Mrs. Binder said, smiling again.

"As soon as I said 'W.H.,' I knew everybody would think it was William S. Hart."

"Of course," Mrs. Binder said. "I'm surprised, though, that no one mentioned William Haines."

"That's right," said Mr. Binder. "I forgot about William Haines. Why didn't you mention him?"

"I didn't even think of him until we were riding home."

Mr. Binder looked thoughtful for a moment. "Anyway, Wanda Hawley's better."

"Well, that all depends." Mrs. Binder gave her husband an amused, meaningful glance. "At least William S. Hart and William Haines are players you might have heard of without having actually seen."

Mr. Binder frowned. "Why, I remember William S. Hart in a movie called 'Tumbleweeds' and William Haines in 'Brown of Harvard.' I saw them both."

"I don't doubt it a bit," Mrs. Binder said. "All I'm trying to say is that they're actors whose names are mentioned now and then. People know who it is you're talking about. But Wanda Hawley! Who was she, anyway?"

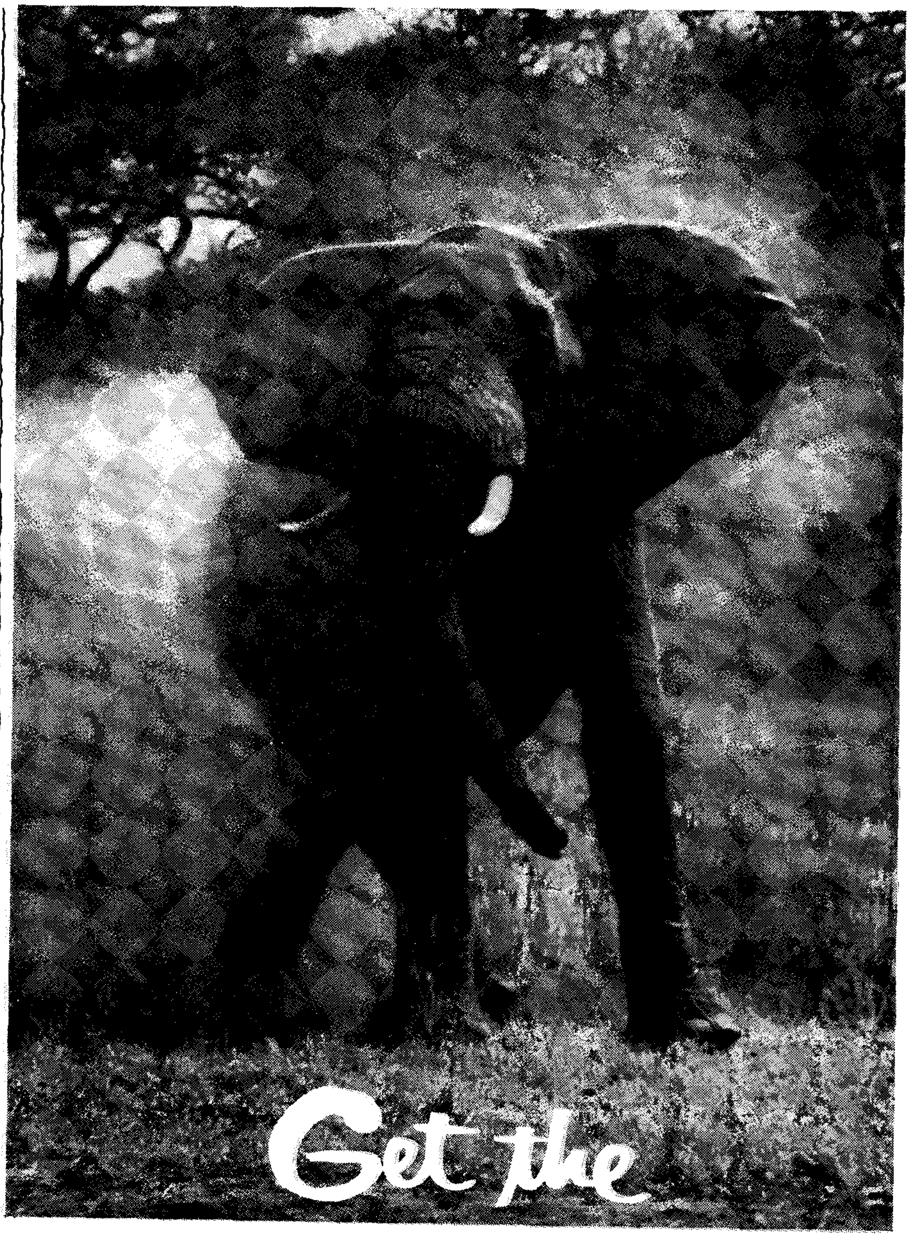
The elevator stopped with a bounce at the fourteenth floor, and the doors glided open. "She played in a movie called 'Bobbed Hair,' " said Mr. Binder.

"When was that?"

"Around 1922, I think."

"Well, you certainly picked a good one," his wife said, stepping out into the hallway. "Nobody there would admit remembering 1922, much less Wanda Hawley."

"That's the object of the game, isn't



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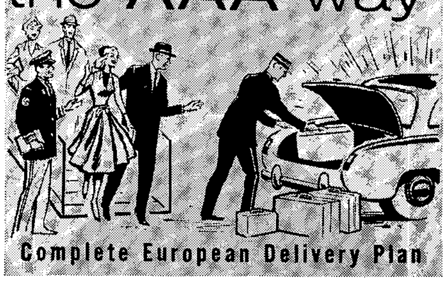

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it? To think of a movie player no one else can think of?"

"Yes, but you sort of outdid yourself, didn't you? That's going back pretty far, you know." Mrs. Binder shook her head again. "You and Grandma Moses."

They fell silent as they came to their apartment. Mr. Binder took a ring of keys from his pocket, selected the proper one, and opened the door. He flicked on the foyer light switch, then stepped aside to let his wife enter. "Just because I remember a movie actress named Wanda Hawley, it doesn't necessarily follow that I'm one of her contemporaries," he said. "I could have seen her when I was a child." He closed the door carefully behind him and turned the safety lock.

"You could have," said Mrs. Binder. "Back in the early twenties. Let's see." She took off her coat and started through the living room, calculating to herself. Throwing the coat on the divan, she stopped and turned toward her husband. "Do you realize that was nearly forty years ago? And you couldn't have been a baby when you saw her. So add another five or six years—and there you are." She flung out one arm dramatically. "Forty-six years old, at the very least."

"Forty-eight, to be exact," said Mr. Binder. After hanging up his coat, he shut the door of the foyer closet and walked into the bedroom.

"Forty-eight, then," Mrs. Binder said, removing her earrings as she trailed after him. "But nobody knows it."

"I don't try to hide it."

"I mean you don't look forty-eight, so why tell everybody?" Mrs. Binder walked over to the dressing table, switched on the light, and glanced at herself in the mirror. "Let people think what they please."

"They probably think I'm forty-eight but don't look it," Mr. Binder said wryly.

His wife clucked in mock sympathy. "Poor man. Old before his time."

"What am I supposed to do?" Mr. Binder asked, sitting down on a footstool. "Act dumb when we play a game like that? Pretend I don't know?"

"You could do what the others do," Mrs. Binder said casually. "Stick to fairly well-known players. Rudolph Valentino or Lillian Gish—actors you could have heard of or maybe seen sometime at the Museum of Modern Art."

"They're too easy." Mr. Binder bent over to untie his shoelaces.

"Maybe they are. But you notice

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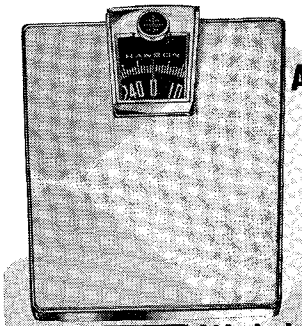

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nobody else was coming up with names like Viola Dana, May McAvoy, and Wesley Barry. And Mary Miles Minter. Why do you always pick someone before the advent of sound?"

"I thought you liked to guess," Mr. Binder said, taking off his shoes.

"Between ourselves I do." Mrs. Binder sat down before the mirror at the dressing table. "But not at the kind of party we were at tonight."

Something in his wife's voice—a small, harsh note of irritation that he hadn't noticed before—made Mr. Binder raise his head. Mrs. Binder was sitting with her back toward him, but he could see her reflection in the mirror as she sombrely appraised herself. Watching her, he suddenly remembered that his wife was only a year younger than he was and that their friends knew they had gone to school together. "I didn't know it bothered you," he said lamely. He placed his shoes side by side next to the footstool and put on a pair of bedroom slippers.

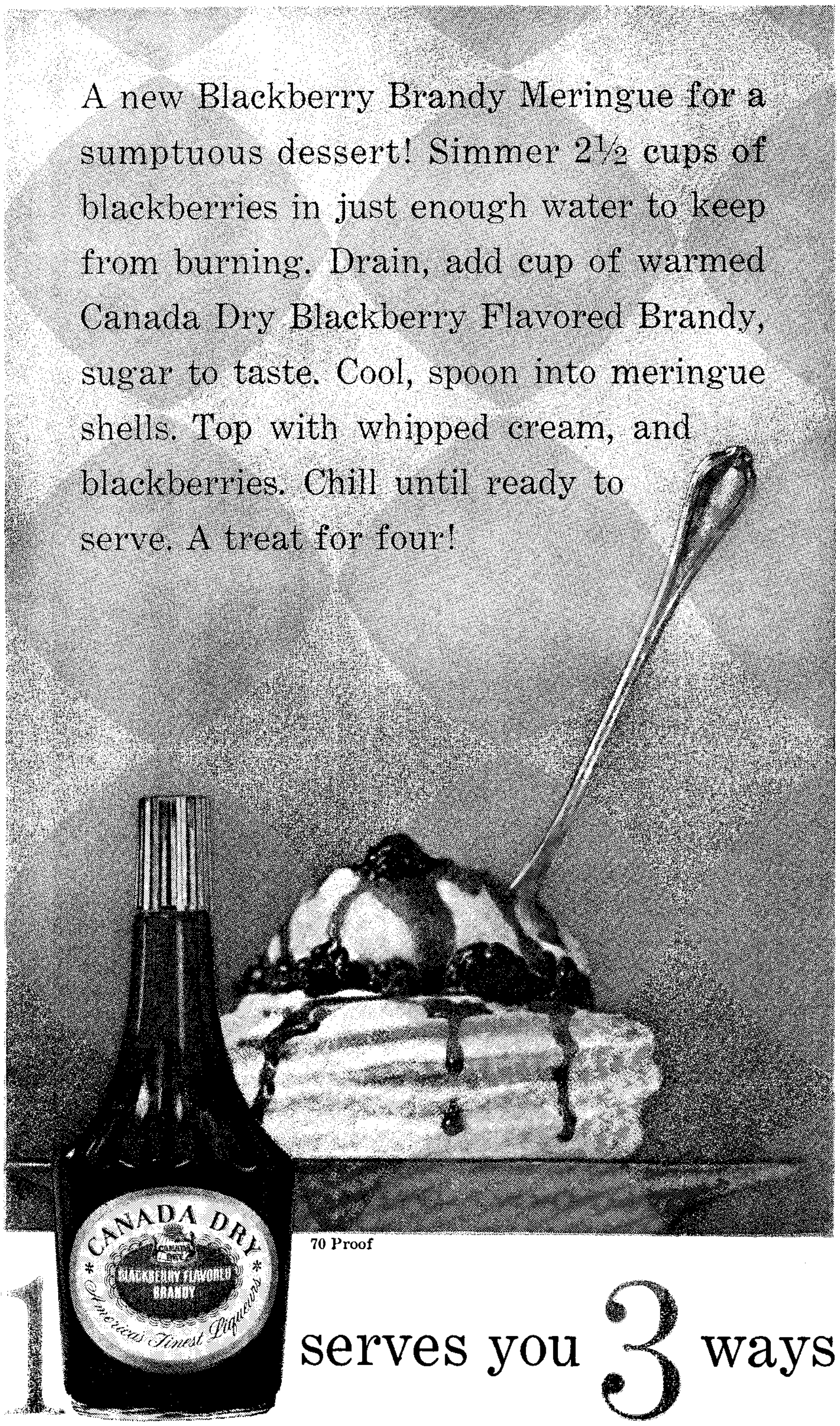
"It doesn't bother *me*," Mrs. Binder said. "I just thought you ought to know, that's all. Personally, I think Grace Tetley brought up the game out of pure meanness. I think she enjoys watching people give themselves away."

"The way I did," said Mr. Binder.

His wife turned to him, and when she spoke her voice was hard and sharp. "Well, you did, didn't you?"

A SHORT while later, in the darkness, Mrs. Binder lay wide-eyed in her bed, listening to the noise of automobiles going along the East River Drive below. In her present mood, each soft swoosh sounded like the passing of another year. It seemed almost too sad to bear. Her husband stirred restlessly in his bed. For him, too, Mrs. Binder thought, it was sad, even though he had said he didn't care. Reflecting on this, she began to regret some of her earlier comments; it was cruel of her to rub salt in a wound he was all too aware of. He was probably lying there thinking the very same thing.

Mrs. Binder listened intently for a moment, then raised her head a little from the pillow. Even with his back toward her, she could sense whether her husband had his eyes open or



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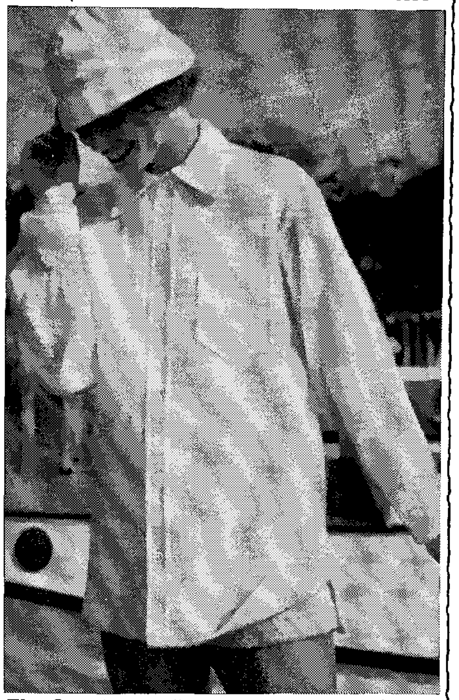

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shut. "What are you thinking about?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing," Mr. Binder said. Then he chuckled quietly. "I just thought of a very good one."

There was a short silence before his wife spoke. "Oh," she said. "Well, what is it?"

"T.M."

"Tom Mix."

"No."

"Tim McCoy, then."

"No."

There was a long pause. "Thomas Meighan?"

"No."

Mrs. Binder laughed. "All right, I give up," she said. "Who is it?"

—FREDERICK L. KEEFE

•

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[*From Psychological Abstracts*]

2977. Redl, Fritz. The life space interview: Workshop, 1957. I. Strategy and techniques of the life space interview. *Amer. J. Orthopsychiat.*, 1959(Jan), 29, 1–18.—The life space interview may be considered as the surrounding of a youngster's experience at a given time with some form of verbal communication for the purpose of regulating the impact of this experience on the child. It may be in the nature of clinical exploitation of life events, for instance: reality rub-in, symptom estrangement, massaging numb value areas, new-tool salesmanship, or manipulation of the boundaries of the self. Or it may be in the nature of emotional first aid on the spot, including such subcategories as: drain-off of frustration acidity; support for the management of panic, fury, and guilt; communication maintenance in moments of relationship decay; regulation of behavioral and social traffic; umpire services in decision crises as well as in cases of loaded transactions. The choice of a given technique in life space interviewing must be dependent upon the specific goal, the setting, the type of child, and the phase of his therapeutic movement.—*R. E. Perl.*

•

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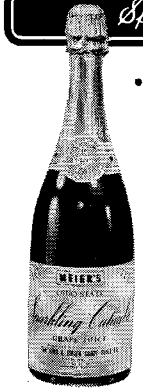

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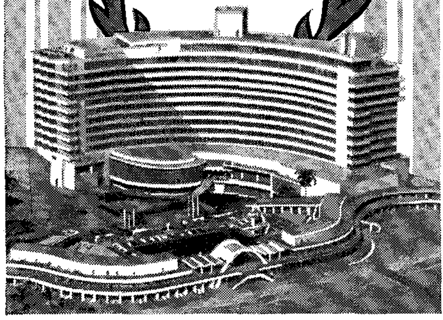

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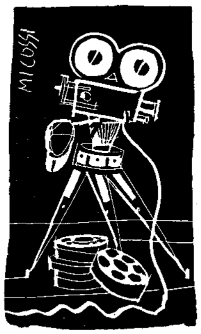

IN an art medium whose potentials appear to be almost continuously beyond the reach of its practitioners, a masterwork is likely to be handicapped by excessive praise. Since there is no help for this that I can see, I must risk injuring a French film called "Breathless" (created by the New Wave director Jean-Luc Godard) by saying quickly that it is far and away *the most brilliant, most intelligent,* and most exciting movie I have encountered this season. Its virtues are so numerous and so manifest that I am confident not only that it will survive the small burden of my superlatives but that it will be revisited almost instantly by many of its viewers, that it will be imitated endlessly, and probably ineptly, by dozens of film-makers, and that it may even threaten the Kennedys as the warmest topic of local conversation for weeks to come.

The adventurous, almost inconsequential story of "Breathless" deals with a Parisian cool cat who steals cars for a living. In the short time span of the movie, he murders a policeman and begins a casual, painfully erratic flight from the authorities, in the course of which he attempts to collect a shady debt, offhandedly commits a mugging and two or three car thefts, and recommences a love affair with a pretty but equally unadmirable American girl, who betrays him to the police. Lacking even the tiny moral energy to attempt escape, he is shot down, and the film ends. This, of course, sounds like a routine *policier*, but it is immediately evident that M. Godard and his associates have something vastly more fascinating in mind, which is nothing less than to make comprehensible, and therefore touching and serious, the lives of two disorderly, disconnected, nihilistic young moderns—and to do so, moreover, by seeing and hearing their unlovely world with exactly the same nervous glances and flighty inattentiveness that they themselves must rely on. To say that the film almost entirely succeeds in this awesome undertaking may explain why, in my estimation, it achieves the heights and confirms the men of the New Wave as the makers of

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The camera in "Breathless," which was wielded by Raoul Coutard, is jumpy, fluid, irritable, and comic—alive with glimpses, sudden turns, rude stares, and angry changes of mood. It moves in and about the boulevards and side streets and bars and bedrooms of Paris, pausing to glance at every distraction and ridiculous detail with which city people fill their days. The microphone is equally irresponsible, picking up horns, sirens, scraps of music, and fragments of conversation that add marvellously to the tone and excitement of the movie. It must not be surmised from this that the film depends on the kind of artificial rapid-fire action and cutting that sustain most contemporary screen adventures. The most important and astonishing passage in "Breathless" is a slow, incredibly protracted bedroom scene between the two lovers that is built out of pauses, non sequiturs, cigarettes, heartbreakingly intimate games, tiny cruelties, revelations, and small talk about death, automobiles, childhood, books, phonograph records, sex, and loneliness. At the end of this, we have not simply "understood" the murderer and his girl for the self-destructive, attractive, and frightening narcissists that they are; we have, to a large degree, *become* them, because the scene has been allowed to continue so long that it has taken us into its own time and pace, and we can no more believe of the film than we can of life itself that it is moving toward some known, prearranged ending.

The risk this kind of movie runs is that of succumbing to mere flashiness, and "Breathless" avoids this only by the skin of its teeth. What saves it is the sensitivity and perception of its script (written by M. Godard), particularly in the closing moments, when the girl reports her lover to the police for no intelligible reason, and he, instead of taking to his heels, bemusedly announces that prison might be an experience as valid as any other, and so awaits his destruction with a detached, chilling curiosity. Here and in the conversation that follows—an overlapping double monologue in which the two of them can only talk about their own feelings—we comprehend the egotism of their sexual attraction and the extent of their unconscious commitment to any violent emotion for its own sake. I cannot conceive of a clearer, more intuitive delineation of the kind of icy animalism that apparently infects so many of our young and terrifies so many of the rest of us.

M. Godard, who is thirty, is the new-

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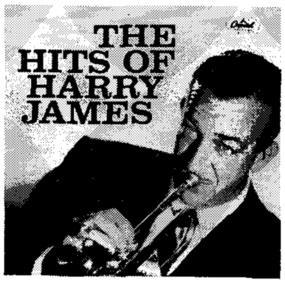

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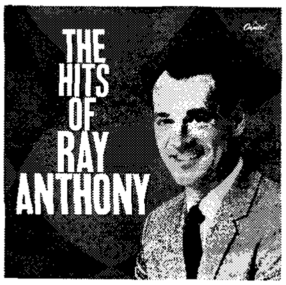

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est of the *nouvelle-vague* directors, and "Breathless" is his first full-length film. His genius was recognized by two better-known members of the group—François Truffaut, who made the estimable "The 400 Blows," and Claude Chabrol—after they had seen several short films he had made, and they offered their own services (Truffaut by writing the original story and Chabrol by supervising the production) in order to lure him into attempting "Breathless." It would be presumptuous of me to congratulate any of these gentlemen for this dedicated collaboration, but it is pleasant to be able to report that "A Bout de Souffle" (as the movie was called in its native tongue) has been a financial as well as an artistic triumph in France, and that M. Godard is now the most discussed and sought-after director in Europe.

Another new celebrity created by this movie is Jean-Paul Belmondo, who plays the unhappy thief in this, his first film role. A former prizefighter, with a thick, wonderfully battered face, he is a born actor who manages, without drawing a visible deep breath, all the lightning changes—from arrogance to humor to insouciant stupidity to childlike innocence—that his huge part demands. The American is played by Jean Seberg, and I must report that I am unable to decide whether she acts beautifully or not at all. Her role requires her to be pretty, wooden, and apparently entranced by her own confusions, and Miss Seberg is all of these and no more. In any case, both of these young people and their hopeless plight are now so permanently fixed in my mind that they must be accepted as full partners in this masterpiece, and to them and to M. Godard I offer my distinguished homages. —ROGER ANGELL

•

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Confirmation Day*

ON Tuesday night of last week, I attended the Metropolitan Opera's "Tristan und Isolde" in an extremely critical frame of mind. Like nearly everybody else, I had greeted Birgit Nilsson's Isolde last year as a sunrise following the long period of darkness that enveloped Wagnerian sopranos after the retirement of Kirsten Flagstad. But I was aware that Miss Nilsson's voice is not quite the rich and incredibly voluminous one that Miss Flagstad hurled across the footlights with such wonderful ease. I was anxious to check again, and determine whether Miss Nilsson was really as good as I had thought she was. Before the first act was over, my doubts were set at rest. Miss Nilsson is not a Flagstad, but she is a Nilsson—something that is perhaps not as overwhelming but that is certainly remarkable enough. Her characterization of the role is exceedingly subtle and convincing; her high notes come through with ringing splendor; and her musical sense—evident in exquisite touches of phrasing and emphasis—is very nearly flawless. Last year I noted her fastidiousness in musical style, and referred to her as a very neat and well-schooled singer. But there is more than that to her Isolde. It is warm and touching, as well as brilliant where brilliance is called for. The sunrise is there, all right, and it is a resplendent one.

It is unfortunate that the Metropolitan has not yet found a Tristan to match Miss Nilsson's Isolde. Ramon Vinay, who undertook the role the other night, has, in his time, been a distinguished singer and a notable Tristan, and he still has the remains of a noble Wagnerian style. But the style is not of much service without the physical volume to project it, and in physical volume his voice has deteriorated to a tragic extent. He was unable to do more than outline his role, in tones that scarcely rose above a whisper. This difficulty posed a problem for the conductor, Joseph Rosenstock, who was called upon to adjust the orchestral sonority so that Mr. Vinay could occasionally be heard, or else to drown him out altogether in giving Miss Nilsson suitable support for her ample

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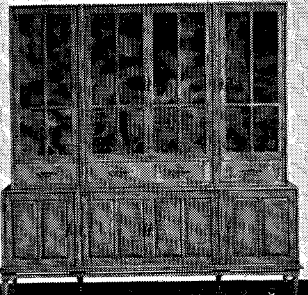

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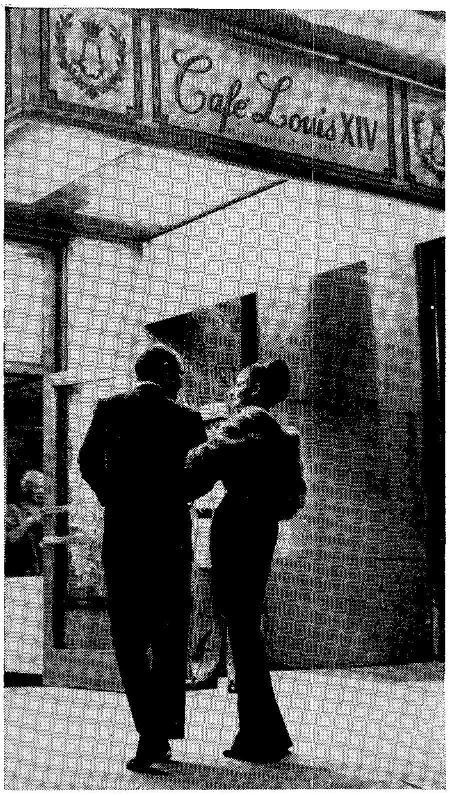
tones. Most of the time, Mr. Vinay was drowned out, but there was nothing else to be done, and on the whole Mr. Rosenstock brought an agreeable feeling of solidity and authority to his reading of the score. The lesser roles were very ably done. As Brangaene, Irene Dalis sang with beautiful control, reaching a peak of eloquence in those offstage phrases of the second act that help make up what to me is, aside from the "Liebestod," the most magical episode of the entire opera. Walter Cassel was again perhaps the most stylish and engaging Kurvenal I have ever encountered. It remains a mystery to me why this superb baritone—one of the Metropolitan's finest actors as well as a magnificent singer—is not more often used at the opera house, where he frequently stands aside in favor of second-rate artists. His Kurvenal has a special quality, to which masculinity, nerviness, and an extraordinarily handsome stage presence all contribute. Altogether, with the sole exception of Mr. Vinay's vocally weak interpretation of the hero's role, this was a memorable "Tristan," in which even the smaller parts—Jerome Hines' King Marke and Hermann Uhde's Melot among them—were performed with great distinction.

I have only one objection to the Met's current production of the opera, and this concerns the scenery, designed by Teo Otto. It is harsh to the eye and filled with all sorts of window-dressing gimmicks. I find it difficult to imagine a more uninspired concoction than the scene he has produced for the second act, which lacks any suggestion of the forest poetry that the score paints so inimitably, and looks, instead, like a truck-loading platform in some wintry urban environment. True, it has a tree in the middle of the stage, and a sort of bangle on the backdrop vaguely indicating, by its lunar shape, that the action takes place at night. But the tree is as dead as driftwood, and the bangle is about as evocative as a sign in a subway. Both, I assume, are intended as symbols, but there is a point beyond which this kind of blunt symbolism can get pretty bare and uninteresting. "Tristan" needs stage illusion, and nothing in Mr. Otto's designs conveys any sort of illusion whatever.

Aside from the various virtues and vices of the production, it was good to hear "Tristan" again at a time when Wagnerian opera has fallen into undeserved neglect at the Metropolitan. Despite all the tirades against Wagner that have been fashionable for more than a generation—many of them written by



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important people who should have known better, like André Gide, Jean Cocteau, and Igor Stravinsky—he remains a composer of unassailable stature. Like all the great masters, he has moments that are greater than others, and his greatest ones are, to my mind, unsurpassed anywhere in musical literature. To me, these include the entire second act of "Die Meistersinger," the closing scene of "Götterdämmerung," and many parts of "Die Walküre." They also include the entire second act and the final scene of "Tristan." If finer music has ever been written, I am unaware of it.

HAVING taken a somewhat dim view of the City Center Gilbert and Sullivan company apropos of its production of "The Mikado" a couple of weeks ago, I now find myself having to reverse my opinions completely in reporting on "H.M.S. Pinafore," which turned up on Wednesday night. It was a deft, swiftly paced show in the best Savoyard manner, full of perfectly lovely girls dressed in the mode made famous by Charles Dana Gibson, with an enchanting set by Patton Campbell and a group of singers and comedians who performed like veterans of the specialized Gilbert and Sullivan theatre. Much of the production's charm arose from the canny understatement with which its director, Allen Fletcher, set it forth. Nothing was corny, arch, or overemphasized. Everything was dryly humorous, and the wit of both Gilbert's lyrics and Sullivan's music sparkled in a way that I have seldom encountered. William Chapman, as the Pinafore's captain, and Coley Worth, as the ruler of the Queen's Navee, were farceurs of the utmost polish; Beatrice

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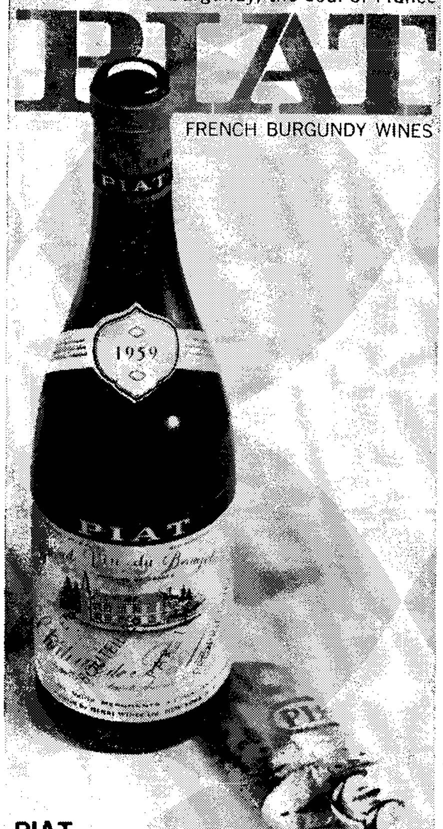

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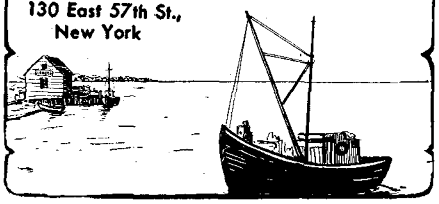

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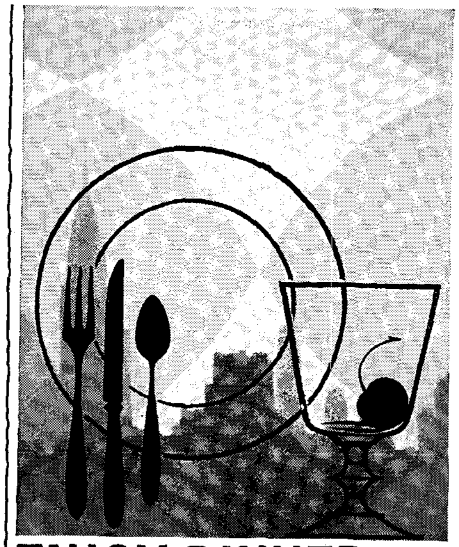
Krebs made a superb Little Buttercup; Frank Porretta and Doris Yarick sang with appealing freshness as the boy and girl; and Paul Ukena, Richard Fredricks, and John Macurdy used their varied talents to fine effect as Dick Deadeye, Bill Bobstay, and Bob Becket, respectively. Taken as a whole, this show was a little triumph.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

## JAZZ RECORDS

### *The Rabbit Returns*

THE celebrated fickleness indulged in by admirers of the arts, most of whom resemble housewives nervously pawing cantaloupes, reaches epic proportions among jazz audiences. Thus, the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, flourishing in 1920, had been largely forgotten before 1930. In 1935, King Oliver, famous less than a decade earlier, was in total obscurity. The *nouvelle vague* of Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, and Stan Kenton had, by the late forties, replaced almost completely such recent landmarks as Count Basie, Benny Goodman, Ben Webster, Art Tatum, and even Duke Ellington. This capriciousness grew increasingly desperate in the fifties. Gillespie was abruptly set aside for Miles Davis. Basie reappeared and Kenton went under. Woody Herman, pumping furiously in the forties, became largely a memory, while a West Coast movement made up of musicians like Shorty Rogers, Shelly Manne, and Jimmy Giuffre rose and fell precipitously in two or three years. Sonny Rollins burst briefly into view, then was overtaken by John Coltrane, and early in 1960 Ornette Coleman blanked *everyone* out. The reasons for these lightning love-hate cycles are fairly clear. Jazz thrives both artistically and socially on rebellion; indeed, it is the most liberal of musics. Until recently, its audiences have been composed mainly of the young, who relish such hot sauces. And these audiences, more unskilled than not, often train their tin ears only on what they are told is worthy by the jazz critics, who tend to confuse newness with progress and progress with quality. One of the most striking victims of this fickleness has been the masterly alto saxophonist Johnny Hodges, who at the age of fifty-four continues playing with more authority than most of his generation, to say nothing of practitioners twenty and thirty years his junior. Unlike many other swing musicians, Hodges was toppled by a double whammy. He suffered, along with his colleagues, from



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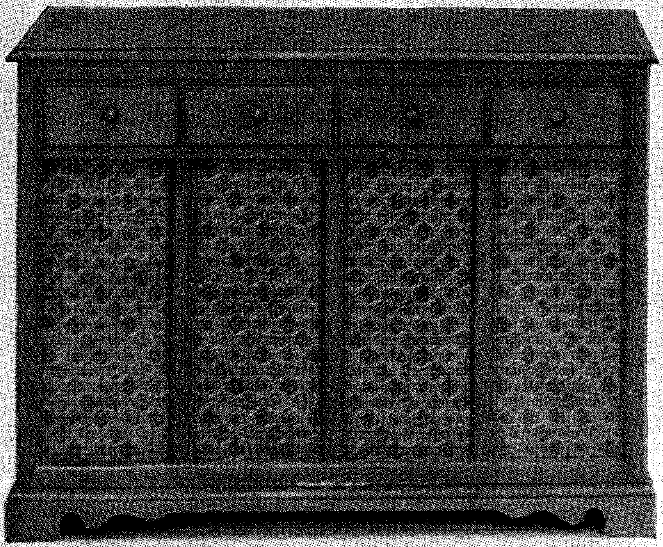

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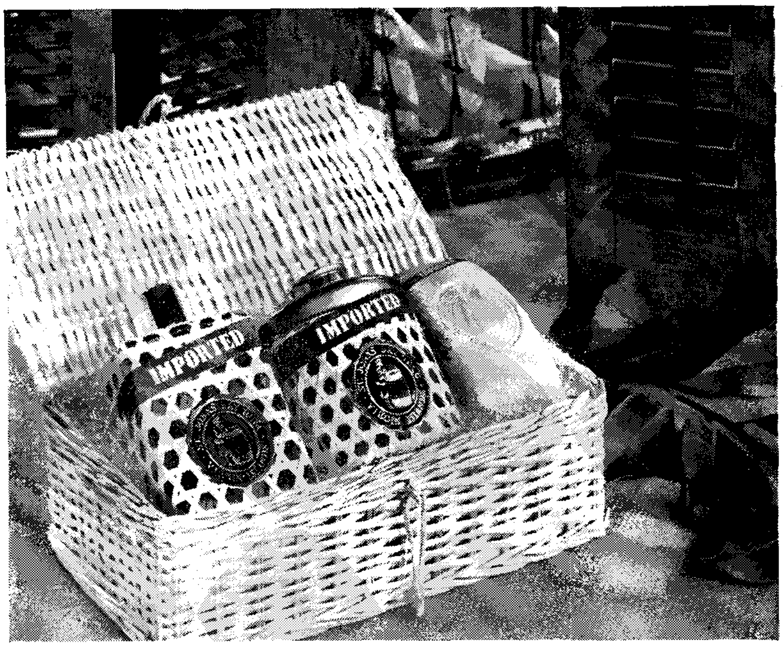
the rise of bebop, but he also suffered because the leader of that movement, Charlie Parker, played the same instrument. When Parker died, in 1955, Hodges had become an out-of-fashion leader of a small semi-rock-and-roll group. However, the tastemakers were at work, and by 1959 Parker's enormous ghost had been sufficiently laid to allow Hodges to win the *Down Beat* critics' poll, an award that paid a considerable compliment to Hodges' staying powers and none at all to the fitful perceptions of those who had voted it.

A short, taciturn man with a beak nose, heavily lidded eyes, and an impassive, imperious Oriental air, Hodges, who is incongruously known as Rabbit, has been almost perpetually bound up with Duke Ellington since 1928. (He left the Ellington band in 1951 but, like metal being sucked toward a magnet, rejoined it, apparently for good, in 1955.) It is now clear that he rates with Ben Webster, Cootie Williams, and Jimmy Blanton among the finest of the generally outstanding musicians who have graced Ellington's ranks. Unlike most of them, who have unwittingly come to depend on Ellington for balance and inspiration and who invariably head downward when they leave the band (Webster and Lawrence Brown are notable exceptions), Hodges functions well with and without Ellington. He is most comfortable in a small band, which became plain in the late thirties and early forties on those invaluable records made by chamber groups from the Ellington band. Nearly nonpareil among Ellingtonians, Hodges has become one of the big five among saxophonists, the rest of whom are Coleman Hawkins, Webster, Lester Young, and Parker. Even more important, he belongs in that small collection of jazz musicians who, lyric poets all, function closest to the heart of the music—such men as Webster, Herschel Evans, Sidney Bechet, Buck Clayton, Bill Coleman, Vic Dickenson, Roy Eldridge, Pee Wee Russell, Charlie Mingus, and John Lewis. And within *that* collection, he has joined Bechet—who tutored him extensively on the soprano saxophone in the early thirties, and who had a good deal to do with his ultimate style—in bringing jazz perilously close to a sentimental music.

Hodges' bent toward sweetness and the non-improvisational fondling of melody did not emerge until the mid-thirties, when he began recording, with Ellington, a series of slow, lengthy solos based on tunes like "In a Sentimental Mood" and "Passion Flower." On



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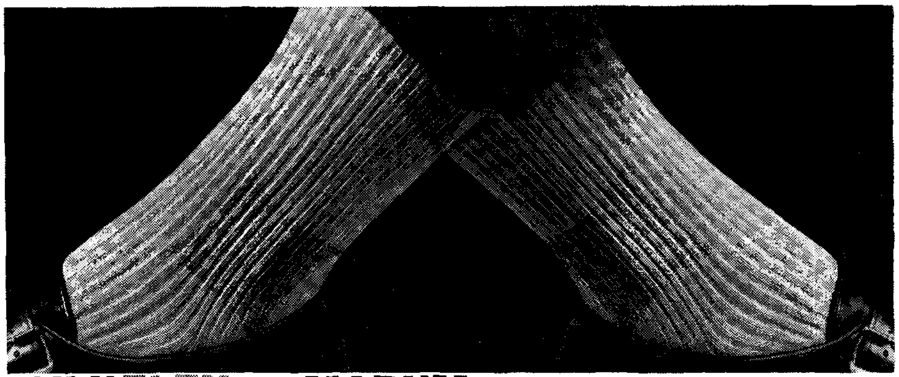

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such occasions, which he still indulges in, Hodges employs a tone that falls between the country-cream sound of Tab Smith, a contemporary now in eclipse, and the fluted strivings of Willie Smith. It is a tone that seems to be draped over the notes like a lap robe. Hodges does little improvising in these ballads. Instead, he issues languorous legato phrases made up of long glissandi topped by an almost unctuous vibrato and fulsome statements of the melody that give the impression that he is petting a priceless carving he has just come by. These are dangerous performances. Because of their richness and lack of melodic variation, they sometimes suggest that Hodges could be slipped, without any dislocation, right into a Guy Lombardo saxophone section, which produces creamed spinach by the pound. Hodges' Edgar Guest strain is generally well concealed, though, and it is nowhere in sight when he tackles the blues, which have long provided his basic materials. Here, Hodges moves up onto his toes and grows alternately oblique and goatlike. His tone shrinks, occasionally even becoming dry and sharp, he uses more notes, his vibrato steadies, and his impeccable sense of rhythmic placement—how long to tarry on this or that note, just where to break a pause, which notes (if any) should be emphasized in a run—is put to work. In a medium-tempo blues—the speed at which Hodges most often jells—the result is a magic mixture of lullaby delicacy and gentlemanly emotion. Suggesting but never commanding, Hodges may start such a solo by sounding four descending notes, which are placed casually on successive beats and connected by an almost inaudible threadlike hum, as if he were two instrumentalists in one—the first playing the four notes and the second providing background choir chords. After a short pause, he will applaud his own natty lightness by repeating the pattern, adding a single offbeat note and increasing his volume. Then he will double his volume and deliver a soaring exclamation, which he will sustain only long enough to make it ring, and end it with an unexpectedly soft blue note. He may start this cry once more, break it off with a complex descending-ascending-descending run (an otter slithering up and down stairs), and, all delicacy gone, launch into a second chorus with a short, heavy riff, which will either be repeated, with adroit variations, or give way to several rapidly stated staccato phrases. He will close his solo by returning to a whispered three-or-four-note passage,

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which floats serenely at one, slips past, and disappears offhandedly around the bend. Hodges' blues solos are child's play in comparison with Parker's extraordinary involutions. But they are also classic balancings of tone, dynamics, rhythm, and choice of notes. There is no extraneous matter, and no thinness. There is no opacity. It is *mot-juste* improvising, and because of its basic understatement it illuminates completely the elegance and purity of the blues. At faster tempos, Hodges relies almost entirely on his rhythmic capacities, which outdistance his talents as a melodic improviser. The solos he thus achieves are often the quintessence of "jump" playing. They move on and sometimes ahead of the beat, and there is a good deal of tasteful repetition that tends to lock the beat firmly in place. At the same time, Hodges' rhythmic attack is mainly implied; he rolls rather than tramps toward his destination, which, in contrast to the majority of jazz soloists, he always reaches.

Hodges is in tonic condition in two recent releases—"Side by Side: Duke Ellington and Johnny Hodges" (Verve MG V-8345) and "Blues A-Plenty: Johnny Hodges and His Orchestra" (Verve MG V-8358). Moreover, all of Hodges' approaches are present. (An impostor seems to have been around during the first recording, which displays on its cover a photograph of a man who resembles Hodges closely except in the nose, which is markedly ski-jump. A photograph of the real Hodges, parrot nose in place, and expressionlessly puffing a cigarette, appears on the back of the second record cover.) Of the nine titles on the first record (four blues, four standards, and an Ellington original), three were recorded by Hodges, Ellington, Harry Edison, and a rhythm sec-

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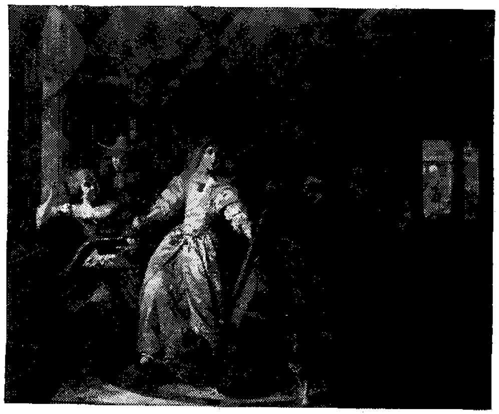
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tion including Jo Jones. They represent leftovers from the memorable "Back to Back," released about a year ago. These three are notable for Hodges' strict jump choruses in "Stompy Jones" and for all of Ellington's solos, which are given uncommon lift by Jones, particularly in "Stompy Jones." Edison, despite similar assists, remains Johnny-one-note throughout, and it is difficult to see why he was matched with Ellington and Hodges, who scramble all over him. On hand with Hodges on the rest of the record are Eldridge, Webster, Brown, Wendell Marshall, Billy Strayhorn, and Jones. "Big Shoe" is similar to those attractive medium-tempo blues that made up most of Hodges' small-band recordings in the forties. Eldridge, in his Sunday-best in honor of the surroundings, delivers two perfect choruses bracketed between exhilarating but tightly controlled dashes into the upper register and abrasive deep-down growls. Hodges' second chorus is all smears and lazy seven-league steps. "Just a Memory" and "Let's Fall in Love," which are done in medium tempo, include gentle, stunningly composed statements from all the horns, who demonstrate precisely how to construct solos with a beginning, a middle, and a climactic end.

Four of the nine numbers in "Blues A-Plenty," which is played by the leader plus Eldridge, Webster, Dickenson, Strayhorn, Jimmy Woode, and Sam Woodyard, are better-than-average Hodges rhapsodies. He neither weeps nor moans, and in "Satin Doll" he delivers much of the melody in a blunt, hoarse lower-register manner that suggests Webster. (It was Hodges who taught Webster much of what he knows.) The rest of the numbers are excellent blues. Most remarkable of all is the long medium-tempo "Reeling and Rocking," which, after the ensemble, is given over to a succession of choruses by Hodges, Dickenson (followed by a restatement of the melody), Webster, Eldridge, and Hodges again that are consummate lyrical jazz improvisations. Each soloist, his clichés left at home, is in peak shape, and the results are five studies in the blues that are singular for Hodges' way of seemingly attacking his notes from behind (first solo) and then for his landing on them in an almost soundless slow motion (second solo); for Dickenson's ascending jumble of smears, growls, knucklings, and swaggers at the outset of his second chorus; for Webster's gorgeous sliding, hymnlike statement; and for Eldridge's reined-in fury. This is one of those rare jazz performances that defy all faddishness, fickleness, and foolishness. Buy it.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

• •

## SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN MADISON, WISCONSIN

The Saturday-afternoon dog barks his head off
On the deserted porch. Improbably
A cockerel crows in the grounds of the campus.
Mount the slope amid the animals
Sculpted in ice, monuments in the snow:
Tortoise extended, squirrel with tail in air,
Couchant cat after a bird, a sad old man
With the hollow eyes of Montezuma
Or Ozymandias, king of kings.
The pretty sculptresses have departed
Home for the weekend to Winnebago,
Windsor or Fair Oaks, Monona or Waunakee.
Love overflows the expectant city
In this suspended moment hung in the air,
Awaiting spring in the rose-tipped elms,
In the powdered flush on the virgin lake.
Enter the hall, tiptoe along the corridors
Where the water fountains make music
To themselves, no one to hear.
Look in at the deserted classrooms.
Here is one I occupy for a fragment of time
And then pass by—not even a memory
To students themselves become ghosts,
Who come and go
Like motes uncounted in the sun.
Even we,
Even so.

—A. L. ROWSE

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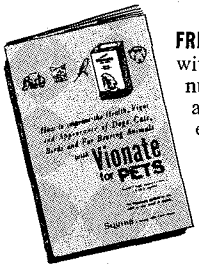

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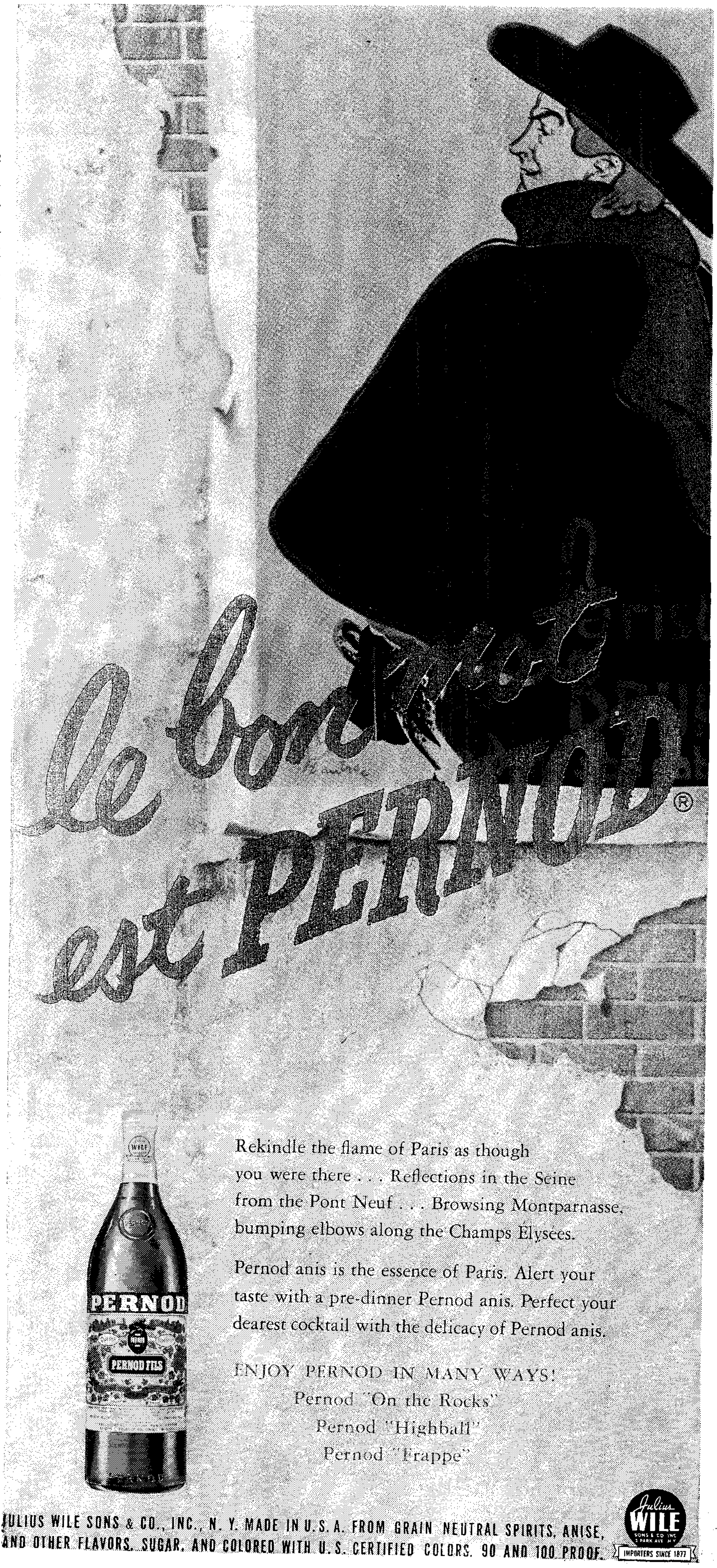
# THE RACE TRACK

## *Portents*

In winning the McLennan Handicap last weekend, Yorky moved Calumet Farm back into its old, accustomed place at Hialeah—the top of the list. Earlier in the meeting, his stablemate Plum Cake won the Jasmine Stakes and he himself galloped off with the Royal Palm Handicap. Then, in the race just before the McLennan, the stable's Pied d'Or and Rum Punch ran one, two. (Incidentally, no two people I've heard on the air pronounce "Pied d'Or" the same way.) Watching the McLennan on TV, your snowbound correspondent was impressed. Yorky didn't have things too easy early in the race, but he made up the lost ground without difficulty, and, cutting the corner at the turn for home, went on to win—more handily, I think, than the chart shows. Don Poggio was second; All Hands, who came up fast in the stretch, was third; and April Skies, who set the pace most of the way, was fourth. Another Calumet runner—On-and-On, who was the hero of the McLennan a year ago—was last. He was ridden by Hartack, by the way, and it was the first time the boy had had a Calumet mount since he left the stable, nearly three years ago. Hardly a happy return.

Since all the horses in the McLennan except April Skies are entered in the Widener Handicap, last Saturday's race was a first-rate preliminary for the big event next weekend. On the face of it, I submit that Yorky is more likely to win the Widener than Don Poggio—or anybody else, for that matter. He has been improving steadily, and he's going to have a big advantage in the weights. Nevertheless, Don Poggio will have many supporters. Indeed, nobody could help liking the style in which he finished out in the McLennan. On the other hand, he isn't what I'd call a lucky horse, and, as you know, the breaks frequently make the difference between winning and losing.

As for the three-year-olds in Miami, there were hosannas a few weeks ago when Crozier won the Hibiscus Stakes at six furlongs from Vapor Whirl, a fast colt. Then Vapor Whirl beat Crozier in the Bahamas Stakes the other afternoon. This was not unexpected, though,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because Crozier was giving Vapor Whirl nine pounds in the Bahamas, and the distance was a furlong more than that of the Hibiscus. (It's hardly a stable secret that Crozier likes six furlongs better than seven.) The surprise and disappointment of the race was Carry Back, who had been rated second to Hail to Reason in the Experimental Free Handicap. From all accounts, he looked fit but was simply outrun. The only reason he was as good as fourth was that he passed a couple of very tired animals in the last furlong.

SATURDAY'S Santa Margarita Handicap, which is Santa Anita's outstanding event for fillies and mares, had little to recommend it. Sixteen ran, and as far as I could gather from my radio, the whole mile and a furlong was a scramble, the winner turning up in Sister Antoine, who beat Paris Pike in the last few strides. Searchers after coincidences and hunches might make something of this: In the January issue of the *Racing Calendar* there is a full-page advertisement of Lou Doherty's Stallion Station, in Lexington, Kentucky, and the name that stands out in the biggest type on the page is Sister Antoine. Of course, Mr. Doherty wasn't tipping the winner of the Santa Margarita (though I'm sure he would have been delighted to); he was simply pointing up the fact that Sister Antoine, who won the Gallorette Stakes at Pimlico in December, and eight other races last season, and who finished second ten times in her thirty-three starts, was sired by Royal Serenade, who stands at the Stallion Station. Still, you never can tell what effect that ad might have had on a horseplayer who picked up the *Racing Calendar* on the way to the track.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

LOS ANGELES (UPI)—Accountant William A. Stotesbury, 41, today began serving 1-10 years in prison for stealing nearly $117,000 from his employer subdivider Harold Shaw.

Stotesbury of Arcadia was convicted by a jury of nine women and three men on 12 counts of grand theft.

When trying to solve a momentary backstage crisis, he admits, he can voraciously munch his way through a formidable menu.—*Santa Ana (Calif.) Register.*

Many sides to Stotesbury.

•

He didn't actually mention the Perry Coma Show, but he did mention N.B.C.'s "The U2 Affair."—*London Sunday Times.*

Perry's relaxed, but not all that relaxed.

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# BOOKS

## *Two from the Margin*

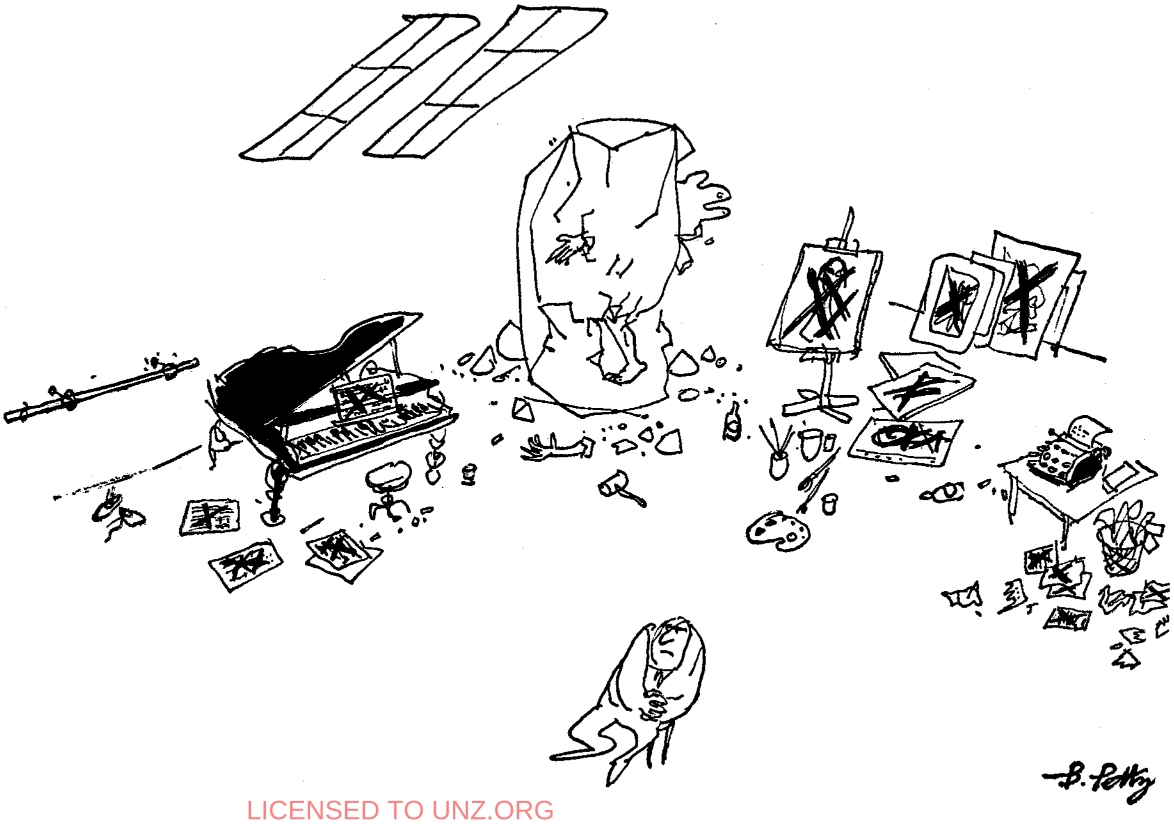
"SILHOUETTE IN DIAMONDS" (Harper), a biography of the formidable Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago, is by Ishbel Ross, the author of "Rebel Rose," "Proud Kate," "Angel of the Battlefield," and "First Lady of the South." These titles should make it plain that Miss Ross's writing has more than a hint of vulgarity about it. This is, however, of an almost endearing kind, recalling the days of the sort of gossip column, called "Society Notes," that was innocently breathless with excitement about the beauty, the clothes, the parties, the yachts, the horses, the carriages, and the lovely, lovely money of the very rich. Miss Ross's language is, as a matter of fact, a rather agreeable foil to the material she presents, which is not without its sinister aspects. Mr. Potter Palmer, a man of enormous means and owner of the hotel called the Palmer House, was, on the surface of things, one of the most worshipping, devoted, and indulgent husbands on record. His happiness appeared to reside in having everything just as Mrs. Potter Palmer wished it. Yet behind his indulgence there is a hint of something strange. Mr. Palmer selected Mrs. Palmer as the wife for him when he was thirty-six and she was thirteen. No question of nymphet-fancying was involved; it was not as straightforward as that. Mr. Palmer saw in the child the woman she was going to become, and eight years later, when time had confirmed his judgment, he married her. It is difficult not to think that the hard-bitten, spoiled Quaker who had made himself a millionaire several times over by speculation and war profiteering recognized something special in her, the way a good judge of horseflesh can pick out a likely winner in a bunch of yearlings. She was chosen, it is possible to suspect, to be the most spectacular of his properties. This passage gives admirably the odd flavor of the marriage:

> Ernest Poole, the writer . . . made a number of first-hand observations on Potter Palmer's bearing towards his wife. When he came home tired from the hotel he often went straight to a dressing room in the south side of the house which he particularly liked. It was sunny in the daytime and remote at night from the party clatter. He would appear for dinner if Cissie insisted, and he liked to watch her across the ballroom as she presided at a dance or reception. Poole analyzed his expression on these occasions as being nothing short of adoration. He wrote of the "gleam in his wife-set eyes" and found that he could always start Palmer talking by asking questions about his wife. He was visibly pleased to see her enjoying herself in the ways that she preferred and he took the utmost pride in what she did, what she wore, and how she looked.
>
> "There she stands with two hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewels on her," he said to Poole on one occasion.

Mr. Palmer always selected Mrs. Palmer's jewels himself, Miss Ross tells us; "she trusted implicitly in his taste in such matters." The photographs in the book raise doubts of her wisdom; in full fig she has the air of an Oriental potentate's favorite beast harnessed for a festival. "Her most commented-on piece," Miss Ross reports, "was a seven-strand collar which had two thousand two hundred and sixty-eight pearls and seven diamonds. She was also particularly fond of a pink pearl as large as a hazel nut, which she wore as a pendant." These pieces were, although sometimes worn by themselves on informal occasions, merely a part of the load carried at those encounters in which Mrs. Palmer, like a draft horse pulling a stoneboat at a county fair, competed with other ladies of the day in showing what a weight of rocks she could shift:

> In 1904 when she was crossing on the Kaiser Wilhelm she walked in late to the ship's concert, wearing a Worth gown, and her most spectacular jewels. Alois Burgstaller, of the Metropolitan, was in the middle of an aria. He stopped dead as everyone in the saloon turned to gaze at Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago. The dazzle of her jewels in the half light was positively blinding.
>
> It was noted in the papers on both sides of the Atlantic that the diamonds in her tiara on this occasion were the size of Tokay grapes, and that she wore a sunburst of diamonds nearly ten inches in diameter, as well as her pearl collar and a flashing stomacher.

This incident, in which Mrs. Palmer managed to make a success for herself out of an act of discourtesy to an artist and his audience, shows how well she had learned the secret of success in nineteenth-century social climbing: that the



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way to impress the people at the top of the tree, and to win the love and respect of those at the bottom, was to trample all over the people in between. Whether she ever consciously formulated this principle or not, she certainly learned to apply it, and Miss Ross gives a grim picture of how Mrs. Palmer walked over a generation of hard-working feminist leaders and committeewomen on her way up. They, poor dears, had no armor of diamonds to wear into battle, so when they had done all the dreary organizing, the wonderful hostess stepped charmingly in to take the credit. Yet although she managed to live down the fact that she was a hotelkeeper's wife and persuaded European aristocracy to accept her as an equal, she never made it as an aristocrat, since she never mastered the simple principle by which the climber secures his position once he has reached his goal. In the literature describing the role of sacrifice in primitive religion, the principle is compactly expressed in the Latin "*Da ut tibi detur*"—"Give that it be given unto thee." As the photographs in the book touchingly and unhappily show, the rather appealing young Bertha Mathilde Honoré, to whom life, in the form of Mr. Potter Palmer, was so generous, slowly turned into a hard-mouthed battle-axe with the habit of taking what she wanted. Late in life, she fell in love with the section of the Gulf Coast of Florida adjacent to Sarasota, a neighborhood that reminded her of the Bay of Naples. She bought a great deal of land there and became absorbed in the business of developing it. Just for a moment, she came near to financing and giving her name to one of those grandiose schemes which, by dotting Europe with finely planned towns and *faubourgs*, have done something to justify the aristocratic idea. Their creation was one of the means by which the aristocrats paid the price of their privileges; by giving back to their societies more than they were forced to, they discharged the obligations of nobility and gave the idea of noblesse oblige some meaning. Miss Ross tells us that Mrs. Palmer's favorite reading was Saint-Simon's superb chronicle of the workings of the French court. Apparently she did not understand what that devotee of duty and self-abnegation was saying, since her reaction to certain features of her architect's scheme for the layout of her new town was crisp:

"Why any civic center? We do not wish even one in our lovely countryside. Of what value are these civic centers and what helpful functions are they supposed

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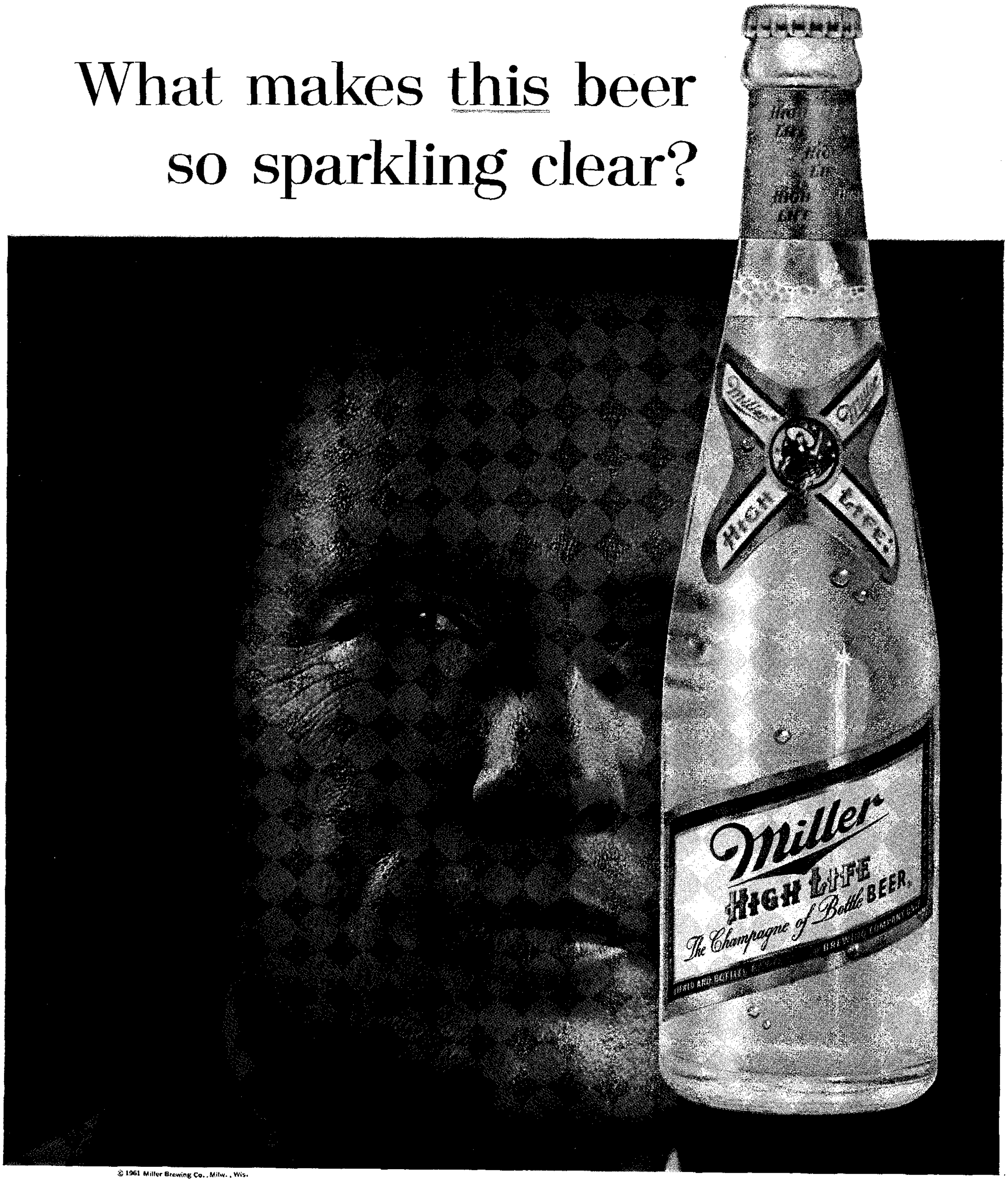

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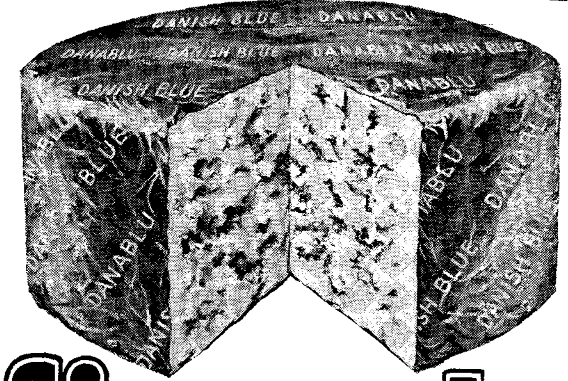
to perform? . . . I myself would not consider for a moment your proposal to assess my personal holdings north of the Bay, for the benefit of the winter resort improvements to the south, when no improvements whatever accrue to my land. This you demand, but it is quite out of the question. I would not allow it."

THE personal failure ably described by John A. Garraty in "Right-Hand Man" (Harper), a biography of the almost completely forgotten financial expert George W. Perkins, is of another kind, though it, too, follows a classic pattern. His career began in March of 1879, when his father, who had drifted by way of Sunday-school organization and reform-school work into selling insurance, wrote him one of those letters that have in every line the reek of the well-scrubbed stuffiness of the nineteenth-century business world: "Dear George, I have obtained a situation for you with the New York Life to act for the present as my clerk at a salary of $25 per month commencing April 1, 1879. Its continuance will depend upon your improvement in spelling and writing which will need to be very rapid." From this start, Perkins rose straight to the top of the company, completely reorganizing it and its sales techniques on the way up. At the top, he showed a remarkable gift for manipulating the huge funds accumulated by the insurance company, a flair for public relations, and an even greater talent for lobbying. While maneuvering to kill a bill that a rival insurance company was promoting in Albany to check the development of New York Life, Perkins went to see Governor Theodore Roosevelt, who soon afterward put him on the Palisades Interstate Park Commission. While raising a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars to buy out the quarrymen who were then busily destroying the cliffs of that park as fast as they could, Perkins went to see J. Pierpont Morgan, who offered to give him the whole amount then and there if he would become a partner in the firm. Perkins did, but he would not end his connection with the insurance company. Morgan foresaw the trouble to which this might lead, but gave in to Perkins, against his better judgment: "If," he said, "you believe you can carry out this dual position, which I do not believe you can, I am willing to try it temporarily." Perkins, for all his organizing skill, was simple-minded; he was certain that the only problem was his ability to do two jobs. He had confidence in his energy and drive, and felt that he was abundantly proving his point in the years he worked happily for New



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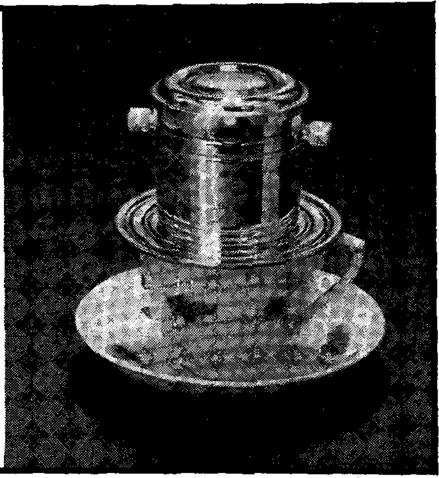

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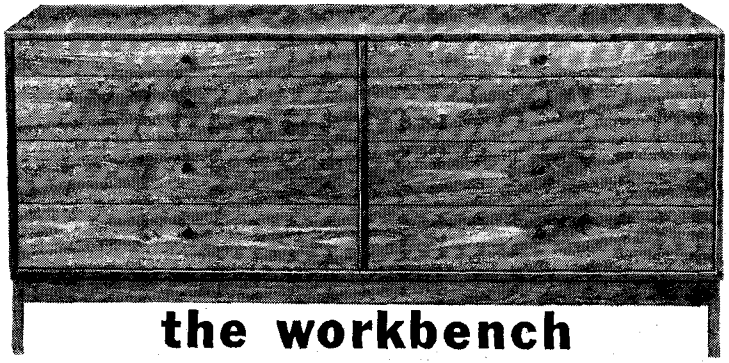

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**Among other things, K is a Roman numeral for 250; in *chemistry*, it is the symbol for potassium; in *mathematics*, a symbol for constant; in *meteorology*, a symbol for cumulus. In *assaying*, it stands for carat (also spelled karat).**

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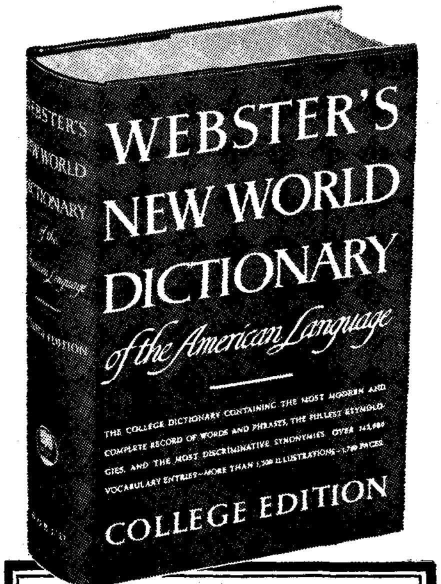
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York Life while setting up, for Morgan's, the corporate structures of United States Steel and International Harvester and carrying through some complex railroad reorganizations. He had done the two jobs, and since everything he handled had been successful, he had done them well, and had done right. There is no doubt that he equated success and failure with good and bad, and that it was hard for him to see things any other way. He thus walked serenely to his doom at the hearings of Senator Armstrong's committee, which was inquiring into the conduct of the nation's insurance business, and faced Charles Evans Hughes without benefit of legal advice. "We haven't brought any counsel, for we don't think we shall need any," Perkins said, confident that the profits he had amassed proved the correctness of all he had done. Perkins told Hughes that he had bargained with Morgan's for some bonds and had obtained them at a price lower than New York Life's finance committee had authorized him to pay. In cross-examination it came out that Perkins had bargained with Perkins on this occasion. It was a comparatively simple operation. In others, Perkins, as Morgan's partner, dealt with Perkins of New York Life and Perkins of New York Life's subsidiary, the New York Security & Trust Co. These triangular deals were designed to dress balance sheets, to evade New York Life's own by-laws, or to evade legal technicalities; in every case, money held in public trust was used to make profits for private stockholders in such a way that it was almost impossible for the public to know what was being done. At the hearings, Morgan's fears were realized, and the impression was created that Perkins was an instrument by which Morgan tapped New York Life's funds. A cartoon of the time showed Morgan, as Bill Sikes, putting a tiny Perkins through a window, subtly labelled "Policy Holder's Dough," to carry out a burglary. More damage was, however, done to Perkins by Hughes' investigation of his handling of an internal New York Life matter. To secure the loyalty of the company's agency directors, he had set up a mutual fund to which they contributed a fixed percentage of their salaries. The company added twenty-five per cent of the amount of their contributions, and Perkins invested the money for the benefit of all. He kept no separate accounts for the fund, borrowed securities from it when he wished, and passed its money through his own bank accounts. Senator Armstrong asked if there was any way

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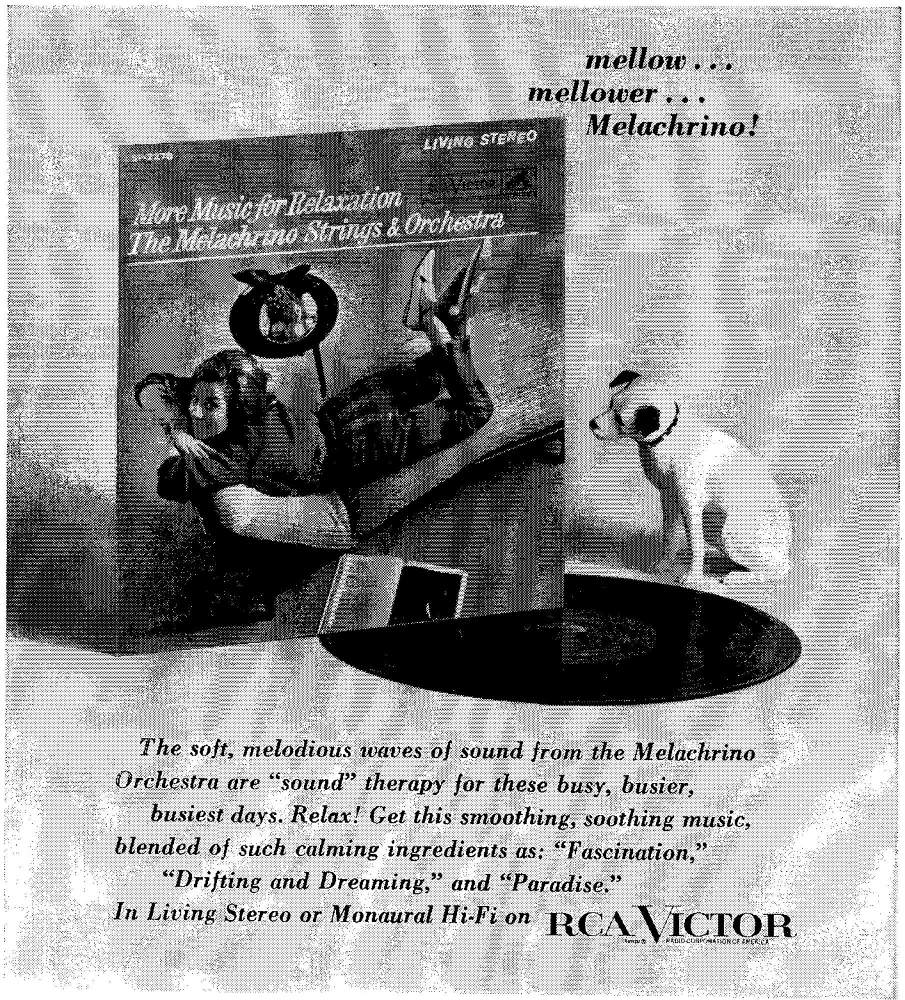
anyone could prove or disprove what he claimed the fund's profits to be. "No, sir," said Perkins. "Do you not regard yourself as liable to an accounting?" Hughes asked. "I do not," said Perkins, adding, after a little further cross-examination, that there was no need for an accounting. "When the fund is divided, it will be very patent as to whether there will be a loss or profit."

He came away from the hearings convinced only that politicians had no understanding of business, an opinion that grew stronger when his major creations came under review in the heyday of trust-busting. The big corporations worked and must therefore be in the public interest—it was as easy as that. The proof was that their profits were large and that their operations were efficient. While under fire from Congress, Perkins began to formulate a social theory of monopoly capitalism without realizing that he was doing so. As the theory took shape in his mind, he thought more and more about direct political action. He ripened for it just as the first Roosevelt was ripening for his break with the Republican Party, and he became the organizer and, in effect, campaign manager for the Progressives in 1912. Mr. Garraty, a professor of history at Columbia, gives a fascinating description of the Progressive Party's affairs, and in doing so does a lot to explain the workings of the rich confusion of purposes and motives that constituted Theodore Roosevelt's mind. More important, the episode shows exactly why the importation into the political field of the businessman of proved competence does not necessarily achieve productive results within the confines of democracy, and why it can initiate an evolutionary process in which democracy may be changed into something quite different. After Wilson's victory, Roosevelt's party began to disintegrate, not simply because it had sustained a check but because its organization was not sufficiently flexible. Perkins had taken hold of it as he had taken hold of New York Life and was attempting to drive it. Edward Rumely tried to tell Perkins what politics was about: A party, he explained, differs from a large corporation in that if it is to succeed it has to stand for a convincing conception of the interests of everyone in the nation. A national party has to be made up of diverse elements, and it must think by way of a fusion of creative minds, its thought taking essentially the form of debate, argument, and compromise between extreme views. Perkins knew better. Every



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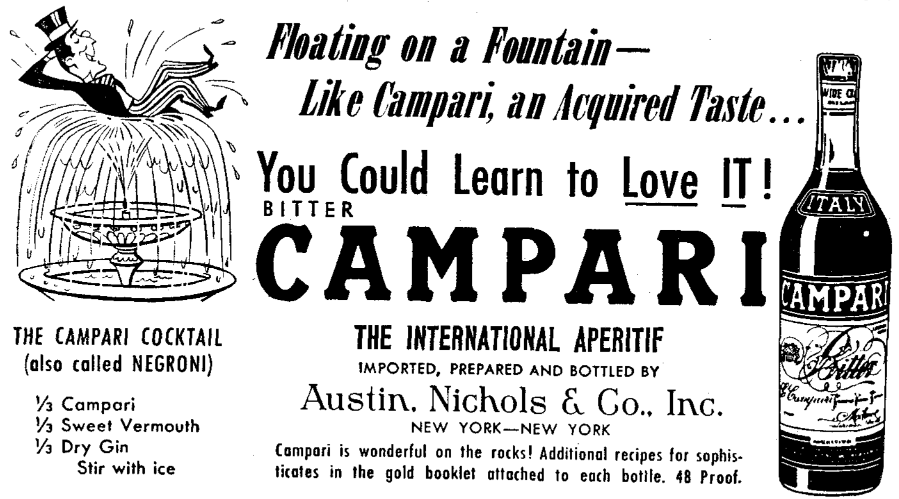

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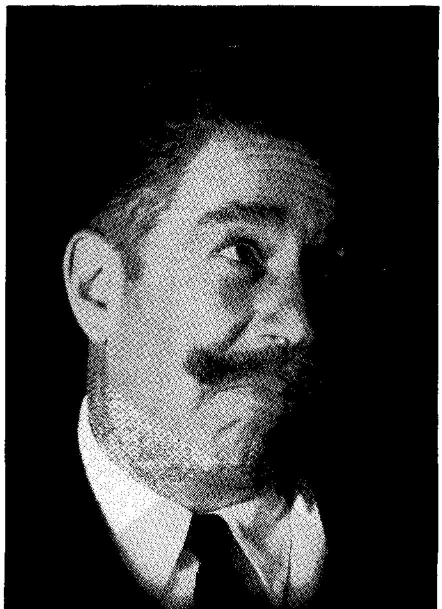

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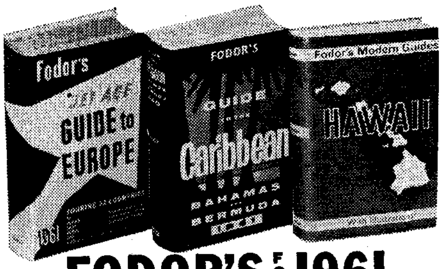

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business must have a single head. People low down in organizations should not expect to have a voice in executive decisions; the absence of control by the central office was just what was wrong with New York Life when he took it over. A man who feels he knows what is right should not be swayed by other people's opinions; he should go hard for the things he believes in. It is fascinating to see the route by which this kindly and good-natured man, with his evident desire to do his best for his friends and his country, travelled. Having justified monopoly capitalism, he proceeded to construct the ideology of its political expression. It would be ridiculous to call Perkins a Fascist, but he had got there. There was apparently nowhere else he could go. The fascinating story Mr. Garraty tells is a beautiful illustration of the fallacy in the theory that government is just another business and a curiously disturbing personal tragedy. It is also a warning of a kind: You can't write off everything Karl Marx says just because the Communists go for him.

—Anthony West

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

In a Summer Season, by Elizabeth Taylor (Viking). Kate Heron, the central figure of this novel, is a woman in her early forties who, after the death of her first husband, has married a man who is ten years younger and has all the qualities that make a man attractive to women and is in love with her. Only one shadow lies across their happiness; he has no work, and it is difficult to imagine a job that he would be happy in, let alone one that he could be trusted with. Kate has enough money for both of them, but his days are long and empty, and he is restless and touchy in ways that men who have an office to go to are not. He is, in fact, a beautiful child. With this as the first subject and, as the second subject, the love affair between Kate's grown son and the sexually uninhibited, quite heartless daughter of Kate's dearest and now dead friend, Mrs. Taylor has constructed her story along patterns as formal as the patterns of music. It is terribly funny, and at the same time as melancholy as looking at oneself in the mirror.

The Paper Wall, by Ira Morris (Knopf). Mr. Morris gives us a picture of the tortured conscience of an American professor of English whose

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standing as a crusader in the battle for academic freedom remains undamaged in the eyes of the world only because he has managed to keep secret the fact that in a moment of crisis and cowardice he betrayed a colleague who trusted him. The professor, Jordan Haliday, is tormented by self-disgust, but greater than his self-disgust, and greater than any other fear that could possibly come to him, is his fear that his secret will be uncovered by his adored wife, Lucy, a woman of uncompromising moral standards, whose rigidity and self-righteousness and self-satisfaction make her one of the most unappealing females ever to appear in the pages of a novel. Lucy is not so much a woman as she is a voice, harsh and ignorant under an unpleasantly expert veneer of trained responses. The scene is Japan, where Haliday has grabbed at the chance to spend a sabbatical year away from America in the hope of regaining his peace of mind, and among the other people involved are several Japanese and several Americans, each individual representing a different shade of current opinion in Japan or in America.

THE ICE IN THE BEDROOM, by P. G. Wodehouse (Simon & Schuster). Another innocent diversion by the master of foolish gaiety, whose never-never land is still populated by feckless young men (in this instance, Freddie Widgeon) in ardent pursuit of young ladies who should be named Spun Sugar. (Freddie's girl is actually named Sally Foster.) The Jeeves figure in the book is Mr. Cornelius, house agent for London's paradisiacal suburb of Valley Fields. The shadow that Mr. Cornelius casts is rotund and amiable, and it extends far beyond the boundaries of Valley Fields.

### GENERAL

FATE IS THE HUNTER, by Ernest K. Gann (Simon & Schuster). Mr. Gann spent some fifteen years as a commercial-airlines pilot before he converted himself into a popular novelist, and this book is an episodic log of some of the more memorable of his nearly ten thousand hours aloft in peace and (as a member of the Air Transport Command) in war. It is also, as the title suggests, an attempt to define by example his belief in the phenomenon of luck—that "the pattern of anyone's fate is only partly contrived by the individual." The examples he cites of chance

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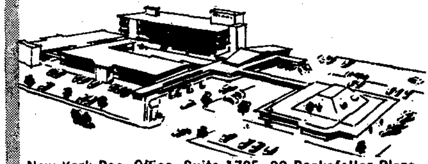

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escapes and of equally chancy disasters that overwhelmed hundreds of his colleagues—alert, experienced men flying immaculately serviced and impeccably airworthy planes—provide ample reason for his conviction, and if he fails (as he does) to explain the nature of luck, it is only because its nature is probably forever inexplicable. A selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

SHAKESPEARE'S PROGRESS, by Frank O'Connor (World). O'Connor starts off by stating that his approach to Shakespeare is that of a writer who has worked in the modern theatre. The fact that he is a gifted Irish writer immediately dissipates any possibility of his being afflicted with the owlish reverence that so often shows up in Shakespearean scholarship. He is far from irreverent, however, and he is scholar enough to examine texts and to sense the corruption of many. But he believes, as any imaginative critic must, that the plays have a close connection with the life, and he gets down to the poet's words and the poet's form, tracing the "nervous disintegration of language" evident from "Macbeth" on, as well as a progressive loosening of metre, sometimes effective, sometimes not. He also points to middle and late evidences of misanthropy, compulsion, and obsession. And he does not detect any signs of reconciliation and optimism in the last plays; he finds in them "an appalling note of weariness" and of remoteness, and a decline in emotion and creative power (although he considers "The Tempest" to be "one of the most beautiful poems in the world"). A thoroughly delightful book, whose insights cut across the hallowed strictures and preoccupations of Shakespearean critical custom in the most engaging way.

THE INDIAN WAR OF 1864, by Captain Eugene F. Ware, with an introduction and notes by Clyde C. Walton (St. Martin's). A reissue of some marvellous memoirs that were first published in 1911. During the Civil War, the Union, to protect its western flank, stationed cavalry regiments along the frontier to watch the Indians, and the author of this book, an Iowa youth who later became a newspaperman, spent the better part of two years as an Army officer in the unimaginable wilderness of western Nebraska and adjacent territories. He kept a diary, and his family saved his letters home, and these

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served as his source materials when, many years later, he wrote this book. The passage of decades did not abate his two prejudices—he believed that Indians were vermin and Democrats traitors, and that was that. On other topics he was open-minded, tolerant, and eager to learn. Though he never fought in a big battle, he saw and recorded practically everything else that happened on the Great Plains. He gives the recipe for the frightful firewater sold to Indians (alcohol, water, molasses, and red pepper), a glimpse of the torpid procedures of Civil War courts-martial, the firing tables for his company's two howitzers, the specifications for Army posts his men built, the arrangements by which soldiers on duty voted in state and national elections, descriptions of scenery, accounts of horses and dogs, and anecdotes about all sorts of men—privates, traders, Indian chiefs, Mormon theologians, and Army commanders. Along with such minutiae, Ware's reminiscences convey a spacious sense of two American epics: offstage, the war between the North and the South, and, under his eyes, the broad stream of migration to the Far West, with wagon trains fifteen miles long passing by—eight or nine hundred teams of oxen a day. His book suggests the grandeur of history, and yet it is an intimate, personal communication—fresh, spirited, and delightful reading.

SHOOTING AT SHARPEVILLE, by Ambrose Reeves (Houghton Mifflin). A report by the Anglican Bishop of Johannesburg. It is based on eyewitness accounts, photographic evidence, and medical testimony, and it leaves not the slightest doubt that the two hundred and forty-seven African men, women, and children who were killed or wounded by police gunfire in the Transvaal town of Vereeniging (or Sharpeville) on the afternoon of March 21, 1960, were the unarmed victims of a totally unprovoked attack. It also makes clear the even more sickening fact that the South African government, far from deploring the ghastly affair, has "been at pains both to justify the action that was taken and to commend the conduct of the police." Many horrible photographs and a map.

FOOD FOR THE RICH, by Paul Reboux, translated from the French by Margaret Costa (Barnes). In 1927, when it was first published in Paris, under the title "Plats Nouveaux,"

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A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year or more. If possible, sex.........., age........, nationality..............................

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For it is axiomatic that natural endowments can best be developed by education, especially by higher education. And college costs money —more every year.

If you are faced with the problem of financing college in full or in part for your children, shouldn't you be making preparations *now?* The sooner you start coping with the problem, the better off you are likely to be in the long run.

We think the best way to prepare for financing college is to invest in stocks that give promise of long-term growth, stocks with a potentiality of capital appreciation to help you meet the ever-higher cost of higher education.

If you'd like our suggestions on securities to help you cope with college expenses, just let us know by telephone or letter. We'll be glad to send you, without charge or obligation, two brief booklets, *"For the Enrichment of Your Children's Future"* and *"20 Stocks for Long-Term Investment."*

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this very entertaining collection of highly original (to say the least) recipes and menus, strung together by a series of witty vignettes, was stopped at our shores by the censor. Whether this was because M. Reboux includes such frivolities among his recipes as an omelette stuffed with *marrons glacés*, and a salad concocted of spinach, Gruyère, cooked apples, and a dash of anise; or because he suggests menus for such unconventional occasions as a reunion of parents with a daughter whose dalliance has rewarded her with diamonds and motorcars; or because he suggests suitable refreshments for a bachelor to offer a young lady invited to his apartment is hard to guess at this distance in time. Anyway, censors seem to be less sensitive these days, and we are offered M. Reboux's amusing improvisations in an unexpurgated English translation, along with a greatly improved section on wine by Raymond Postgate. Many of the menus and recipes are sound as well as refreshingly unusual, and the author's little *fantaisies*—even at their most extravagant—offer an interesting contrast to an American cook's desperate attempts at originality.

•

"The reason for a philosopher in a business organization," Mr. Miller writes, "is simply that marketing decision-making on the part of the consumer should not be considered separated or isolated from all other forms of decision-making, which typical consumers are called upon to make. "In the frame of reference of decisions such as: to be married or not to be married, and to whom, the basic attitudes toward sex, the whole marriage relationship, the matters of conscience and integrity and morals involved in all day-to-day behavior, the question of religion and education of children, and health and community responsibility, the ideological struggle with Russia—these are all decision-making phases of our lives that are at least as important as our purchase of food products or drugs or cosmetics, or even automobiles and liquor and cigarettes. . . ."—*The Times.*

We had a frame of reference once, but we beat it to pieces with an axe.

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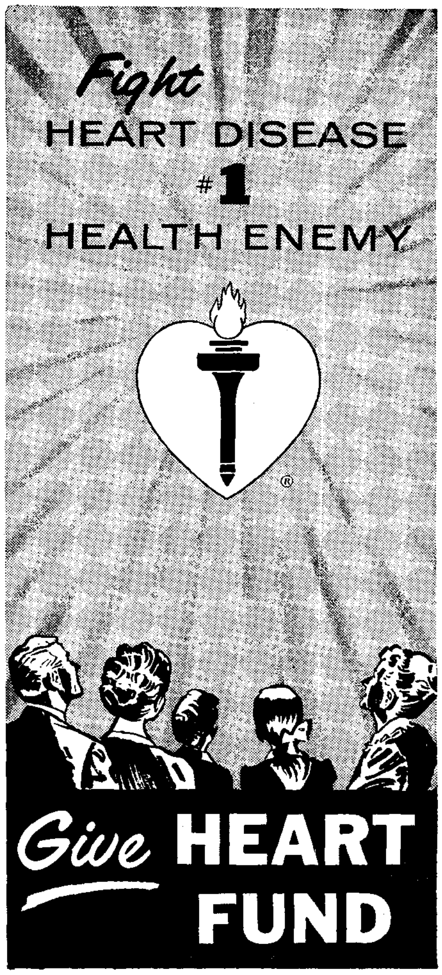
## MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Fort Worth Star-Telegram*]

"Unless you are God you can not be right all the time," sighed Sidney Bernstein, chairman of a commercial television firm in London.



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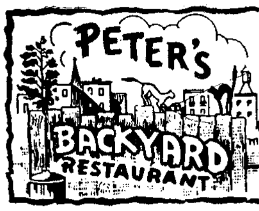

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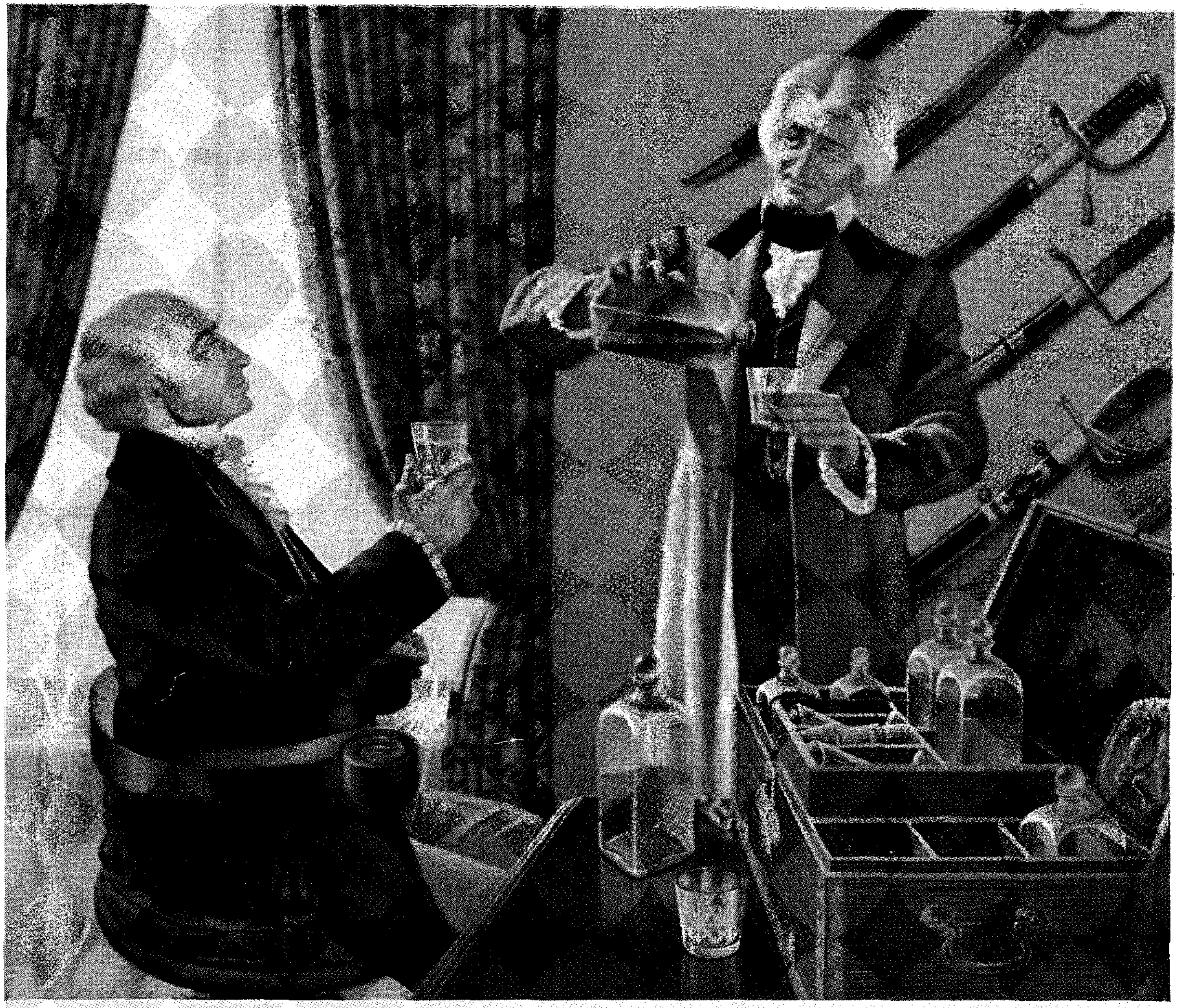

## Andrew Jackson entertains his friend Martin Van Buren

Andrew Jackson, the great "Hero of the Plain People" enjoyed the pleasant ways of life. To distinguished guests like Martin Van Buren, he proudly displayed his personal liquor chest. Jackson's decided preference for Old Crow is reported in a 19th Century newspaper.

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